THE CONGDON MUSIC READERS

NUMBER FIVE

FOR THREE-PART SINGING

Merry Christmas
to
Bernice Thompson
from your
Camp Fire Guardian
Etta Paskewitz
and
Camp Fire Sponsor,
Arthur Jacobson.

violin – is from old French, viole,
from the Latin vitula, meaning to
to make a sacrifice; this in turn
the Latin vitulus, meaning a calf
sacrificed. The idea of a
associated with the violin is not remote, but the calf
which was sacrificed to make the holidays
Harkens back to the ancients.

Violin-cello – meaning a small sized bass
viol, is usually abbreviated to cello. In its
piccolo – is pic – means little, and refers to

flute

flute – is from Latin flatus – meaning
blow,

Oboe – (hautbois) haut means high, (bois) wood.
clarinet – is from the French – meaning a small
bell, which was the Latin word clarus, meaning clear
Bassoon – from French bas meaning low, refers
the low sound of the instrument, low toned wood
trumpet, trombone, tuba – all come from
Latin tuba, describes the shape of instruments
and principle of their sounds.
cornet – the shape and history, being from
the Latin cornu – meaning horn.
Castanet – Latin – meaning Chestnut, shape of
instrument to fanciful nuts of Persians.
Gong – noisy sound, Chinese.
Tambourine – drum, Arabian,
Celesta – Latin, refers to clear and beautiful
Xylophone – Greek, (Ceylon) wood, (sound) sound
Bells – Anglo Saxon.

THE

CONGDON MUSIC READER

NUMBER FIVE

BY

C. H. CONGDON AND KATE FORMAN

C. H. CONGDON
Educational Publications & Equipment
NEW YORK CHICAGO

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Acknowledgement is made to Silver, Burdett & Co., for permission to us
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Song, page 119, Spin, Maiden Spin, page 11, and The Woodland School, pag
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C. H. CONGDON.

New York, March 28, 1923.

INTRODUCTION

The fine quality of the songs in this book commends it at once to critics of liscriminating taste and judgment.

These pages are entirely free from definitions, or formal methods of instruc-ion. It is *one hundred per cent pure* in song material. This feature is charac-eristic of the Congdon Series throughout. The author believes that the artistic nd spiritual qualities of such songs lift teacher, and pupils, to a new plane of ap-reciation where technicalities are mastered by sheer force of intense interest and nspiration.

Such opportunities for clinching technical points do not often synchronize vith cut-and-dried directions. A teacher's manual demands such constant and ervile obedience, that music teaching in the schools often becomes a dead letter.

The public schools are amply supplied with good literature, but of good music here is a marked deficiency. The brimming treasury of song should be made free o the children while yet their young hearts are attuned to the production of sweet ones. A victory for pure song material for the children in the schools has already been won; the next fight will be for quantity.

The Congdon Music Books do not masquerade under a newly-discovered method." They were among the first to sound the death knell of mechanical xercises and restore song to its kingdom. C. H. CONGDON.

New York, March 28, 1923.

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Printed in the United States of America.

Now the Day is Over

REV. S. BARING GOULD

JOSEPH BARNBY

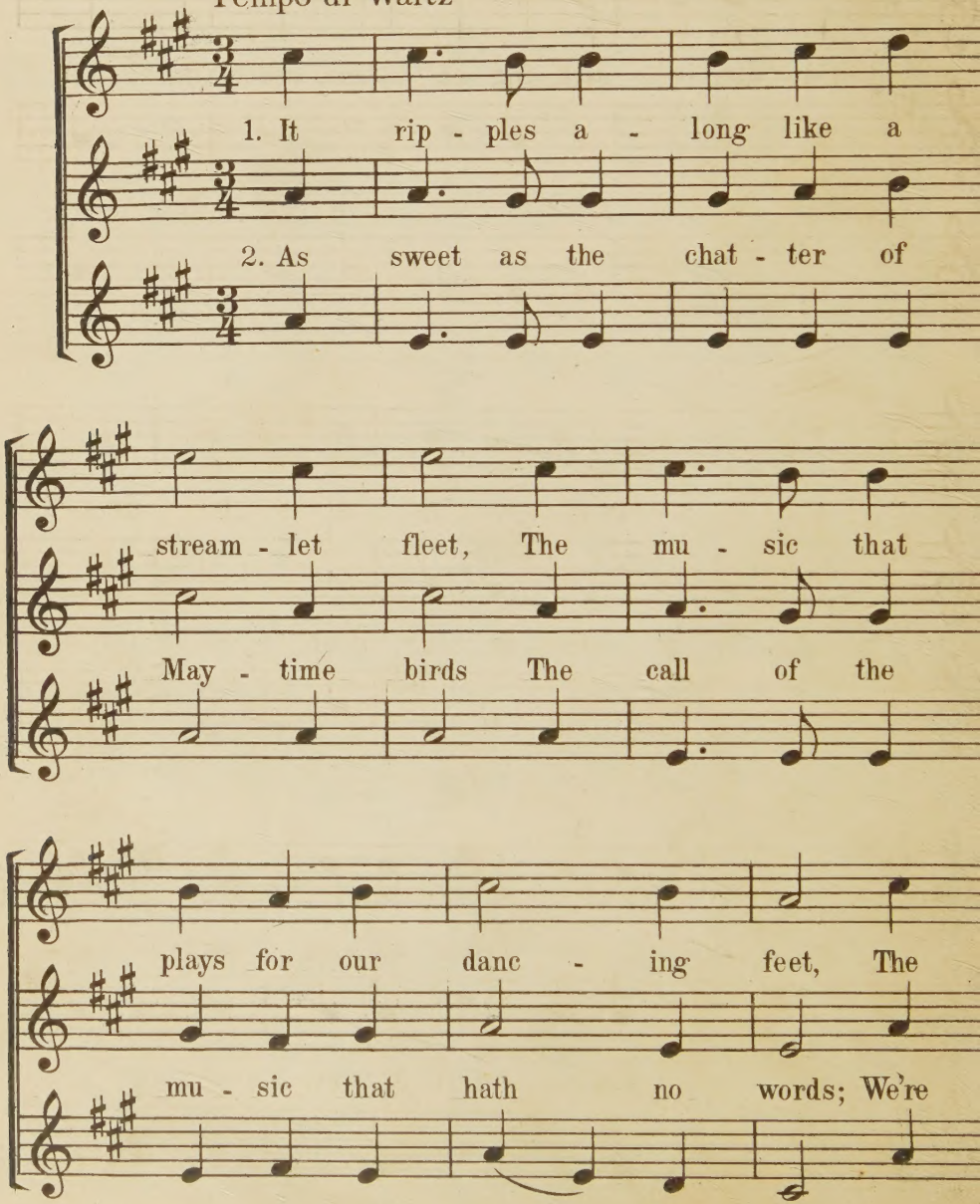
p
1. Now the day is o - ver,
2. Grant to all Thy chil - dren
p
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens,
p
Night is draw - ing nigh; Shad-ows of the
Vis-ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail-ors
Let us be, we pray, Strong and fresh and
even - ing Steal a-cross the sky.
toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
read - y For the glad new day.

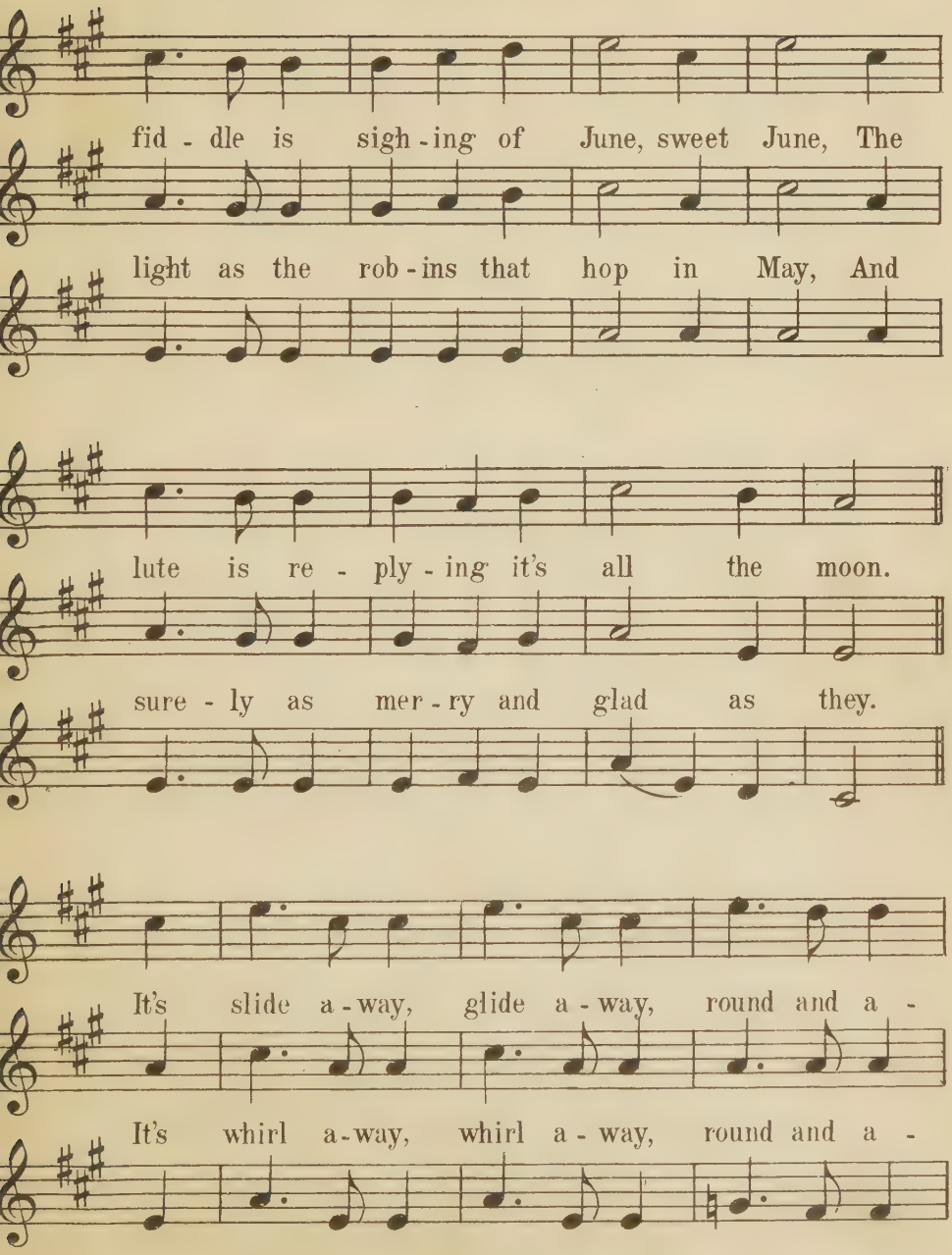
The Waltz

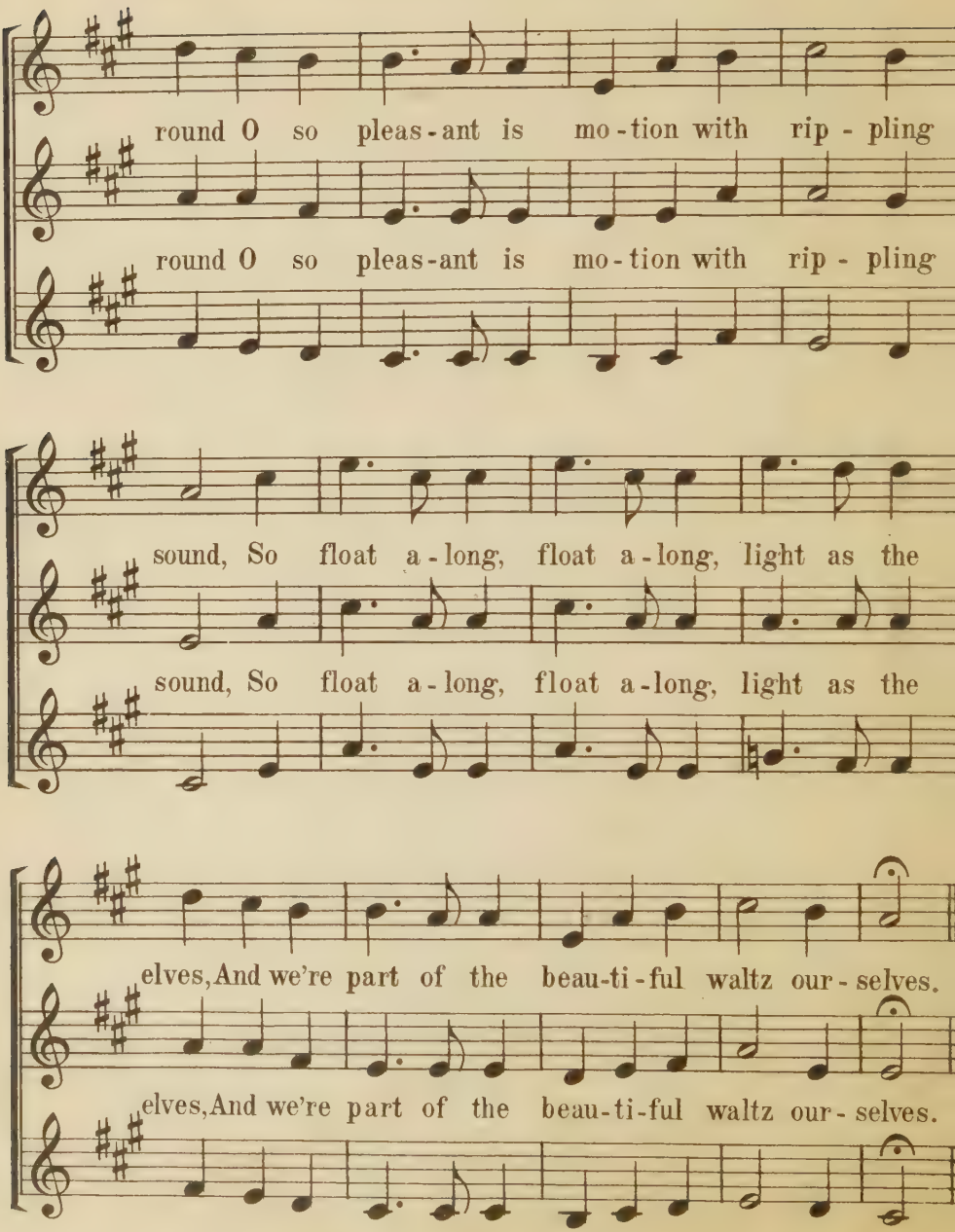
KATE FORMAN

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Tempo di Waltz


1. It rip - ples a - long like a
2. As sweet as the chat - ter of
stream - let fleet, The mu - sic that
May - time birds The call of the
plays for our danc - ing feet, The
mu - sic that hath no words; We're


fid - dle is sigh - ing of June, sweet June, The
light as the rob - ins that hop in May, And
lute is re - ply - ing it's all the moon.
sure - ly as mer - ry and glad as they.
It's slide a - way, glide a - way, round and a -
It's whirl a - way, whirl a - way, round and a -


round O so pleas-ant is mo-tion with rip-pling
round O so pleas-ant is mo-tion with rip-pling
sound, So float a-long, float a-long, light as the
sound, So float a-long, float a-long, light as the
elves, And we're part of the beau-ti-ful waltz our-selves.
elves, And we're part of the beau-ti-ful waltz our-selves.

They Caught Me in a Ring

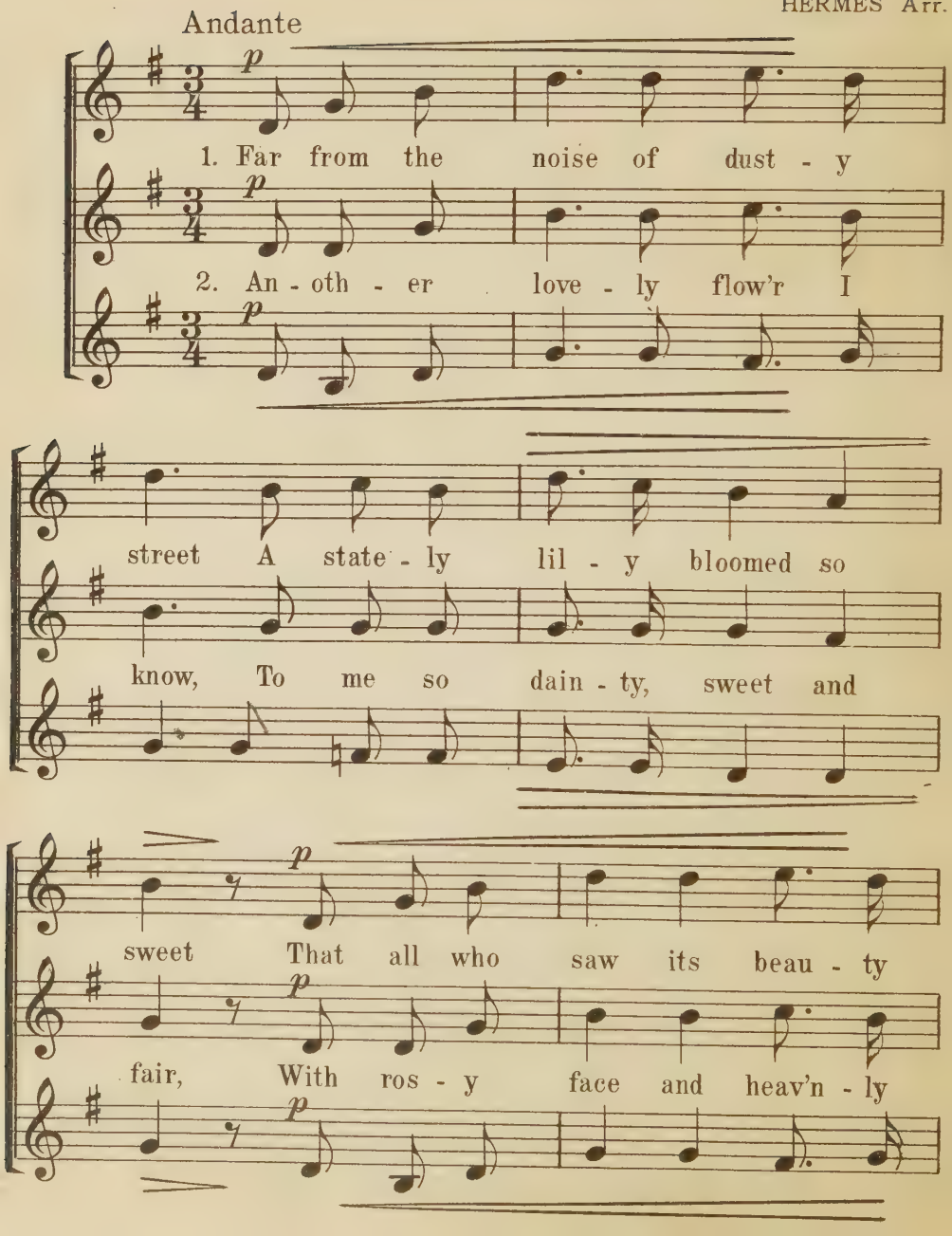
KATE FORMAN

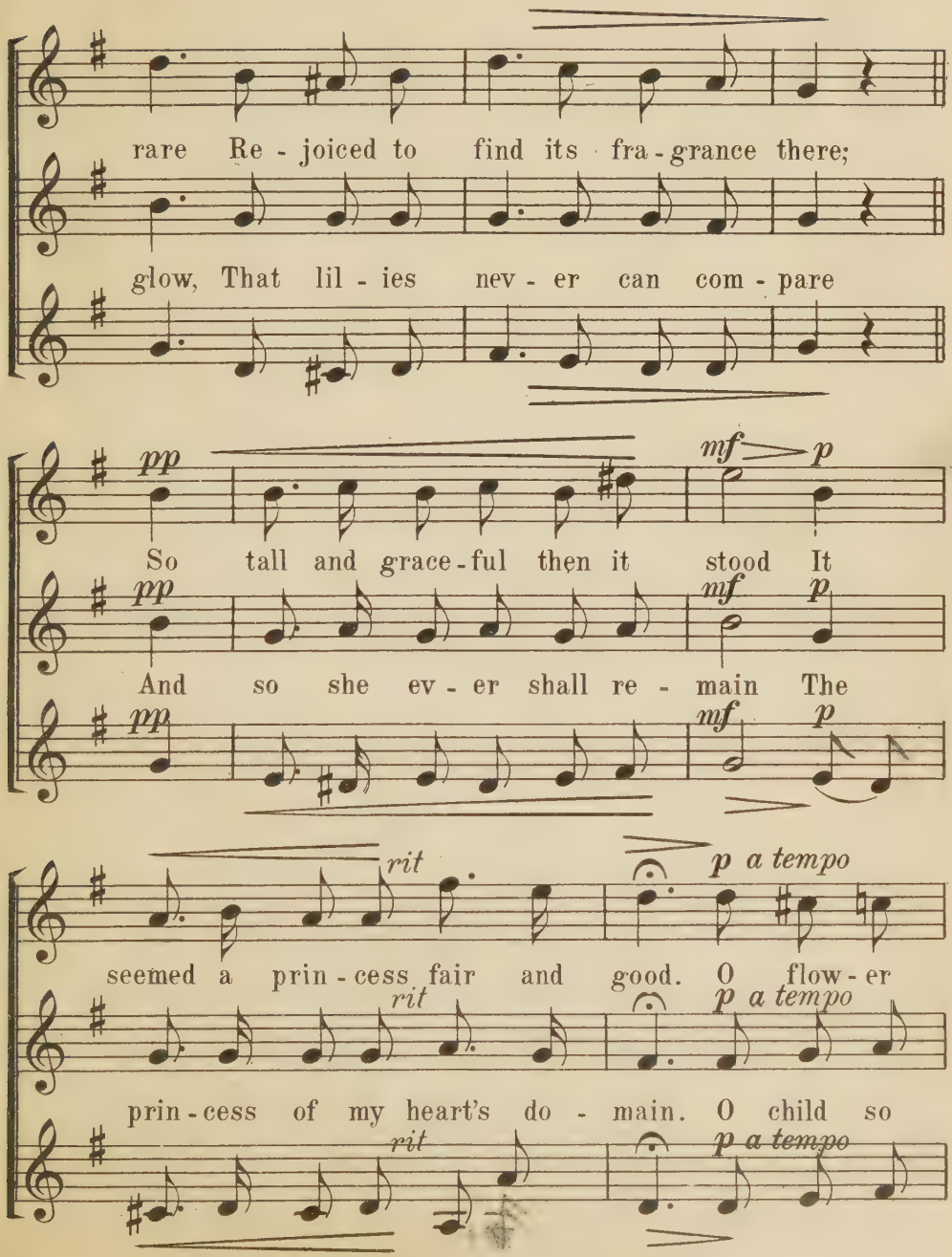
CARL ATTENHOFER

Merrily
1. As I went down to Dub - lin town The
2. I thought the fair - ies had me then And
3. But it was on - ly Cous - in Anne And
4. The next that came was Barn - ey bold. He
air was sweet with spring, A-round a bush they made a rush And
cried like a - ny - thing, A lit - tle lad, it made me sad To
oth-er maids I knew, With ring-lets bright and black as night, And
whis-tled of the spring, The young gos-soon, we had him soon, And
caught me in a ring, And caught me in a ring.
ca - per in a ring, To ca - per in a ring.
eyes of spark-ling blue, And eyes of spark-ling blue.
caught him in the ring, And caught him in the ring.

A Fair Flower

HERMES Arr.


Andante
p
1. Far from the noise of dust - y
p
2. An - oth - er love - ly flow'r I
p
street A state - ly lil - y bloomed so
know, To me so dain - ty, sweet and
p
sweet That all who saw its beau - ty
p
fair, With ros - y face and heav'n - ly
p

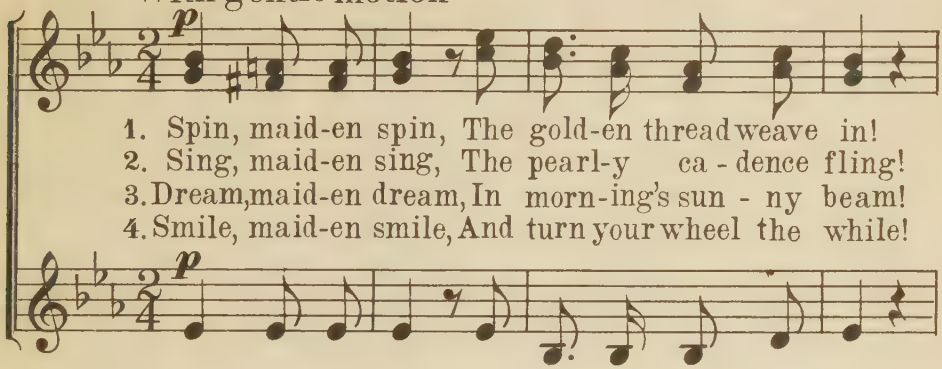

rare Re - joiced to find its fra - grance there;
glow, That lil - ies nev - er can com - pare
pp
mf
p
So tall and grace - ful then it stood It
pp
mf
p
And so she ev - er shall re - main The
pp
mf
p
rit
p a tempo
seemed a prin - cess fair and good. O flow - er
rit
p a tempo
prin - cess of my heart's do - main. O child so
rit
p a tempo

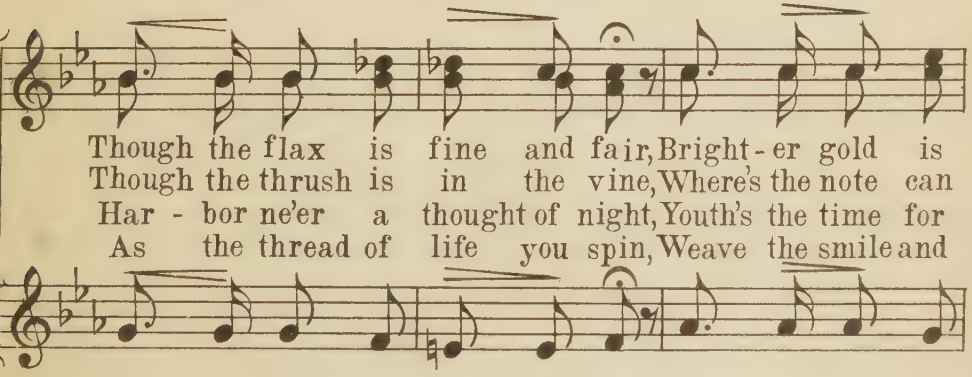
sweet, O lil - y rare, I fain would greet thy pres-ence
dear, O flow-er sweet, Thy love-ly form I ev - er
pp
there; O flow-er sweet, O lil - y rare, I
pp
greet; O child so dear, O flow-er sweet, Thy
pp
fain would greet thy pres - ence there.
love - ly form I ev - er greet.

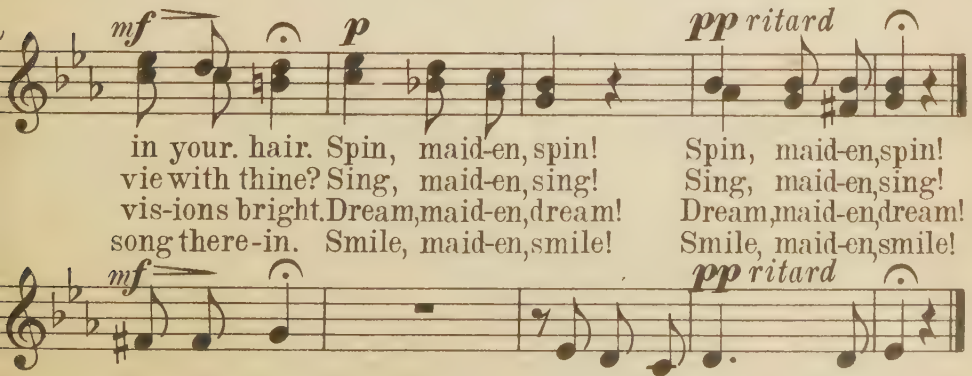
Spin, Maiden, Spin!

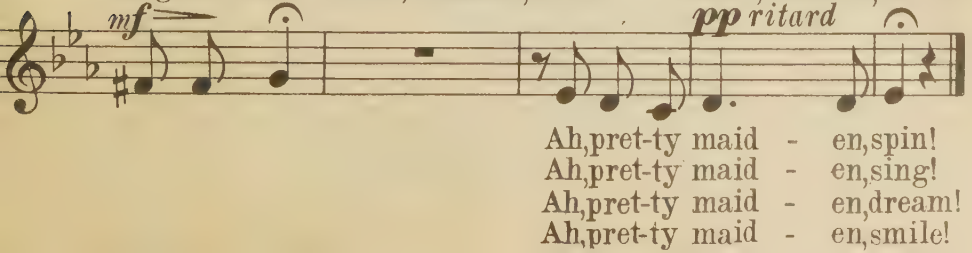
EDWIN STAR BELKNAP THOMAS FISCHER

With gentle motion


p
1. Spin, maid-en spin, The gold-en thread weave in!
2. Sing, maid-en sing, The pearl-y ca - dence fling!
3. Dream, maid-en dream, In morn-ing's sun - ny beam!
4. Smile, maid-en smile, And turn your wheel the while!
p


Though the flax is fine and fair, Bright - er gold is
Though the thrush is in the vine, Where's the note can
Har - bor ne'er a thought of night, Youth's the time for
As the thread of life you spin, Weave the smile and

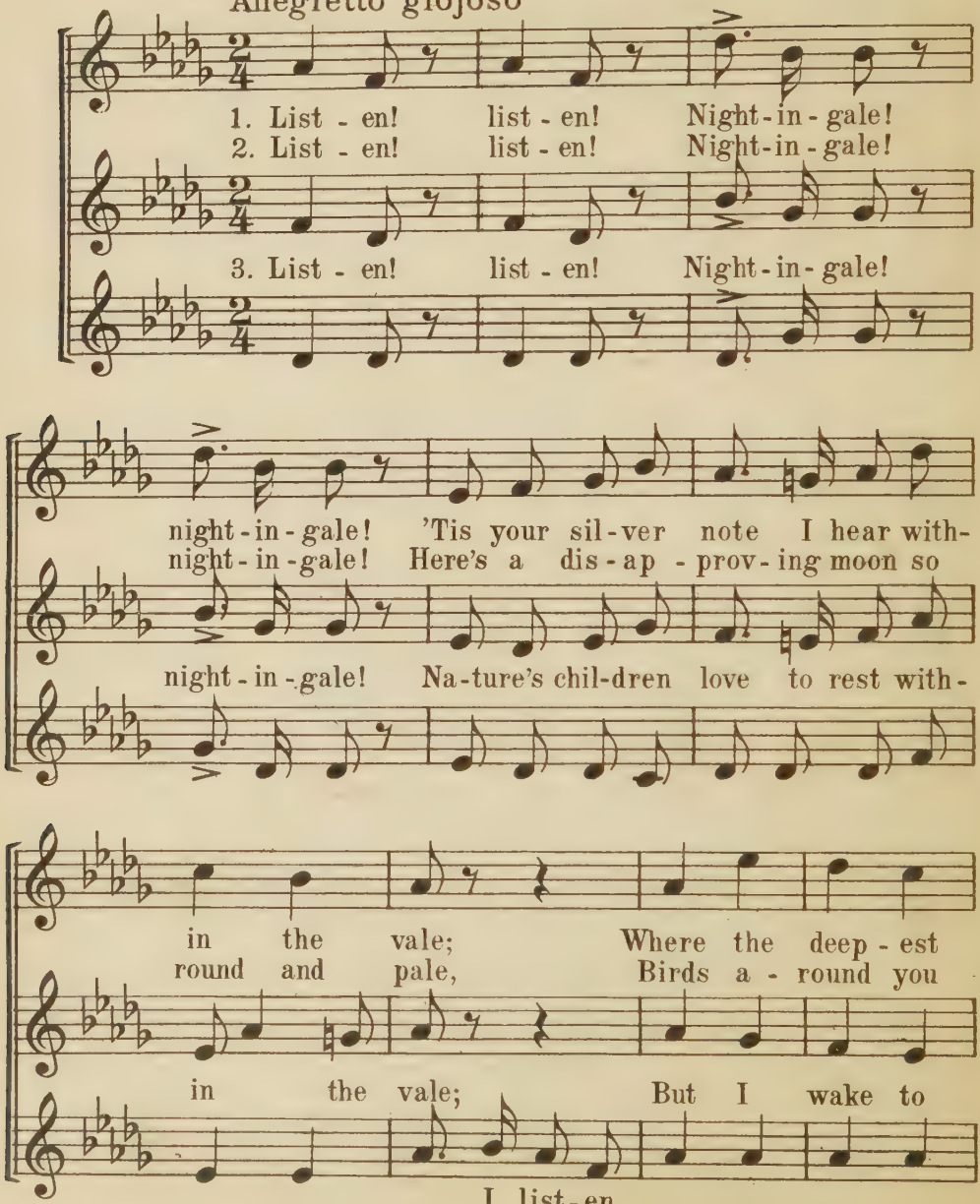




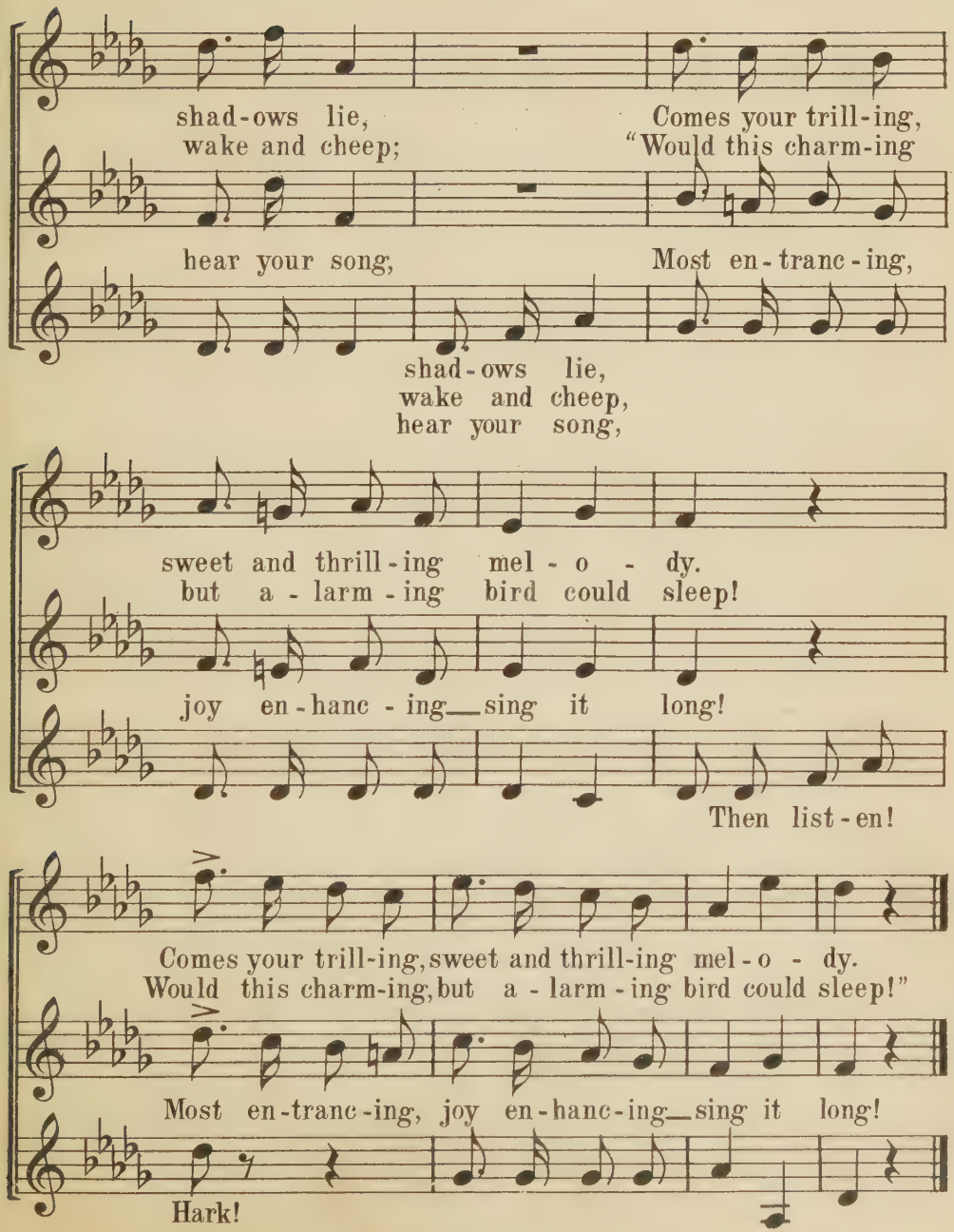
Nightingale

KATE FORMAN — FRANZ ABT

Allegretto giojoso


1. List - en! list - en! Night - in - gale!
2. List - en! list - en! Night - in - gale!
3. List - en! list - en! Night - in - gale!
night - in - gale! 'Tis your sil - ver note I hear with-
night - in - gale! Here's a dis - ap - prov - ing moon so
night - in - gale! Na - ture's chil - dren love to rest with -
in the vale; Where the deep - est
round and pale, Birds a - round you
in the vale; But I wake to
I list - en

Nightingale *(cont.)*

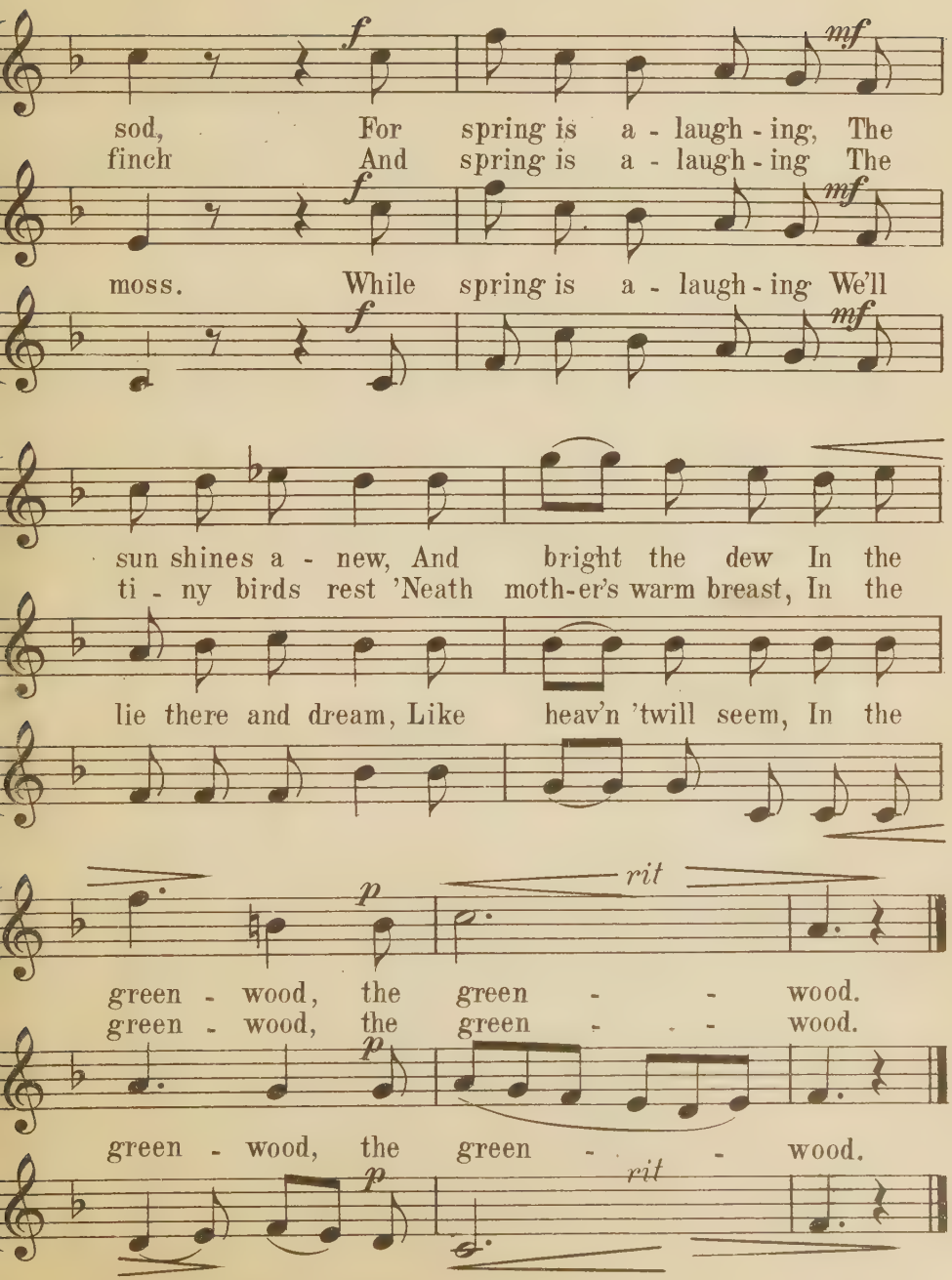


The Greenwood

LAURENCE HARPER

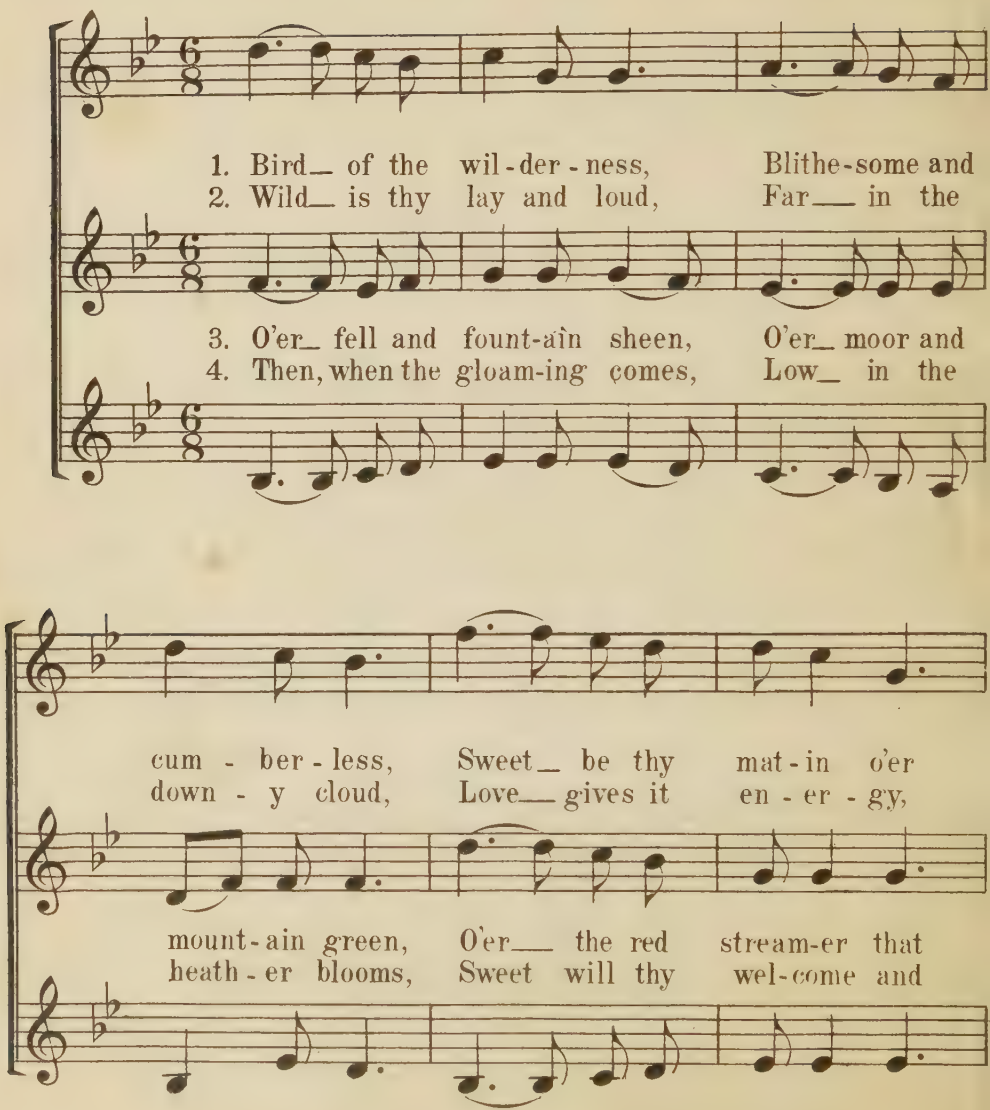
FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER

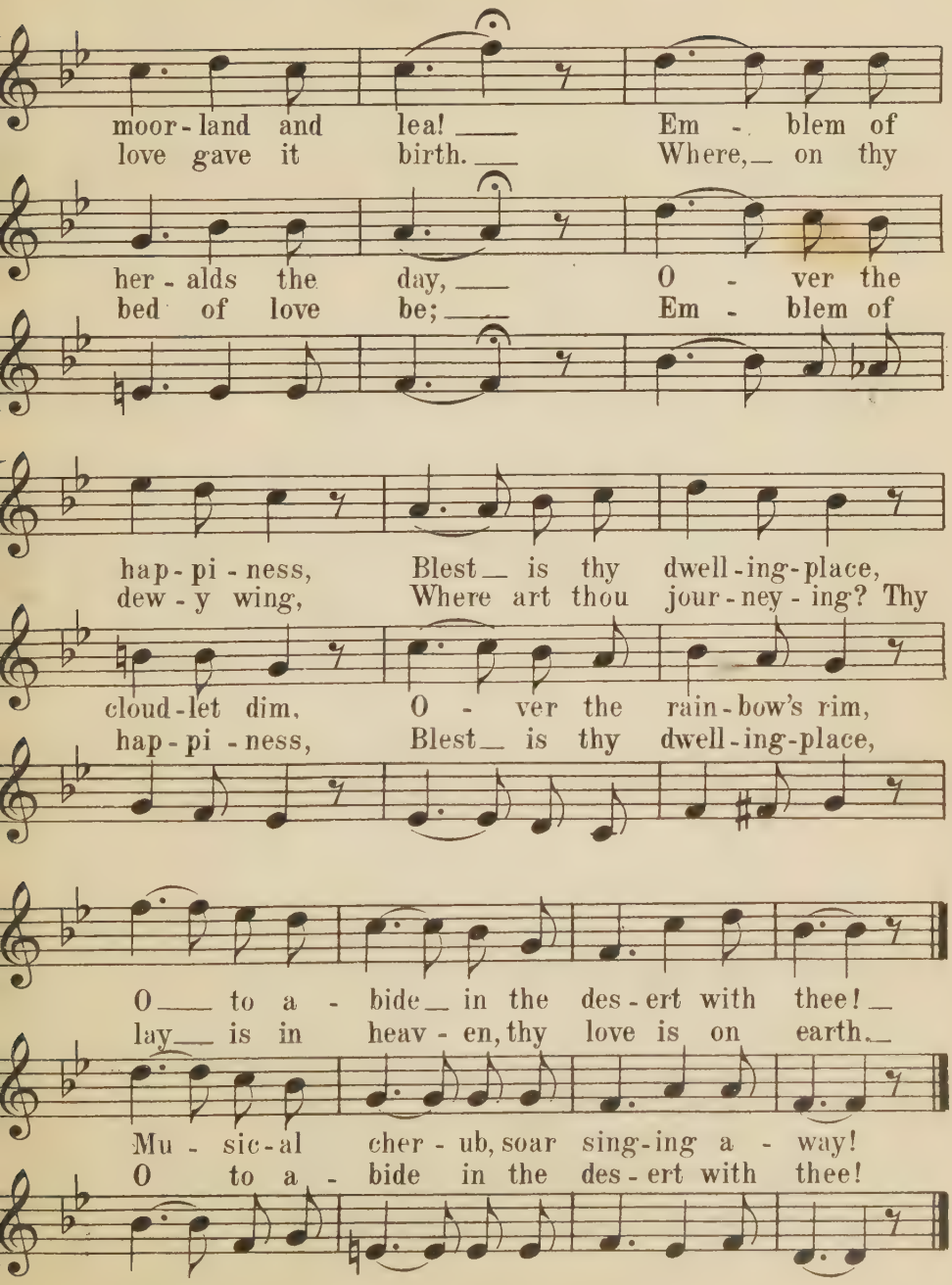
1. Oh! come to the green - wood, The
2. Oh! come to the green - wood, The
3. Oh! come to the green - wood, Where
sky is so blue And flow'r - be - span - gled the
lit - tle bird's nest, The thros - tle, rob - in, and
gur - gles the stream, And deep the vel - vet - y
flow - 'ry the
thros - tle and
vel - vet the


f
mf
sod, For spring is a - laugh - ing, The
finch And spring is a - laugh - ing The
moss. While spring is a - laugh - ing We'll
sun shines a - new, And bright the dew In the
ti - ny birds rest 'Neath moth-er's warm breast, In the
lie there and dream, Like heav'n 'twill seem, In the
p
rit
green - wood, the green - - wood.
green - wood, the green - - - wood.
green - wood, the green - - wood.

The Skylark

JAMES HOGG F. PEEL


1. Bird_ of the wil-der-ness, Blithe-some and cum-ber-less, Sweet_ be thy mat-in o'er mount-ain green,
2. Wild_ is thy lay and loud, Far_ in the down-y cloud, Love_ gives it en-er-gy, O'er_ the red stream-er that
3. O'er_ fell and fount-ain sheen, O'er_ moor and heath-er blooms, Sweet will thy wel-come and
4. Then, when the gloam-ing comes, Low_ in the

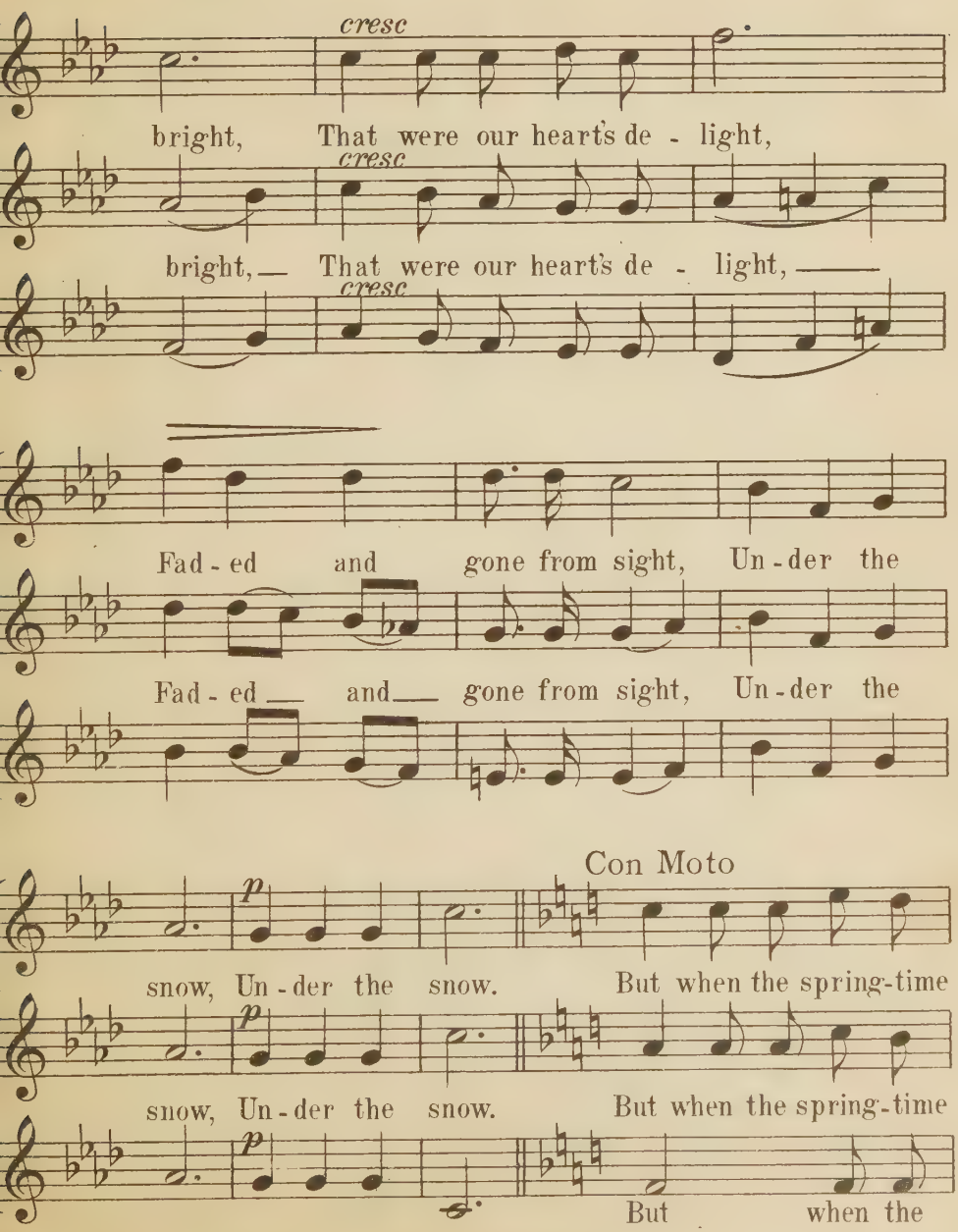

moor-land and lea! Em - blem of
love gave it birth. Where, on thy
her-alds the day, O - ver the
bed of love be; Em - blem of
hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing-place,
dew-y wing, Where art thou jour-ney-ing? Thy
cloud-let dim, O - ver the rain-bow's rim,
hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing-place,
O to a - bide in the des-ert with thee!
lay is in heav-en, thy love is on earth.
Mu-sic-al cher-ub, soar sing-ing a - way!
O to a - bide in the des-ert with thee!

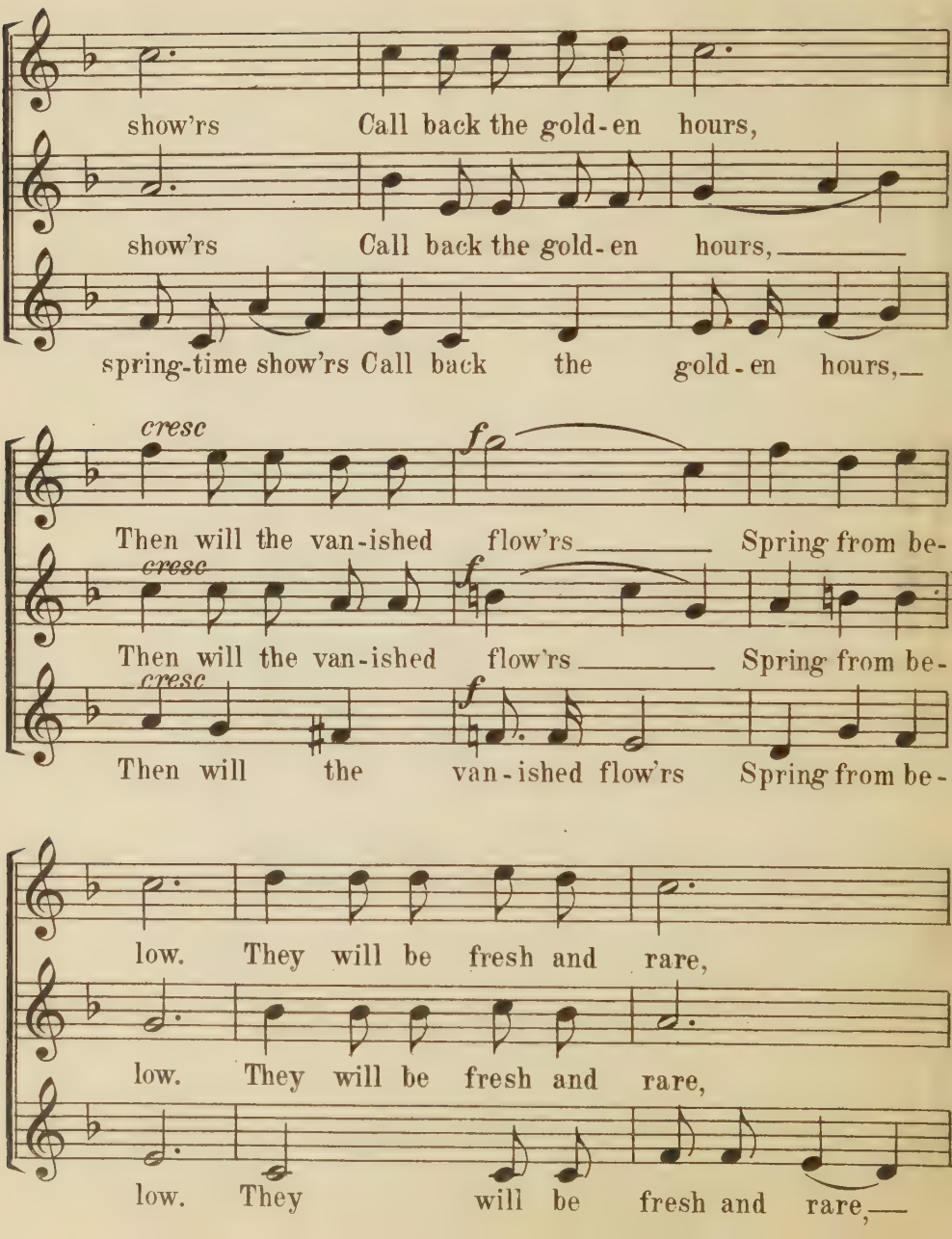
Under the Snow

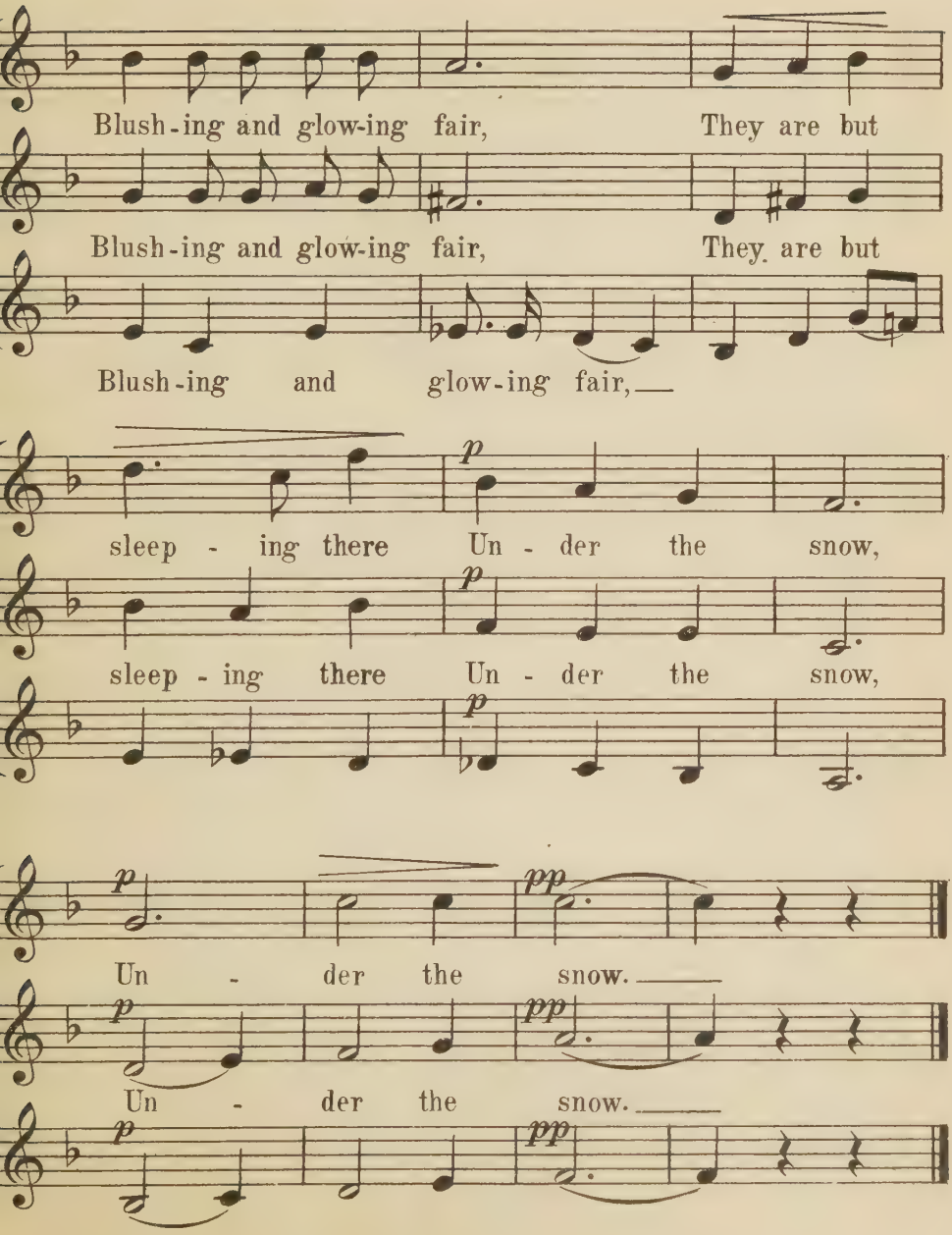
KATE FORMAN

DANIEL PROTHEROE

Moderato Espressivo
mf
Sum - mer has gone a - way;
Sum - mer has gone a - way;
Des-o-late skies are gray; Drear win - ter comes to
Des-o-late skies are gray; Drear win - ter comes to
stay, Sad storm-winds blow. Where are the blos-soms
stay, Sad storm-winds blow. Where are the blos-soms

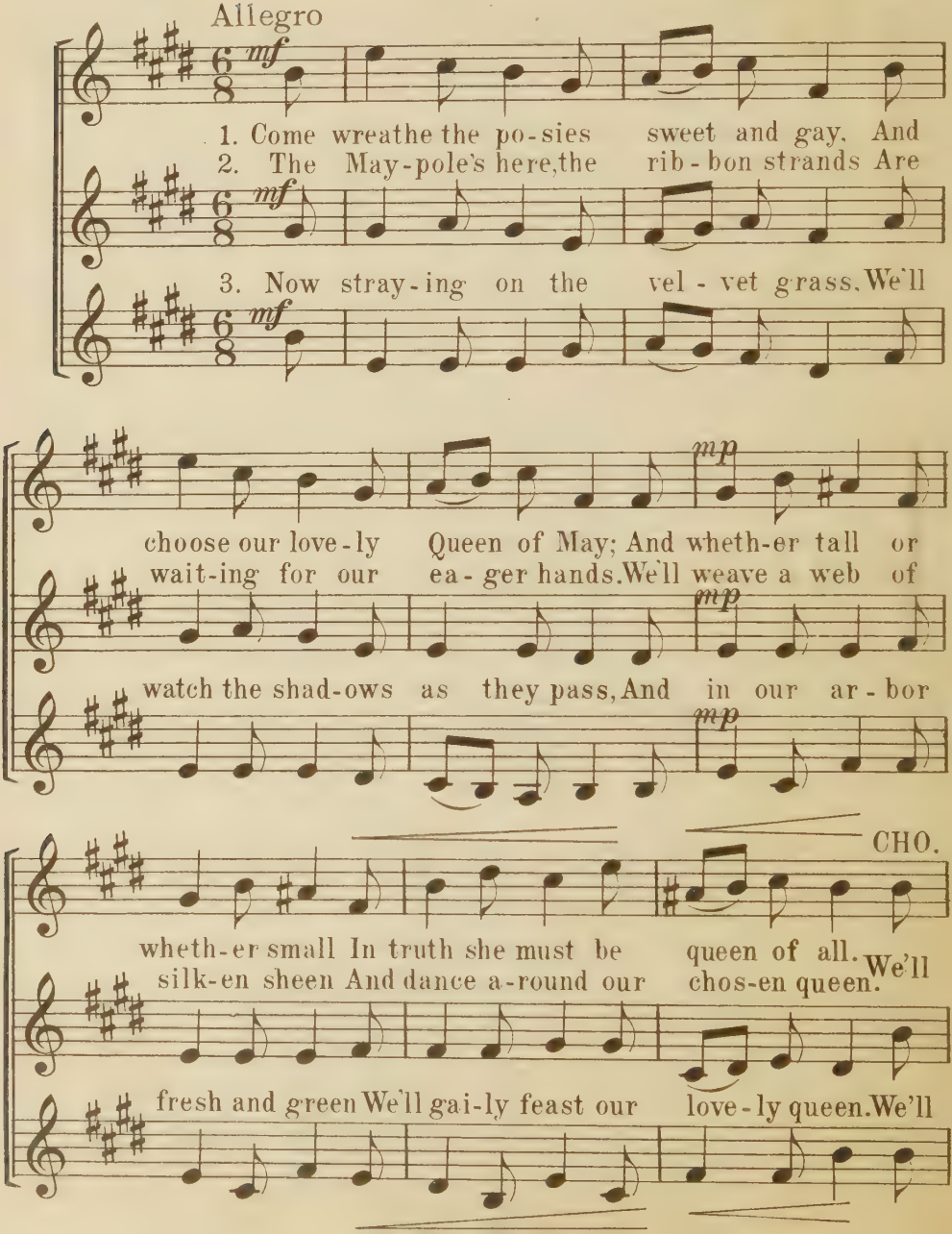

cresc
bright, That were our heart's de - light,
cresc
bright, That were our heart's de - light,
cresc
Fad - ed and gone from sight, Un - der the
Fad - ed and gone from sight, Un - der the
Con Moto
p
snow, Un - der the snow. But when the spring-time
p
snow, Un - der the snow. But when the spring-time
p
But when the

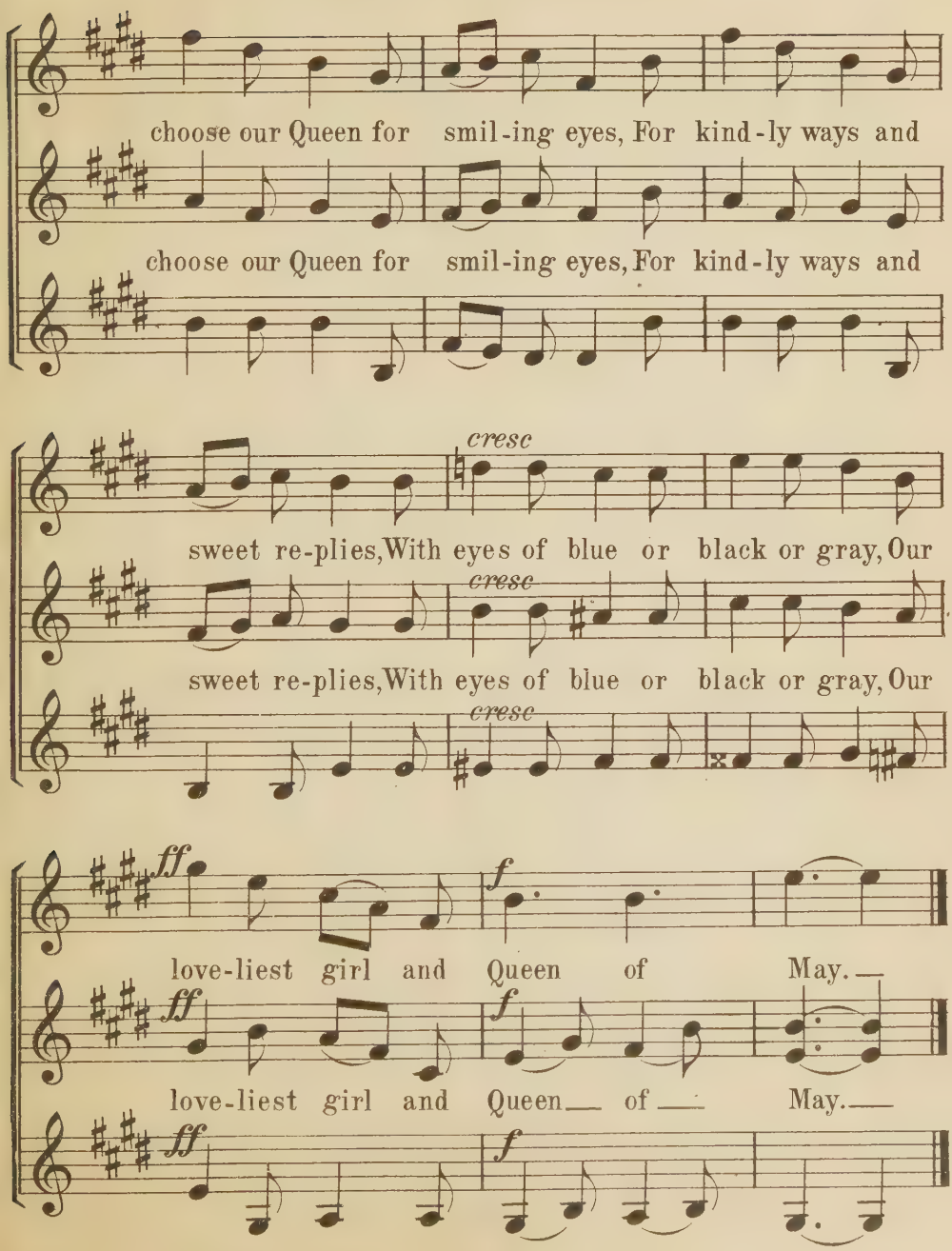

show'rs Call back the gold-en hours,
show'rs Call back the gold-en hours,
spring-time show'rs Call back the gold-en hours,
cresc
f
Then will the van-ished flow'rs Spring from be-
cresc
f
Then will the van-ished flow'rs Spring from be-
cresc
f
Then will the van-ished flow'rs Spring from be-
low. They will be fresh and rare,
low. They will be fresh and rare,
low. They will be fresh and rare,


Blush-ing and glow-ing fair, They are but
Blush-ing and glow-ing fair, They are but
Blush-ing and glow-ing fair,
p
sleep - ing there Un - der the snow,
p
sleep - ing there Un - der the snow,
p
p
pp
Un - der the snow.
p
pp
Un - der the snow.
p
pp

The Queen of The May

KATE FORMAN ELEANOR SMITH


Allegro
mf
1. Come wreathe the po-sies sweet and gay, And
2. The May-pole's here, the rib-bon strands Are
3. Now stray-ing on the vel-vet grass, We'll
mp
choose our love-ly Queen of May; And wheth-er tall or
wait-ing for our ea-ger hands. We'll weave a web of
watch the shad-ows as they pass, And in our ar-bor
CHO.
wheth-er small In truth she must be queen of all. We'll
silk-en sheen And dance a-round our chos-en queen.
fresh and green We'll gai-ly feast our love-ly queen. We'll


choose our Queen for smil-ing eyes, For kind-ly ways and
choose our Queen for smil-ing eyes, For kind-ly ways and
cresc
sweet re-plies, With eyes of blue or black or gray, Our
cresc
sweet re-plies, With eyes of blue or black or gray, Our
cresc
ff
f
love-liest girl and Queen of May.
ff
f
love-liest girl and Queen of May.
ff
f

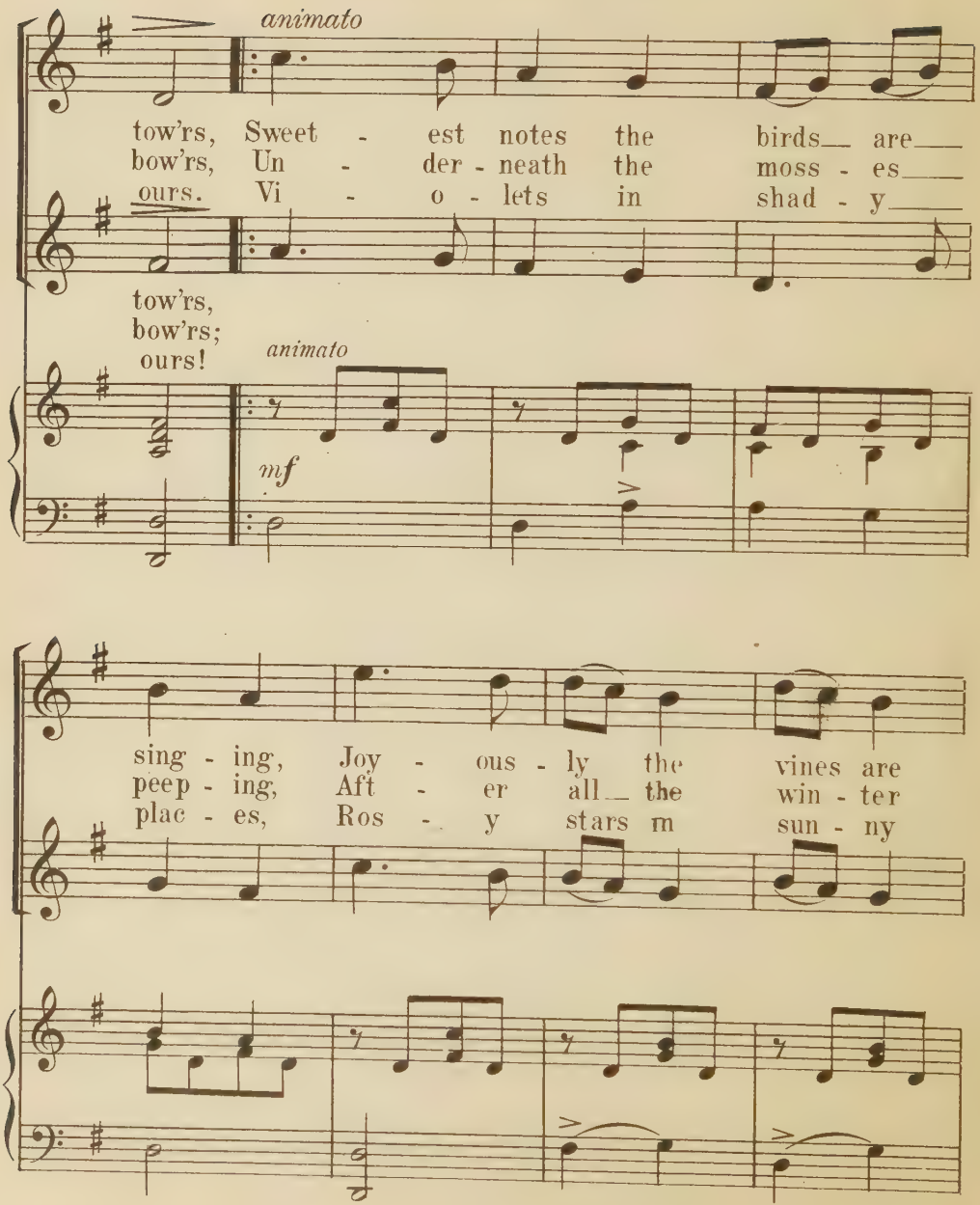
Spring Flowers

KATE FORMAN

M. VOGEL

Andantino
mf
1. Come let's wan - der through the
2. Come let's wan - der, spring will
3. Come let's wan - der through the
Andantino
p
wood - land, Ev - 'ry tree in beau - ty
lead us, Through a won - der - land of
wood - land, Such a world of joy is

tow'rs;
bow rs;
ours!
Ev -
Through
Such
Come let's wan - der through the
Come let's wan - der, spring will
Come let's wan - der through the
p
cresc
f
dim
- - 'ry tree in beau - ty beau - ty
a won - der - land of land of
a world of joy of joy is
cresc
f
dim
wood - land, Ev - 'ry tree in beau - ty
lead us, Through a won - der - land of
wood - land, Such a world of joy is
cresc.
f
dim.

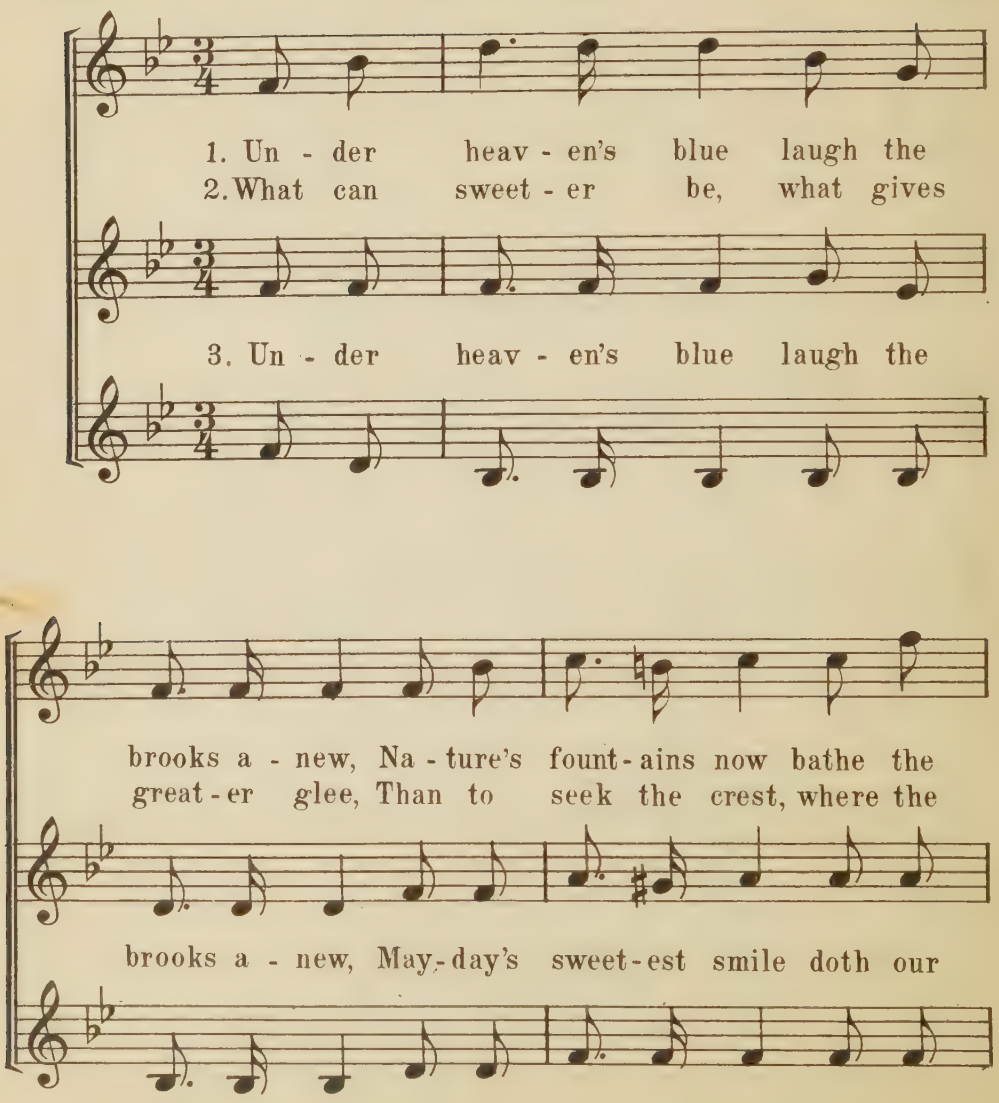

animato
tow'rs, Sweet - est notes the birds are
bow'rs, Un - der - neath the moss - es
ours. Vi - o - lets in shad - y
tow'rs,
bow'rs;
ours!
animato
mf
sing - ing, Joy - ous - ly the vines are
peep - ing, Aft - er all the win - ter
plac - es, Ros - y stars in sun - ny

cresc
swing - ing Green with leaves and starred with
sleep - ing, Come the dear and wel - come
spac - es, All the wood - land smiles with
p
cresc
flow'rs, Green with leaves and starred with flow'rs.
flow'rs, Come the dear and wel - come flow'rs.
flow'rs, All the wood - land smiles with flow'rs.
f
dim
sf marcato
sf
sf
dim

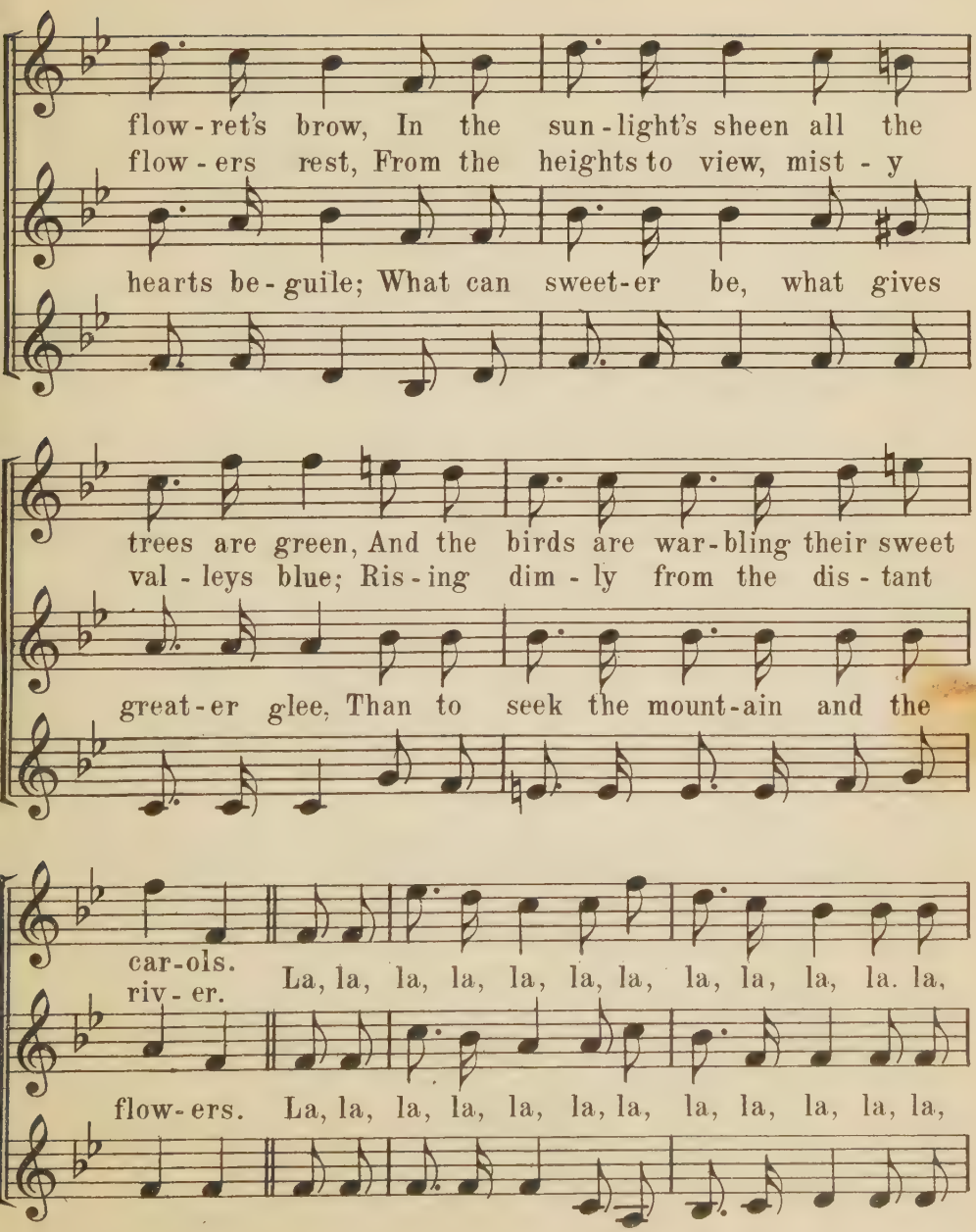
May Song

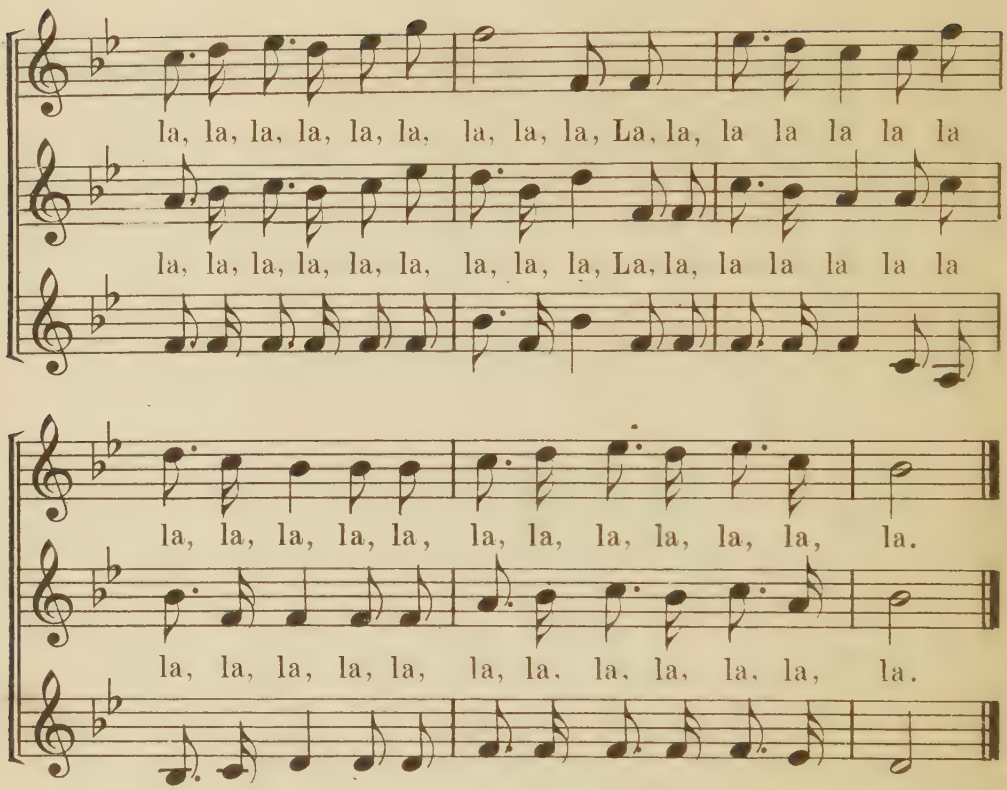
Translation

G. U. KERN


1. Un - der heav - en's blue laugh the
2. What can sweet - er be, what gives
3. Un - der heav - en's blue laugh the
brooks a - new, Na - ture's fount - ains now bathe the
great - er glee, Than to seek the crest, where the
brooks a - new, May - day's sweet - est smile doth our

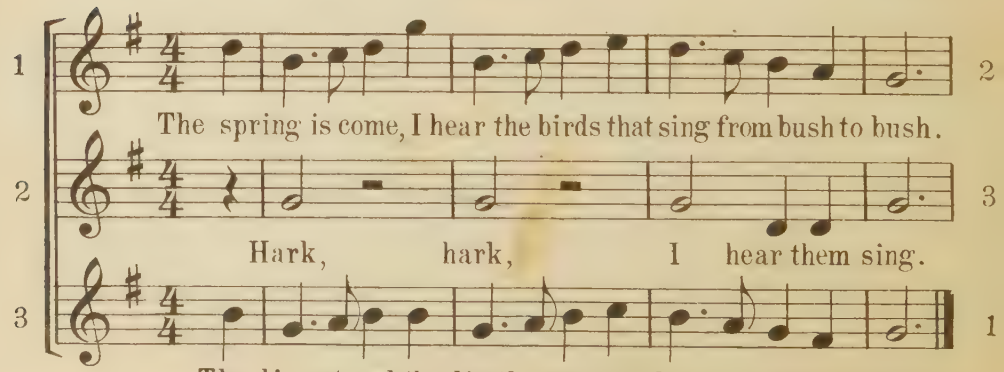
May Song *(cont.)*


flow-ret's brow, In the sun-light's sheen all the
flow-ers rest, From the heights to view, mist-y
hearts be-guile; What can sweet-er be, what gives
trees are green, And the birds are war-bling their sweet
val-leys blue; Ris-ing dim-ly from the dis-tant
great-er glee, Than to seek the mount-ain and the
car-ols.
riv-er.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la,
flow-ers. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



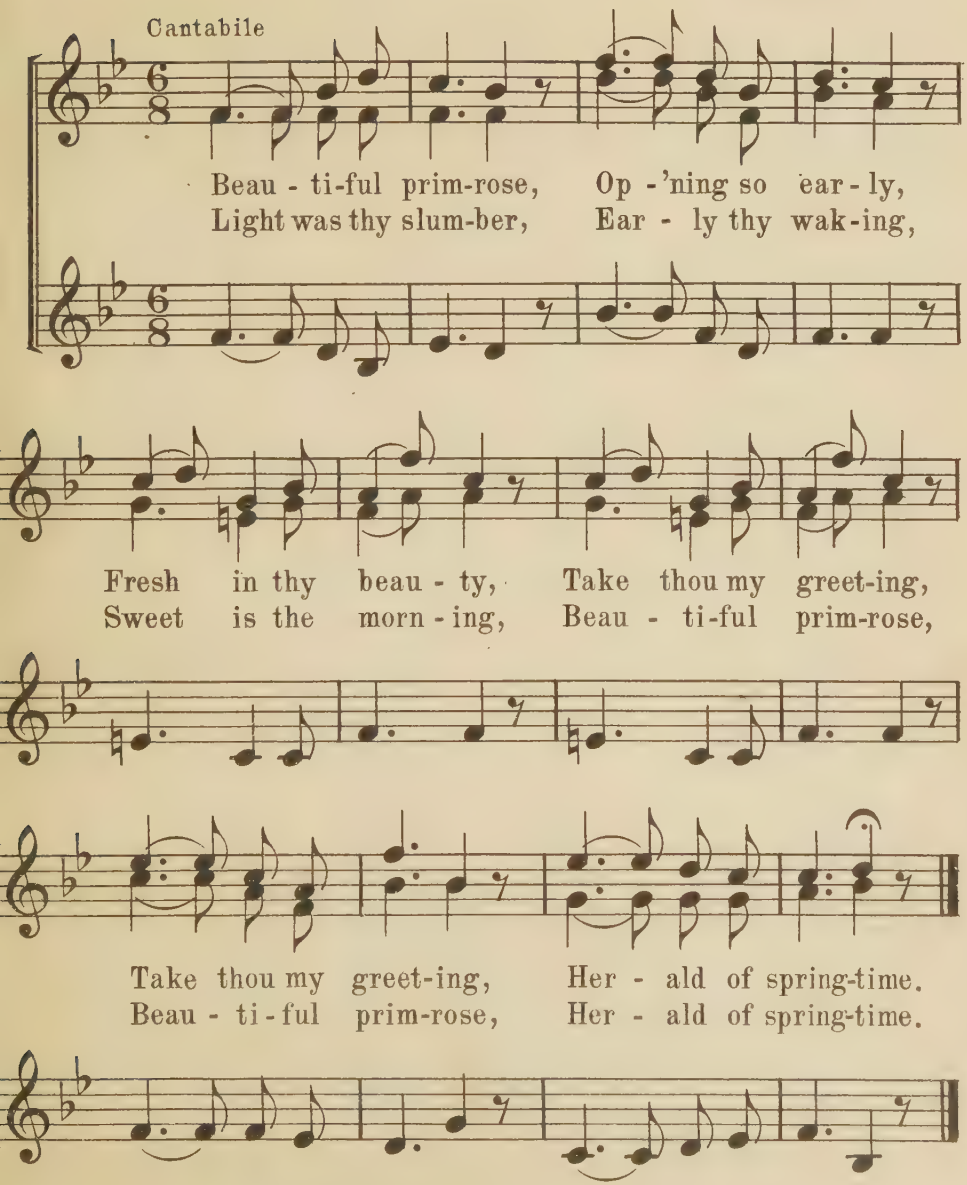
Catch

Dr. HAYES


1
2
3
The spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.
Hark, hark, I hear them sing.
The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

Beautiful Primrose

FRANZ ABT


Cantabile
Beau - ti-ful prim-rose, Op -'ning so ear - ly,
Light was thy slum-ber, Ear - ly thy wak-ing,
Fresh in thy beau - ty, Take thou my greet-ing,
Sweet is the morn - ing, Beau - ti-ful prim-rose,
Take thou my greet-ing, Her - ald of spring-time.
Beau - ti - ful prim-rose, Her - ald of spring-time.

When Grandfather Courted Grandmother

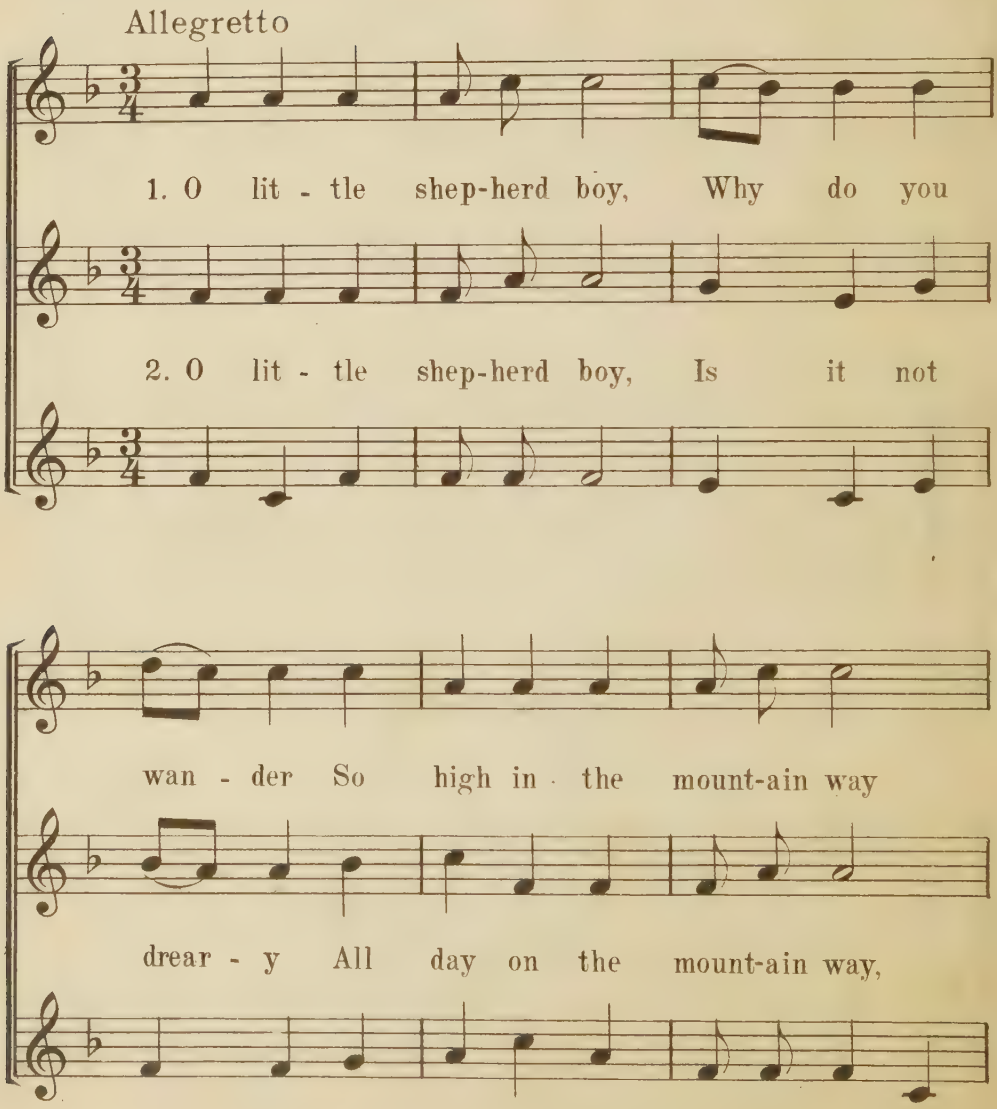
Old Dance Tune

Allegro moderato
1. When grand - fa - ther court - ed our
2. When grand - fa - ther wed - ded our
3. When grand - fa - ther left for a
4. But faith - ful af - fec - tion did
grand-moth - er gay The world wore a
grand-moth - er gay In char - i - ot
time his own dear, No lov - ing long
flour - ish and grow In grand - fa - ther's

dif - fer - ent face they all say, The
fine did they jour - ney a - way. No
dis - tance could bring her more near. No
day as in ours we all know. And
men were more court - ly, the maid - ens more fair, The
ships in the air did the lov - ers a - maze Nor
won - der - ful wire, in a mo-ment could flash Its
true were the broth - er and sis - ter and friend: So
ros - es were sweet - er and pur - er the air.
steam-boats nor trains in those in - no - cent days.
mes - sage of love with a dot and a dash.
may it be ev - er un - til the world's end.

The Shepherd Boy

KATE FORMAN — Tyrolese Melody

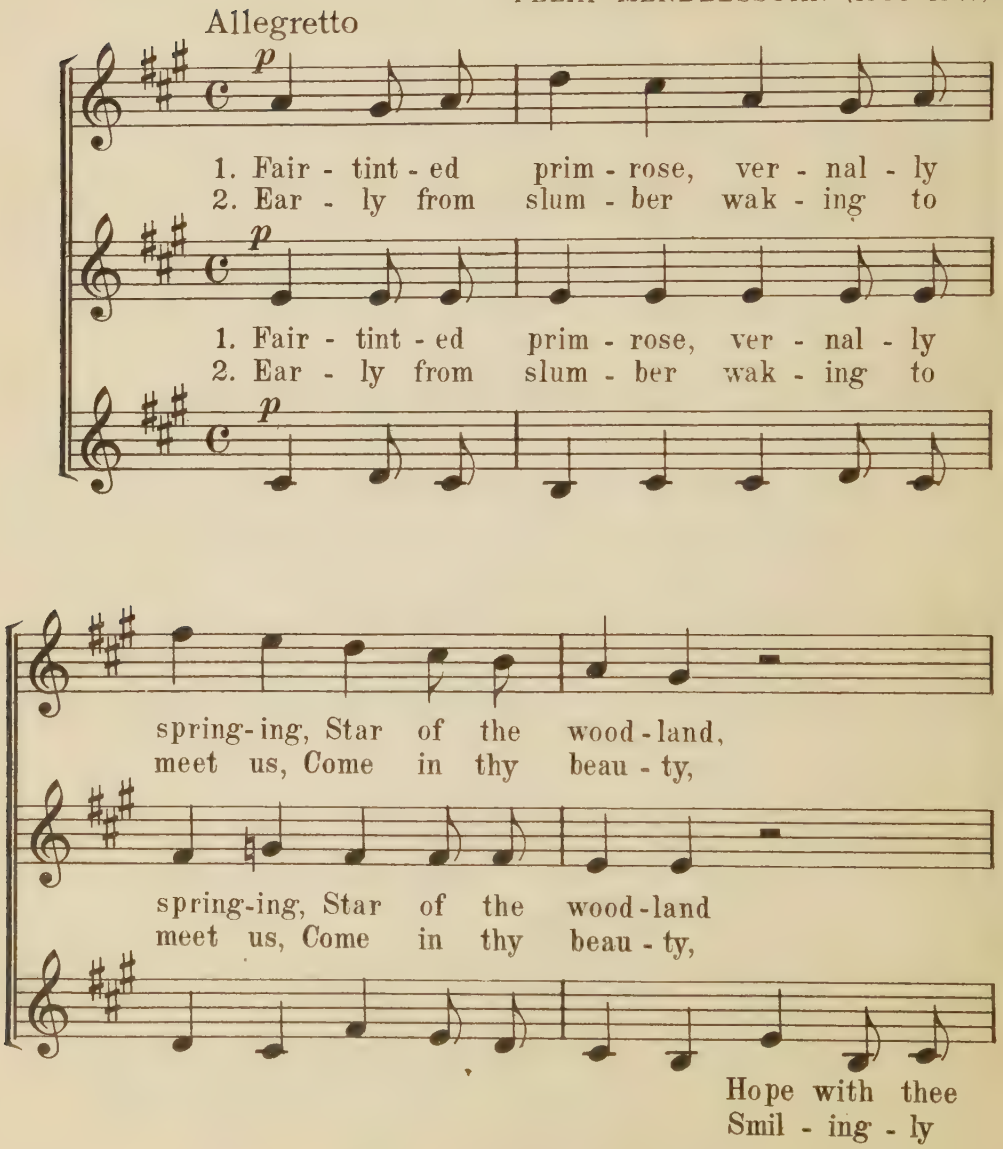

Allegretto
1. O lit - tle shep-herd boy, Why do you
2. O lit - tle shep-herd boy, Is it not
wan - der So high in the mount-ain way
drear - y All day on the mount-ain way,

The Shepherd Boy *(cont.)*

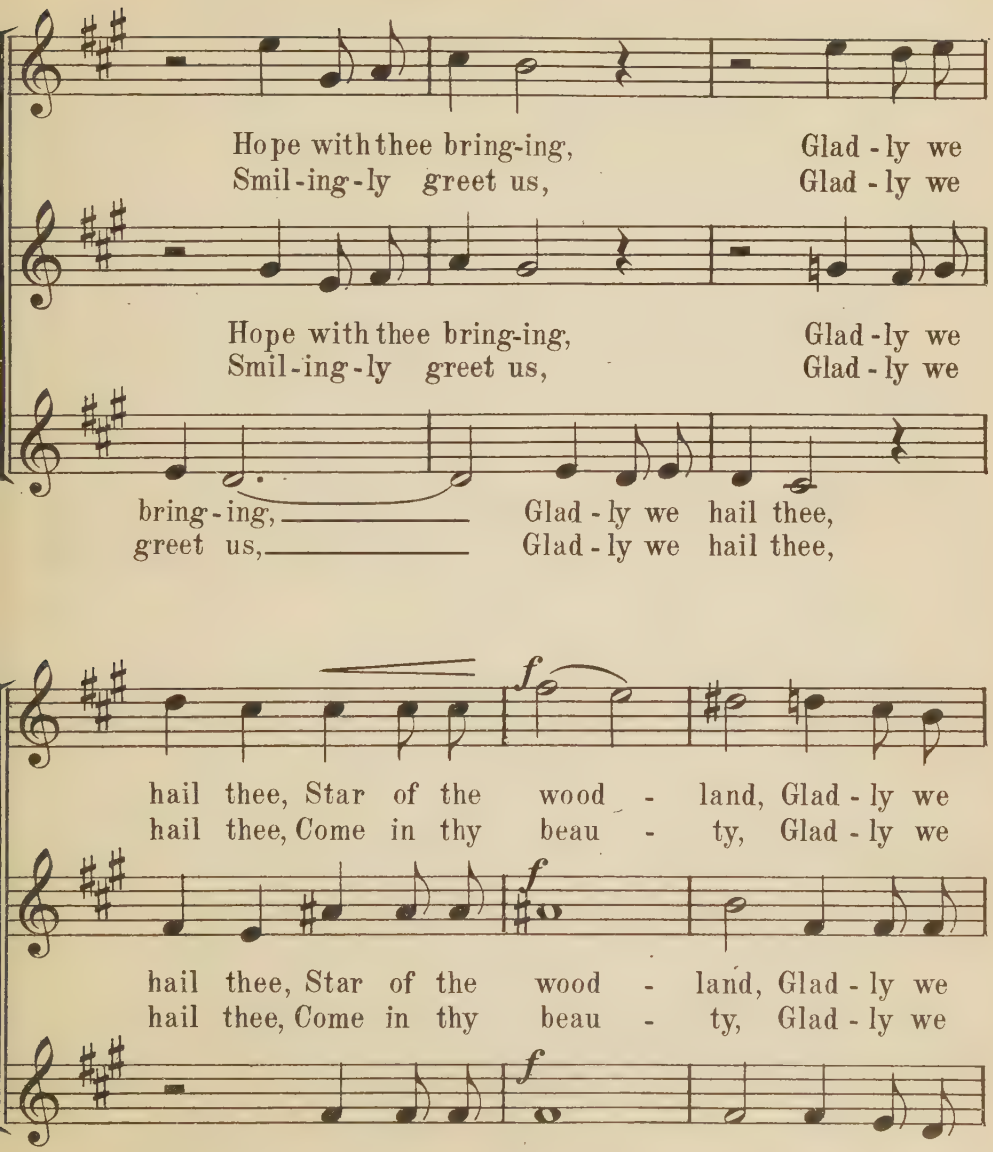
Far from your home? "Fol - low and
Si - lent and lone? Ech - o is
see my white sheep o - ver yon - der! O
with me, and nev - er is wear - y; O
green is the mount-ain-grass There I must roam."
each tink-ling stream-let sings Songs of its own.

Fair-Tinted Primrose

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)


Allegretto
p
1. Fair - tint - ed prim - rose, ver - nal - ly
2. Ear - ly from slum - ber wak - ing to
1. Fair - tint - ed prim - rose, ver - nal - ly
2. Ear - ly from slum - ber wak - ing to
spring-ing, Star of the wood-land,
meet us, Come in thy beau - ty,
spring-ing, Star of the wood-land
meet us, Come in thy beau - ty,
Hope with thee
Smil - ing - ly

Fair-Tinted Primrose *(cont.)*


Hope with thee bring-ing, Glad-ly we
Smil-ing-ly greet us, Glad-ly we
Hope with thee bring-ing, Glad-ly we
Smil-ing-ly greet us, Glad-ly we
bring-ing, Glad-ly we hail thee,
greet us, Glad-ly we hail thee,
f
hail thee, Star of the wood - land, Glad-ly we
hail thee, Come in thy beau - ty, Glad-ly we
f
hail thee, Star of the wood - land, Glad-ly we
hail thee, Come in thy beau - ty, Glad-ly we
f

Fair-Tinted Primrose *(cont.)*

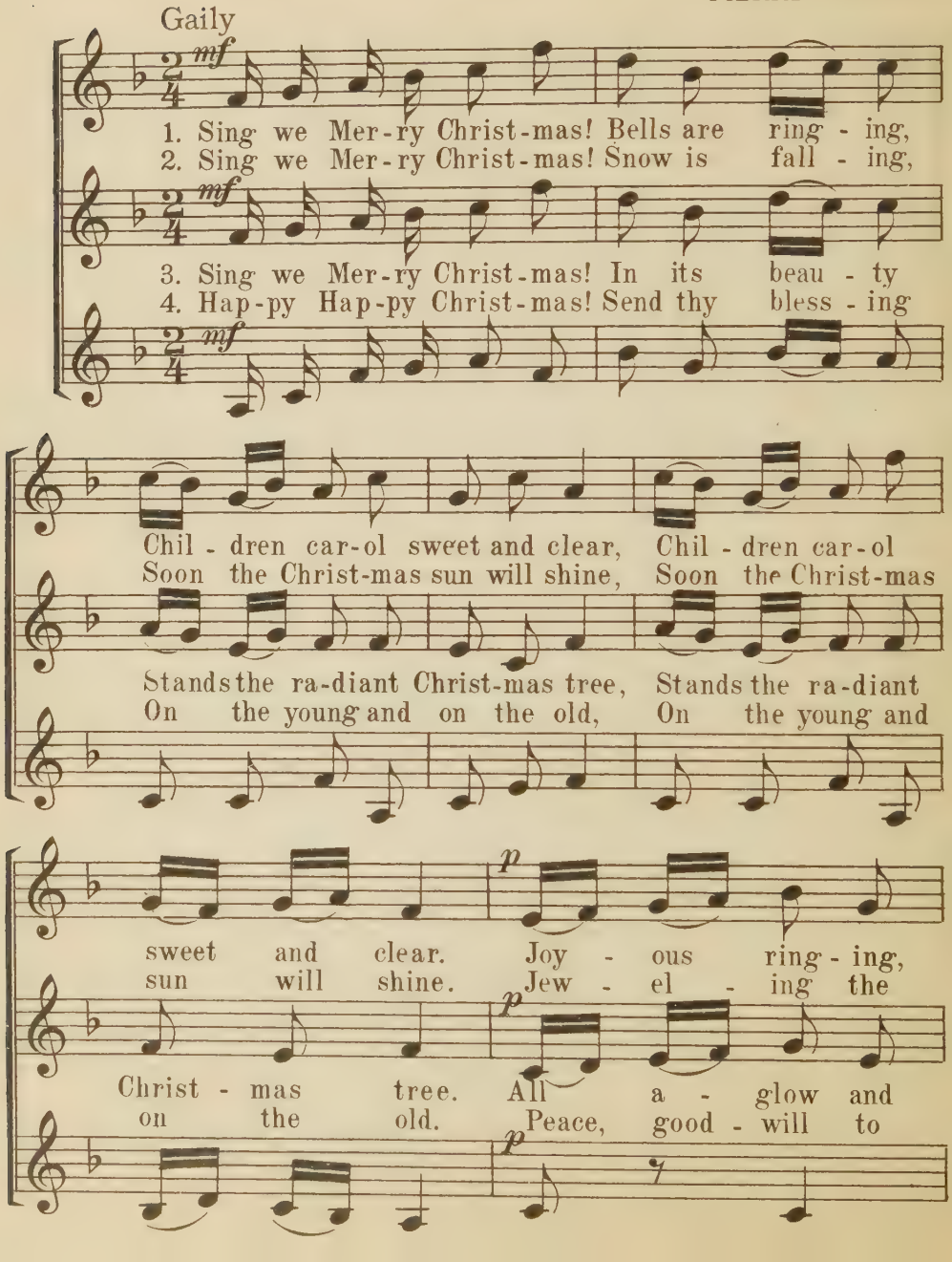
hail ____ thee,
hail ____ thee,
hail thee. Star of the wood - land,—
hail thee. Come in thy beau - ty,—
hail thee. Star of the wood - land,—
hail thee. Come in thy beau - ty,—
Star of— the— wood - land,
Come in— thy— beau - ty,
Star of the wood - land, Glad - ly we
Come in thy beau - ty, Glad - ly we
Star of the wood - land, Glad - ly we
Come in thy beau - ty, Glad - ly we

Fair-Tinted Primrose *(concluded)*

Star of the wood-land, Glad-ly we
Come in thy beau-ty, Glad-ly we
hail thee, we hail thee, Glad - ly
hail thee, we hail thee, Glad - ly
hail thee, we hail thee, Star of the wood - land,
hail thee, we hail thee, Come in thy beau - ty,
hail thee, we hail thee.
hail thee, we hail thee.
Glad - ly we hail thee.
Glad - ly we hail thee.
Glad - ly we hail thee.
Glad - ly we hail thee.

Sing We Merry Christmas!

PIERRE GAVEAUX

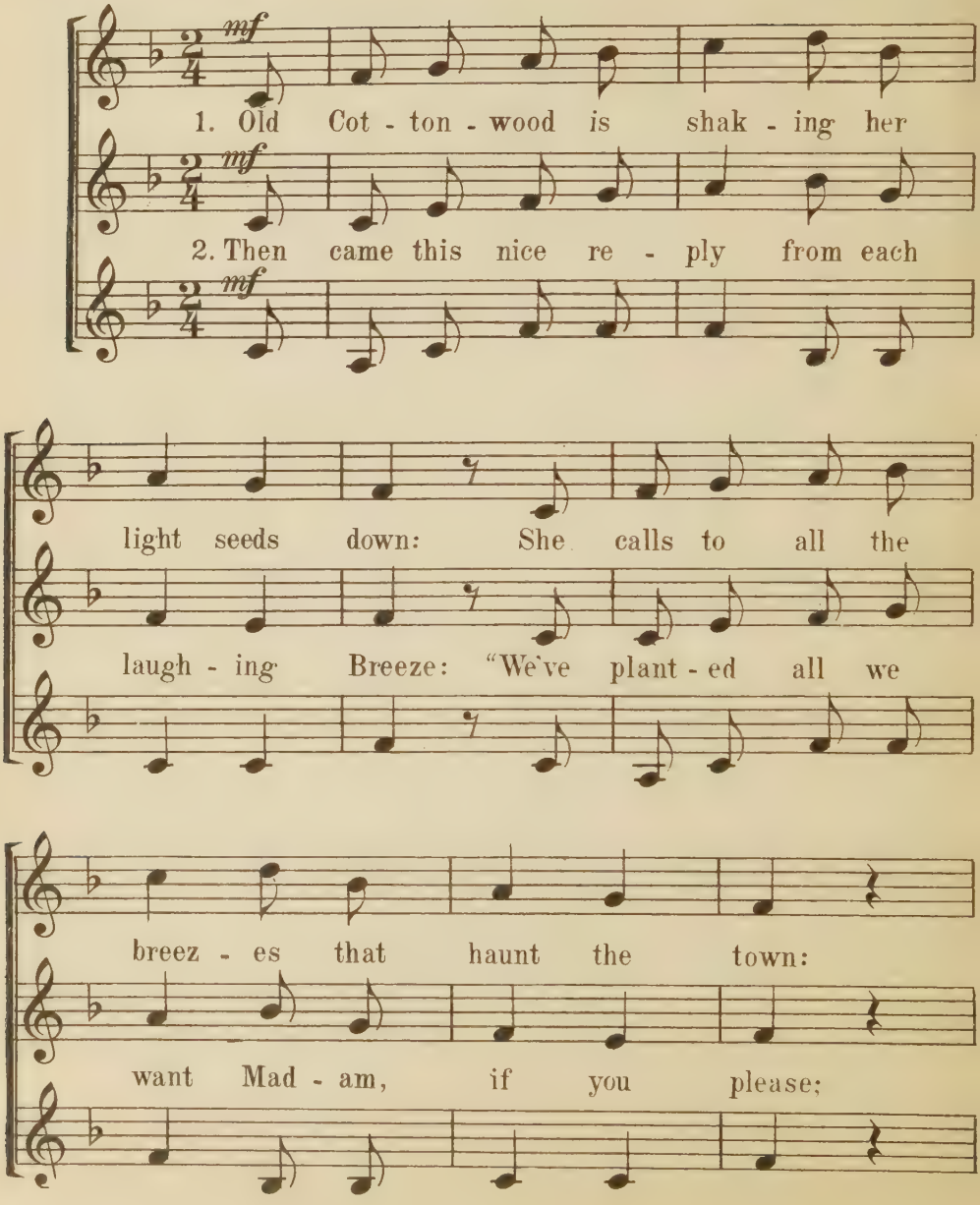

Gaily
mf
1. Sing we Mer-ry Christ-mas! Bells are ring - ing,
2. Sing we Mer-ry Christ-mas! Snow is fall - ing,
3. Sing we Mer-ry Christ-mas! In its beau - ty
4. Hap-py Hap-py Christ-mas! Send thy bless - ing
Chil - dren car-ol sweet and clear, Chil - dren car-ol
Soon the Christ-mas sun will shine, Soon the Christ-mas
Stands the ra-diant Christ-mas tree, Stands the ra-diant
On the young and on the old, On the young and
p
sweet and clear. Joy - ous ring - ing,
sun will shine. Jew - el - ing the
Christ - mas tree. All a - glow and
on the old. Peace, good - will to

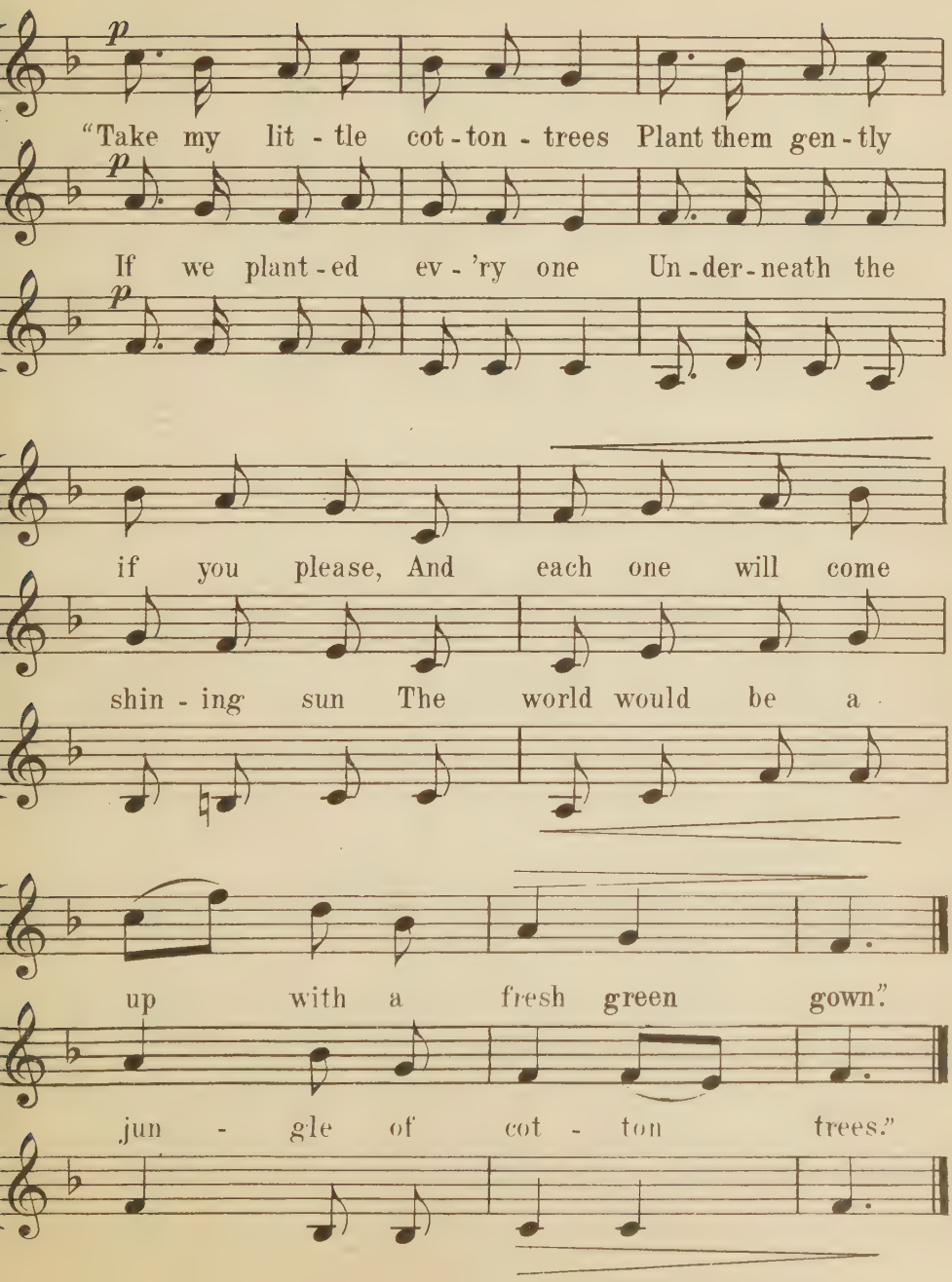
mf
fes - tal sing - ing, Greet the clos - ing of the year.
na - ked branch-es Cloth - ing earth in man-tle fine.
mf
rich in treas-ure, Gifts of love for you and me.
ev - 'ry na - tion, Bless - ings rich and man-i - fold.
f
Joy - ous ring-ing, fes-tal sing-ing, Greet the clos - ing
Jew - el - ing the na-ked branch-es, Cloth - ing earth in
f
All a - glow and rich in treas-ure, Gifts of love for
Peace, good-will to ev - 'ry na - tion, Bless - ings rich and
f
of the year, Greet the clos - ing of the year.
man-tle fine, Cloth - ing earth in man - tle fine.
you and me, Gifts of love for you and me.
man-i - fold, Bless - ings rich and man - i - fold.

Cottonwoods

KATE FORMAN

German Folk-Tune


mf
1. Old Cot - ton - wood is shak - ing her
mf
2. Then came this nice re - ply from each
mf
light seeds down: She calls to all the
laugh - ing Breeze: "We've plant - ed all we
breez - es that haunt the town:
want Mad - am, if you please;


p
"Take my lit - tle cot - ton - trees Plant them gen - tly
p
If we plant - ed ev - 'ry one Un - der - neath the
p
if you please, And each one will come
shin - ing sun The world would be a
up with a fresh green gown."
jun - gle of cot - ton trees."

The Squirrel

KATE FORMAN

Spanish Folk Song

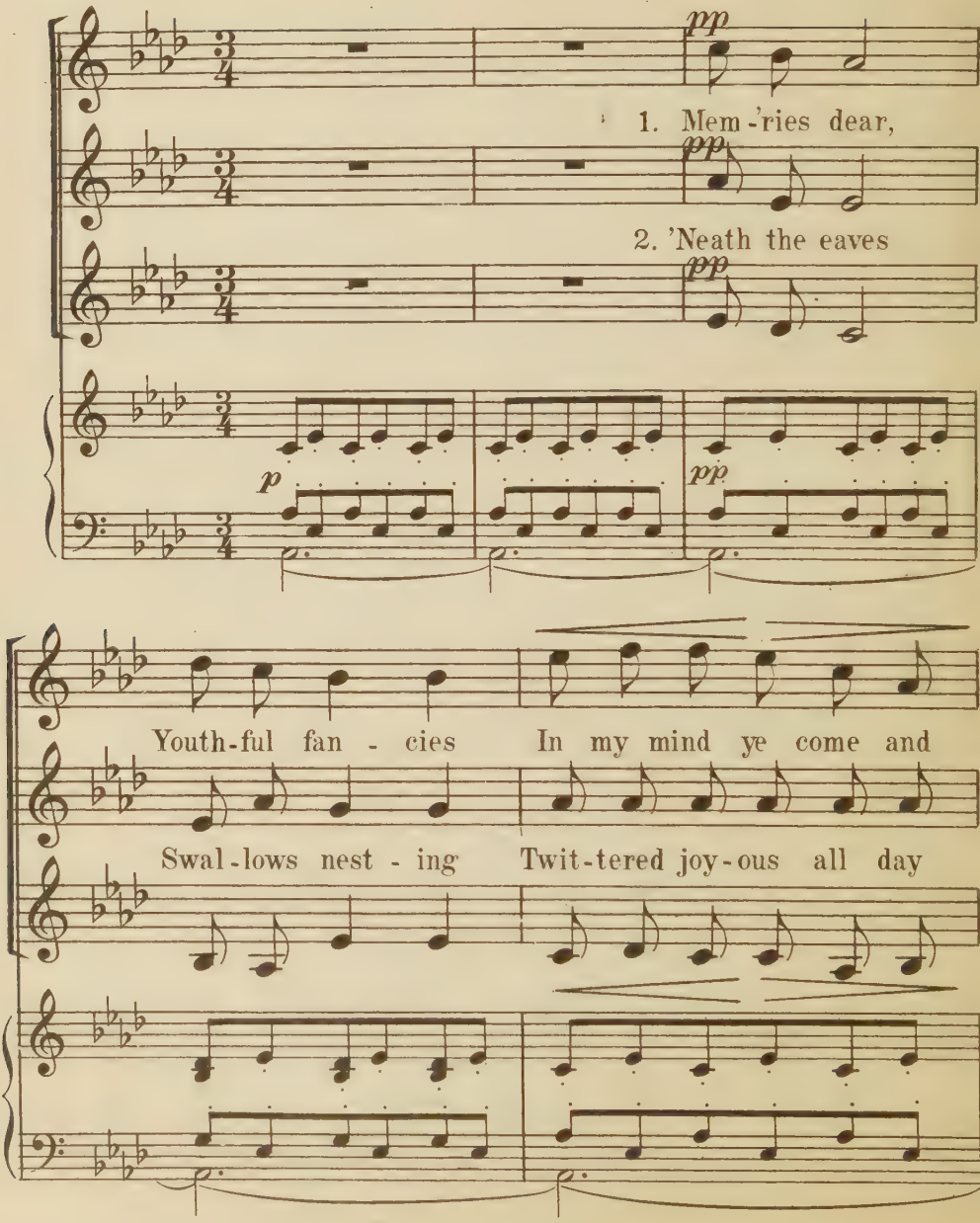
Allegro
1. I am a lit - tle fel - low, As quick as wind or fair - y sprite. When a
2. I am a mer - ry fel - low, I fill the air with sauc - y chat. There's a
3. I am a thrift - y fel - low, My store is in the hol - low beech, Cruel
tall tree nods and calls me, Then I
green - eyed fur - ry per - son, And he
win - ter comes a - prowl - ing, But he

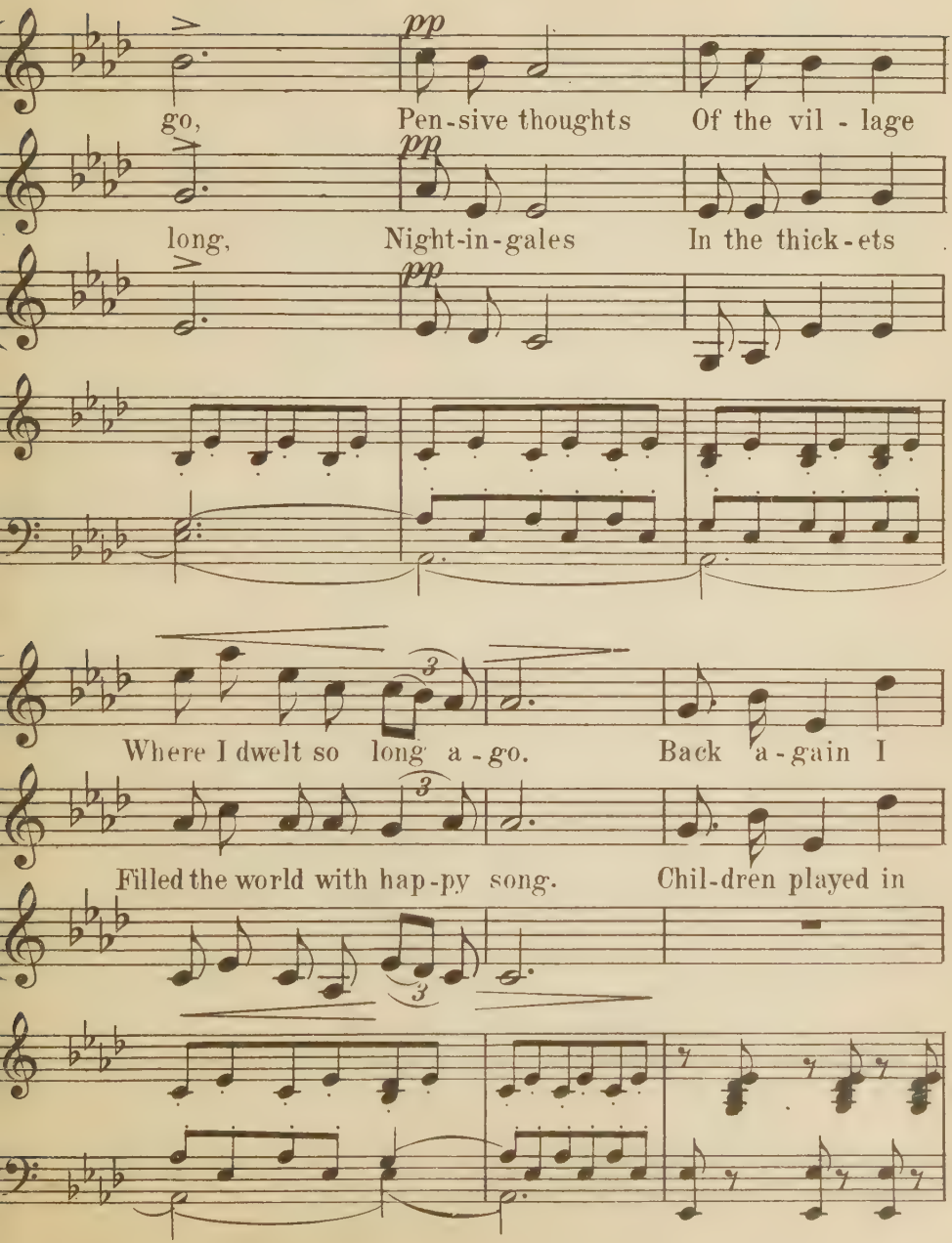
swing a - loft with high de - light.
likes me not but what of that!
finds I'm safe be - yond his reach.
A squir - rel's life is gay - est When
A squir - rel's life's ex - cit - ing, When
The snow - y days are co - sy, When
like a bird he takes his flight.
he must fly be - fore the cat!
there are nuts e - nough for each.

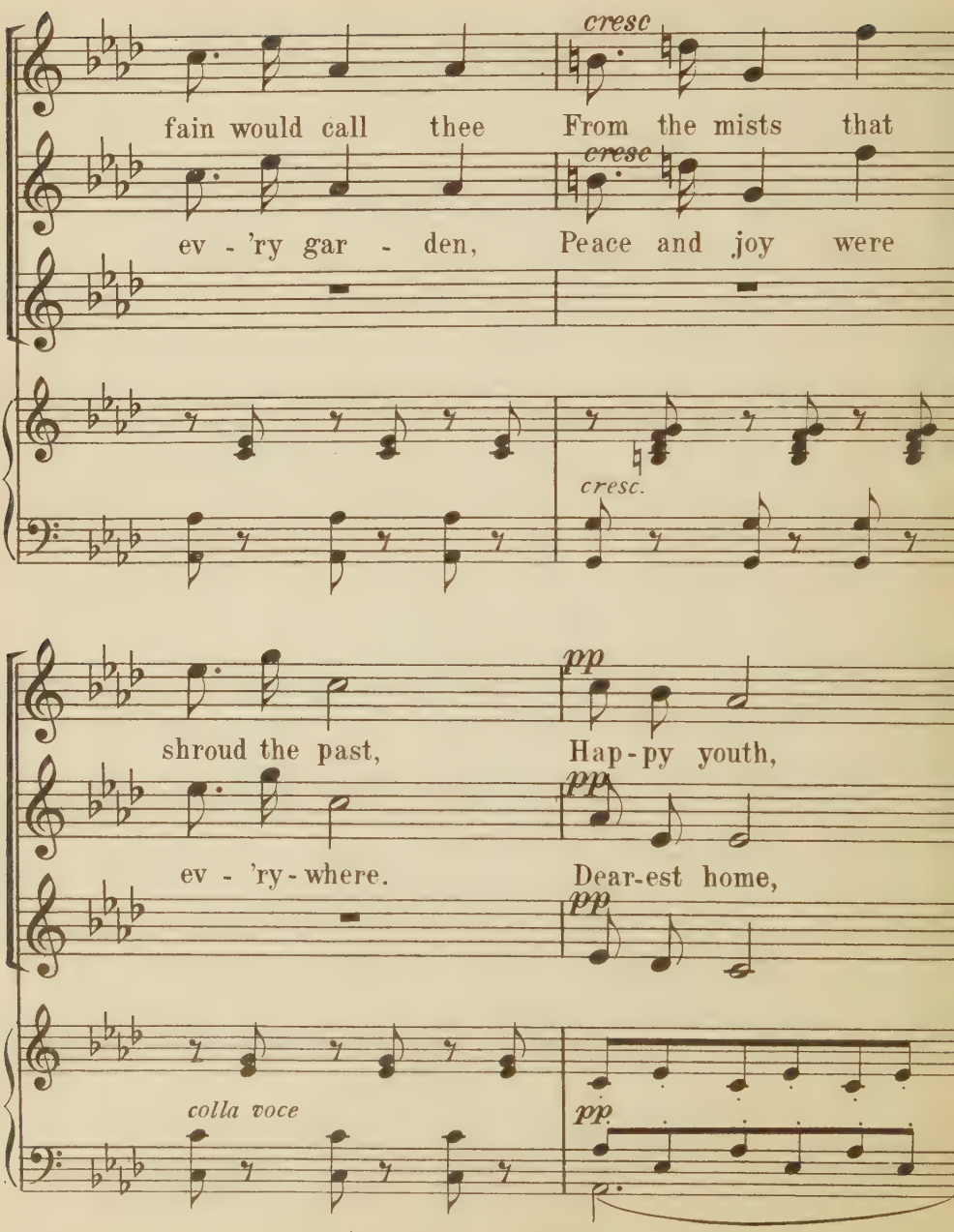
Memories Dear

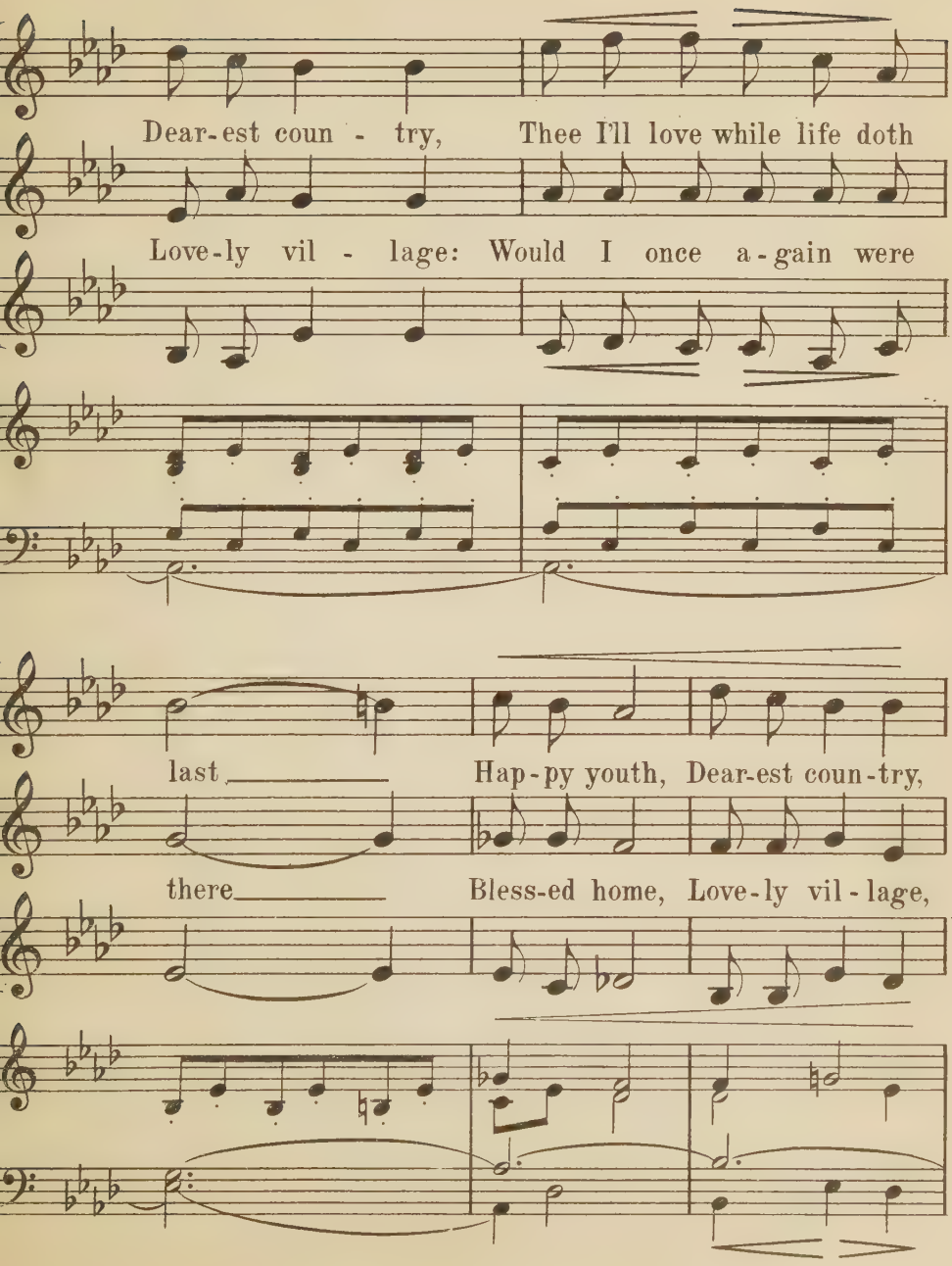
FRUEH

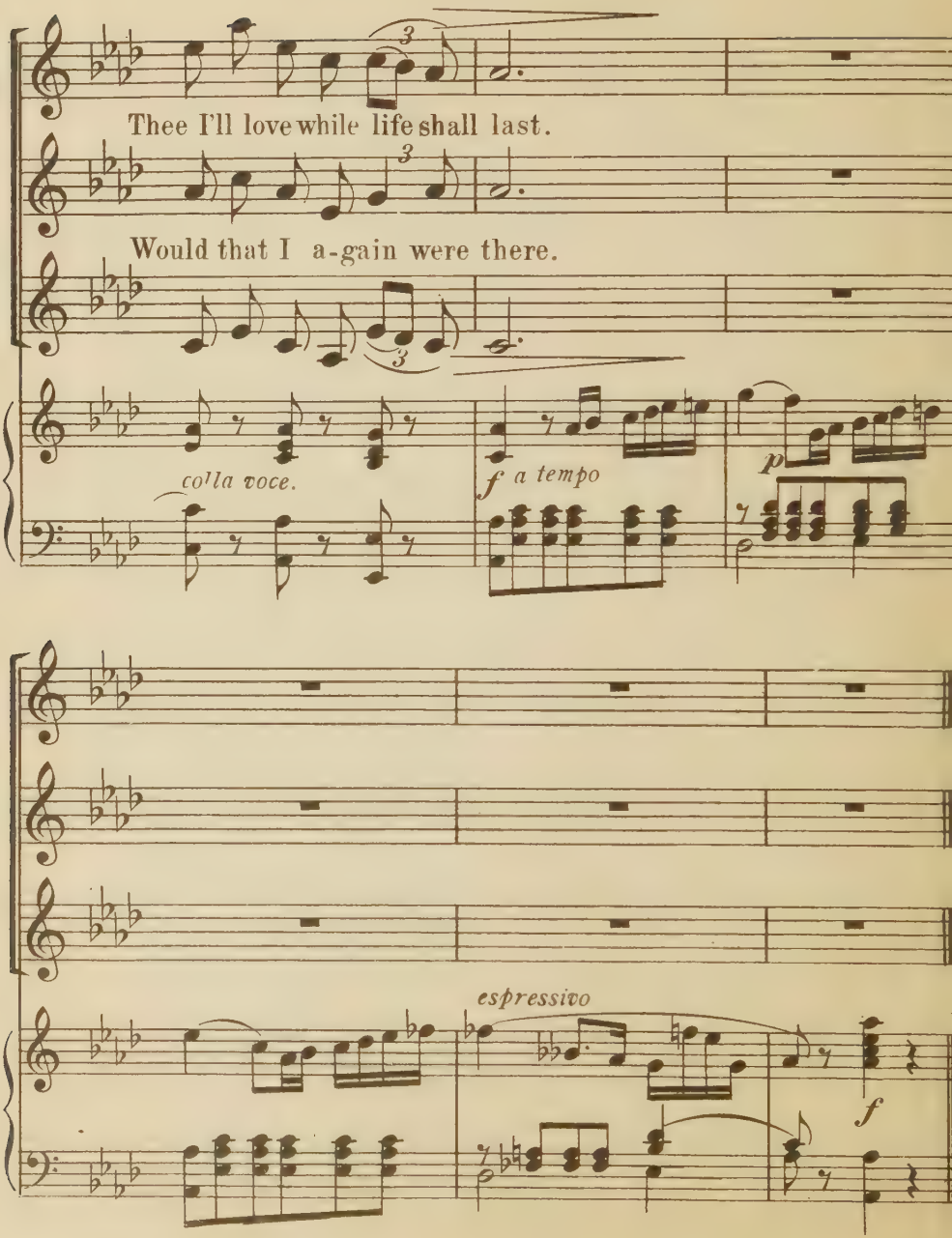
F. HEROLD




pp
go, Pen-sive thoughts Of the vil - lage
pp
long, Night-in-gales In the thick-ets
pp
Where I dwelt so long a - go. Back a - gain I
Filled the world with hap-py song. Chil-dren played in


cresc
fain would call thee From the mists that
cresc
ev - 'ry gar - den, Peace and joy were
cresc.
pp
shroud the past, Hap-py youth,
pp
ev - 'ry-where. Dear-est home,
pp
colla voce
pp


Dear-est coun - try, Thee I'll love while life doth
Love-ly vil - lage: Would I once a-gain were
last Hap-py youth, Dear-est coun-try,
there Bless-ed home, Love-ly vil-lage,

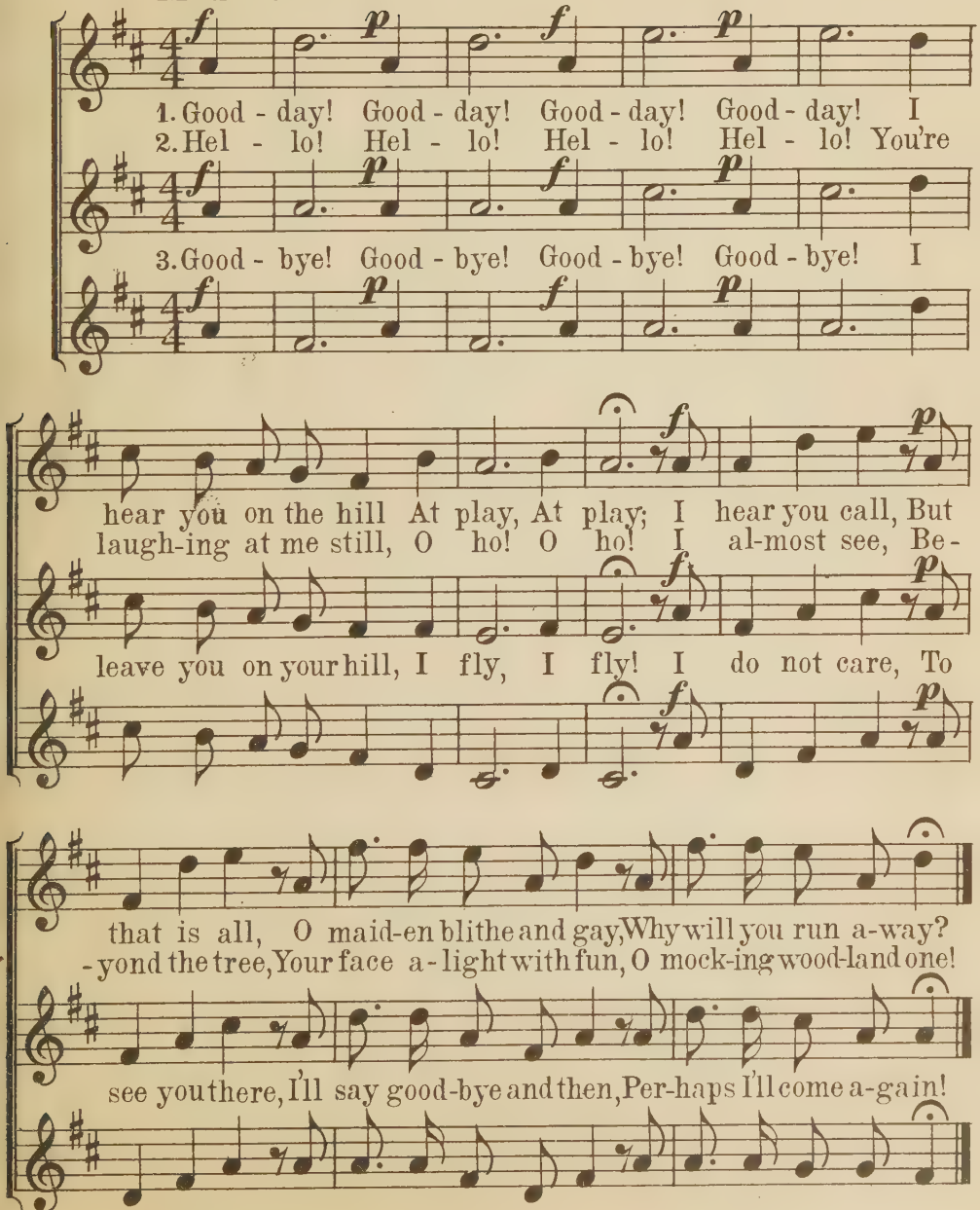

Thee I'll love while life shall last.
Would that I a-gain were there.
colla voce.
f a tempo
p
espressivo
f

KATE FORMAN

Echo

C. M. WEBER

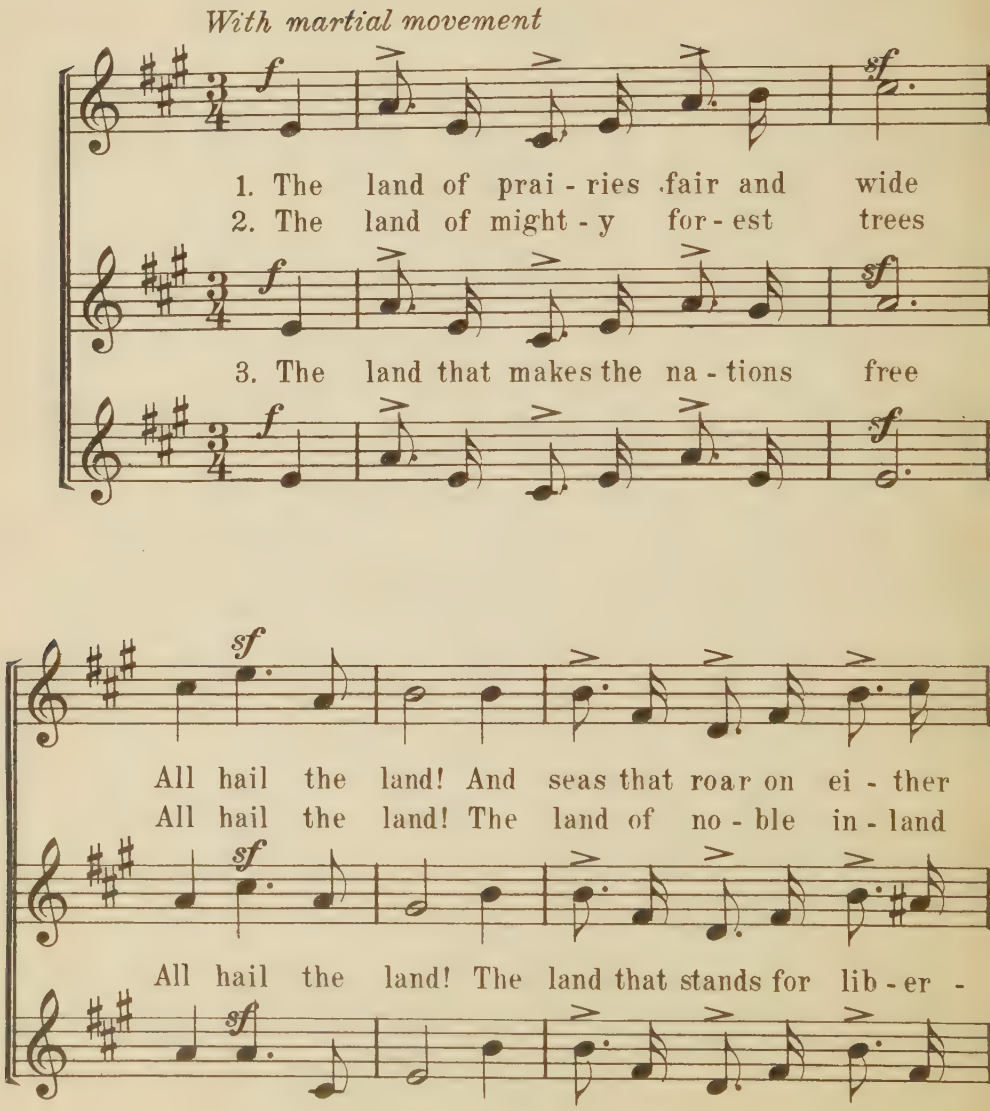
Moderato

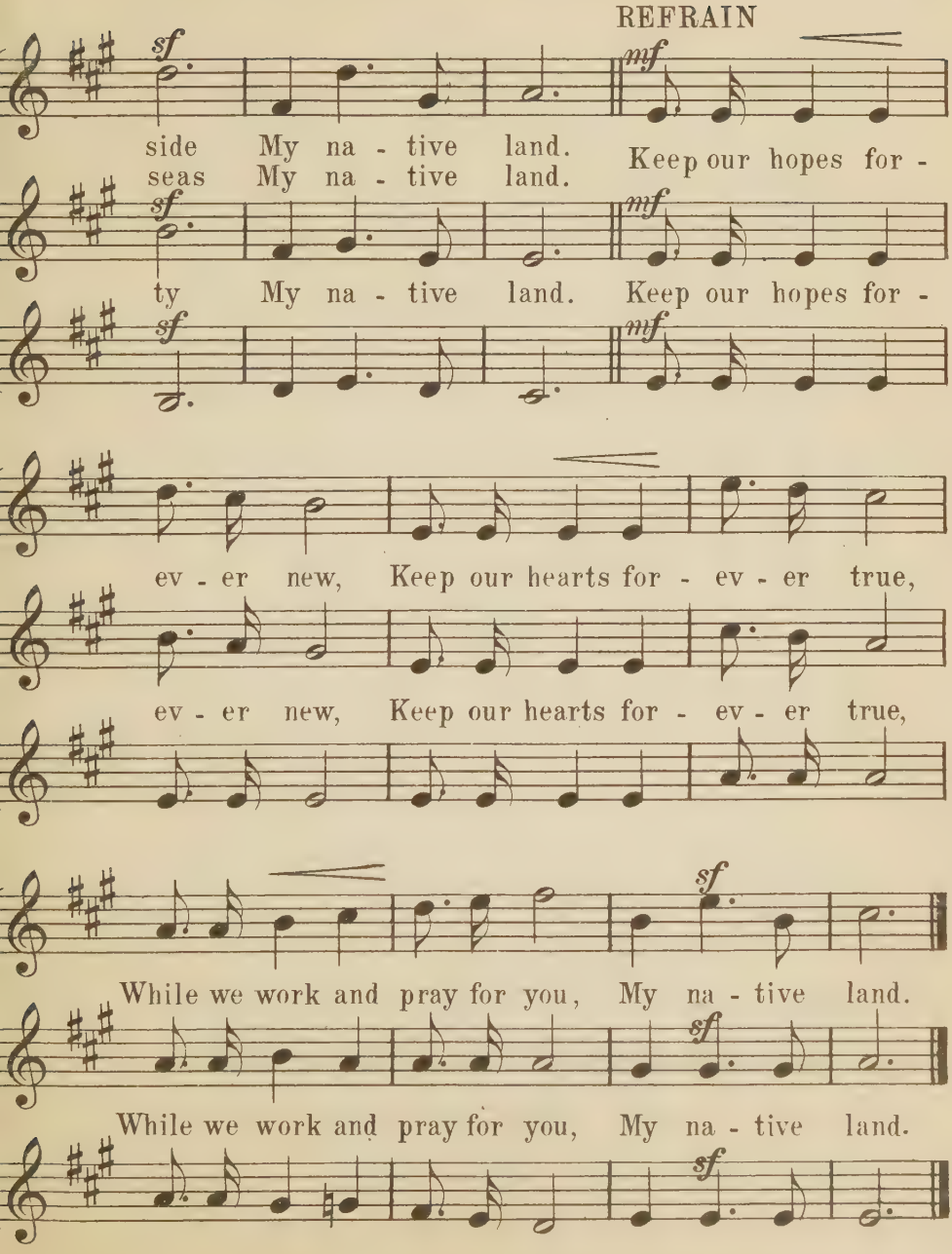

1. Good - day! Good - day! Good - day! Good - day! I
2. Hel - lo! Hel - lo! Hel - lo! Hel - lo! You're
3. Good - bye! Good - bye! Good - bye! Good - bye! I
hear you on the hill At play, At play; I hear you call, But
laugh-ing at me still, O ho! O ho! I al-most see, Be-
leave you on your hill, I fly, I fly! I do not care, To
that is all, O maid-en blithe and gay, Why will you run a-way?
-yond the tree, Your face a-light with fun, O mock-ing wood-land one!
see you there, I'll say good-bye and then, Per-haps I'll come a-gain!

My Native Land

KATE FORMAN FRANZ ABT

With martial movement


1. The land of prai - ries fair and wide
2. The land of might - y for - est trees
3. The land that makes the na - tions free
All hail the land! And seas that roar on ei - ther
All hail the land! The land of no - ble in - land
All hail the land! The land that stands for lib - er -

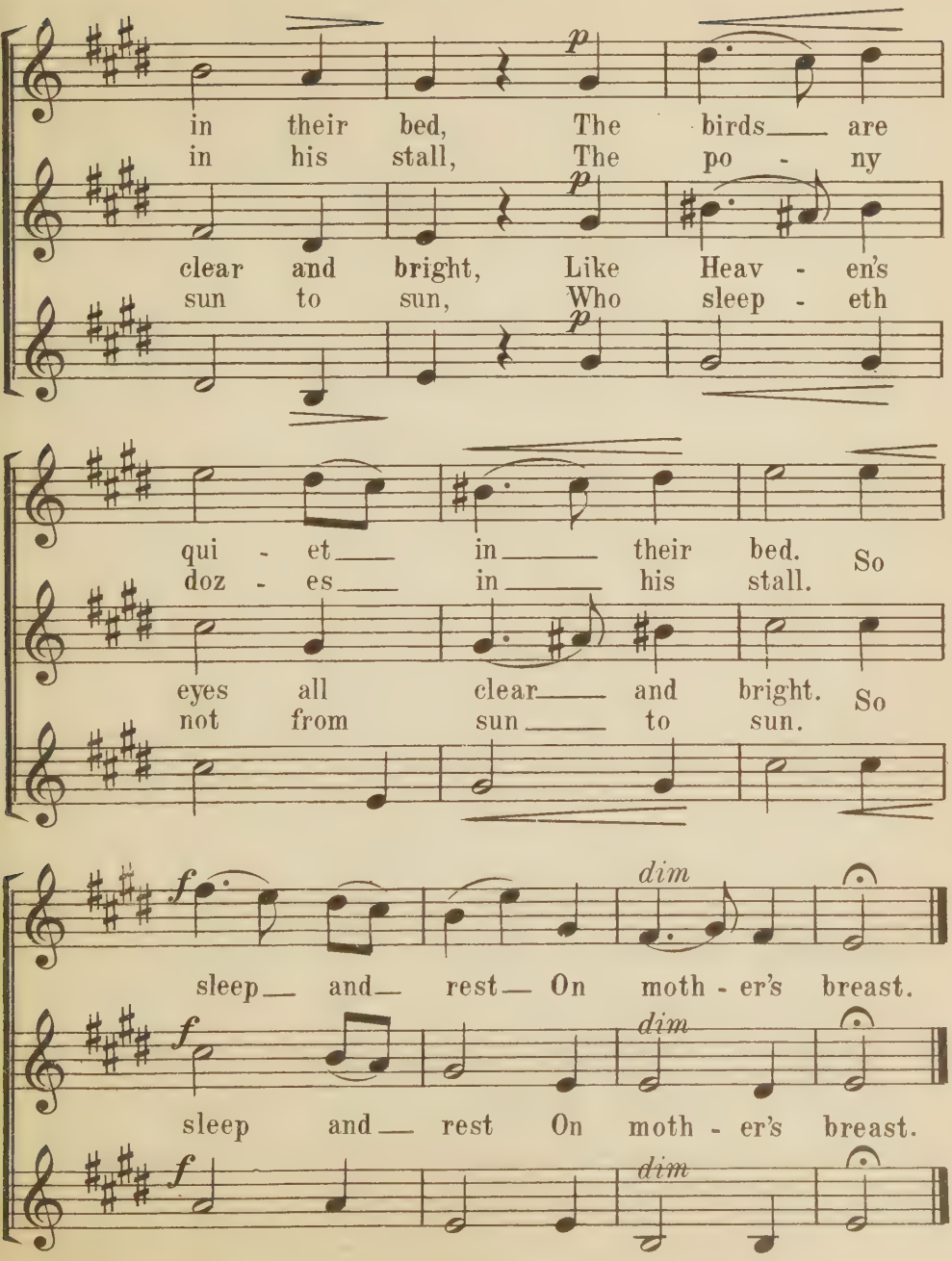

REFRAIN
sf
mf
side My na - tive land.
Keep our hopes for -
seas My na - tive land.
ty My na - tive land. Keep our hopes for -
ev - er new, Keep our hearts for - ev - er true,
ev - er new, Keep our hearts for - ev - er true,
While we work and pray for you, My na - tive land.
While we work and pray for you, My na - tive land.

Cradle Song

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN
Translated by M. B.

F. CURSCHMANN

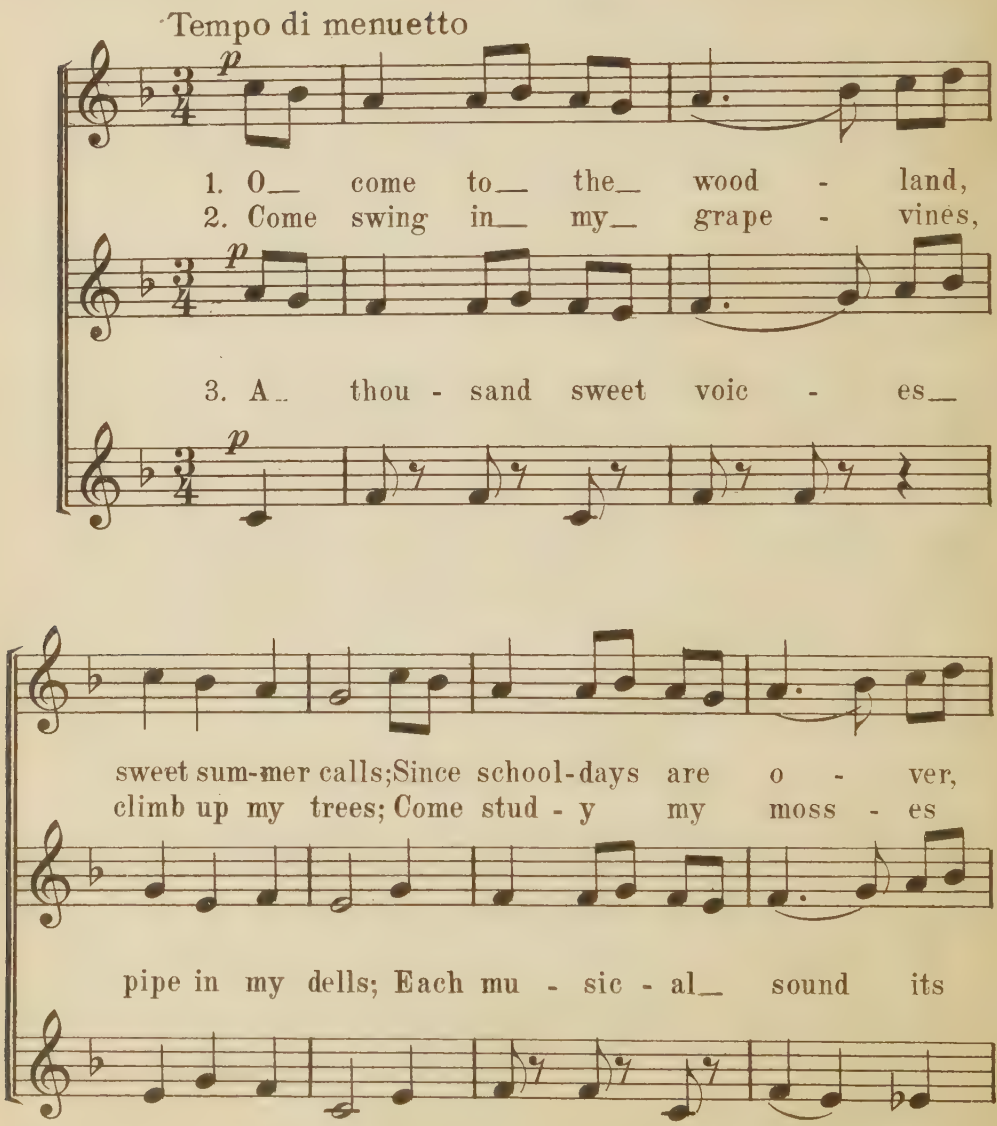
p
Now sleep and rest On moth - er's
Now sleep and rest On moth - er's
breast. The tu - lip nods her
breast. The puss - y sleeps a
breast. But stars they wake the
breast. For He doth watch my
crim - son head, The birds are qui - et
drow - sy ball. The po - ny doz - es
live - long night Like Heav - en's eyes all
lit - tle one Who sleep - eth not from


p
in their bed, The birds are
in his stall, The po - ny
p
clear and bright, Like Heav - en's
sun to sun, Who sleep - eth
p
qui - et in their bed. So
doz - es in his stall.
eyes all clear and bright. So
not from sun to sun.
f
dim
sleep and rest On moth - er's breast.
f
dim
sleep and rest On moth - er's breast.
f
dim

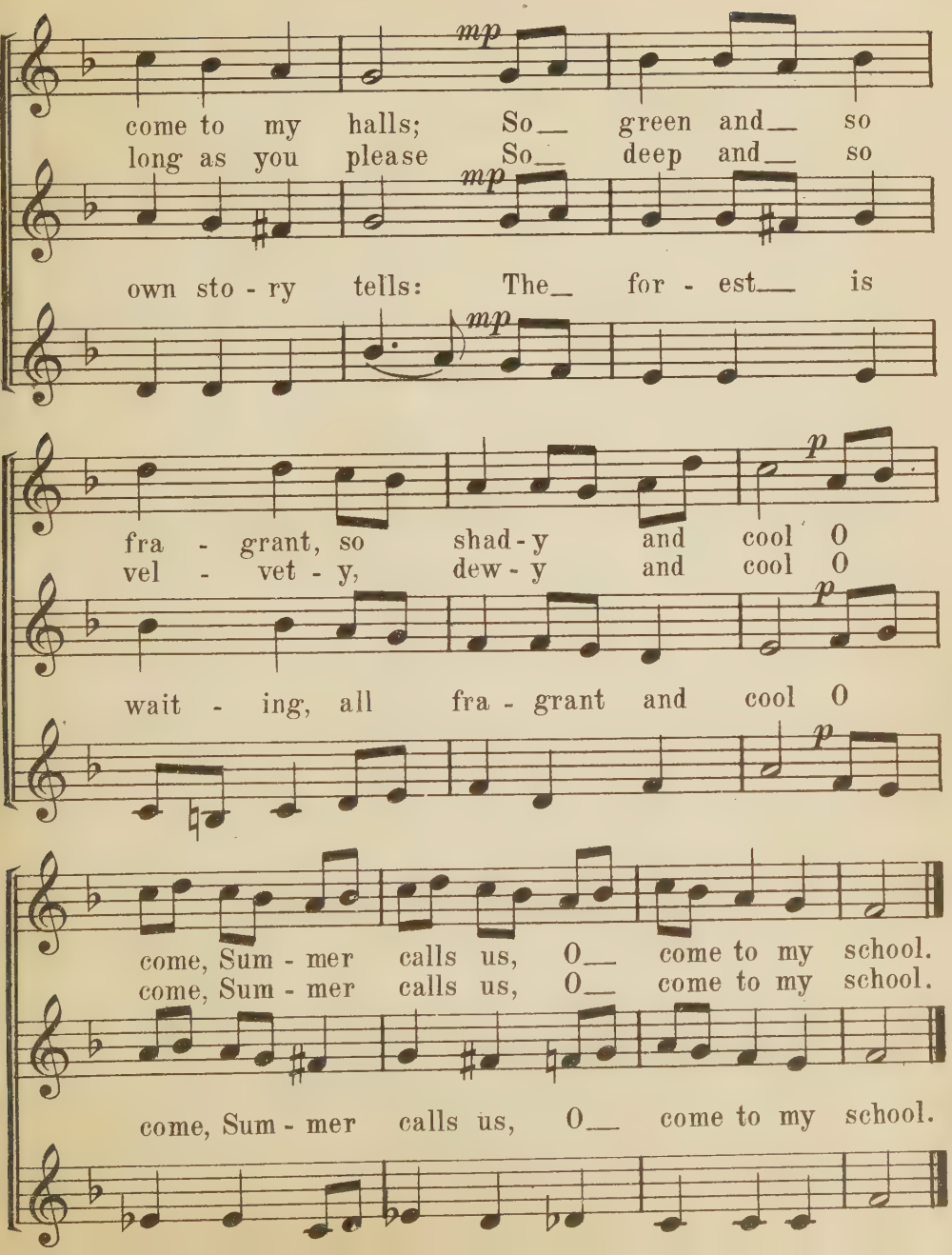
The Woodland School

KATE FORMAN

Bohemian Folk-Tune

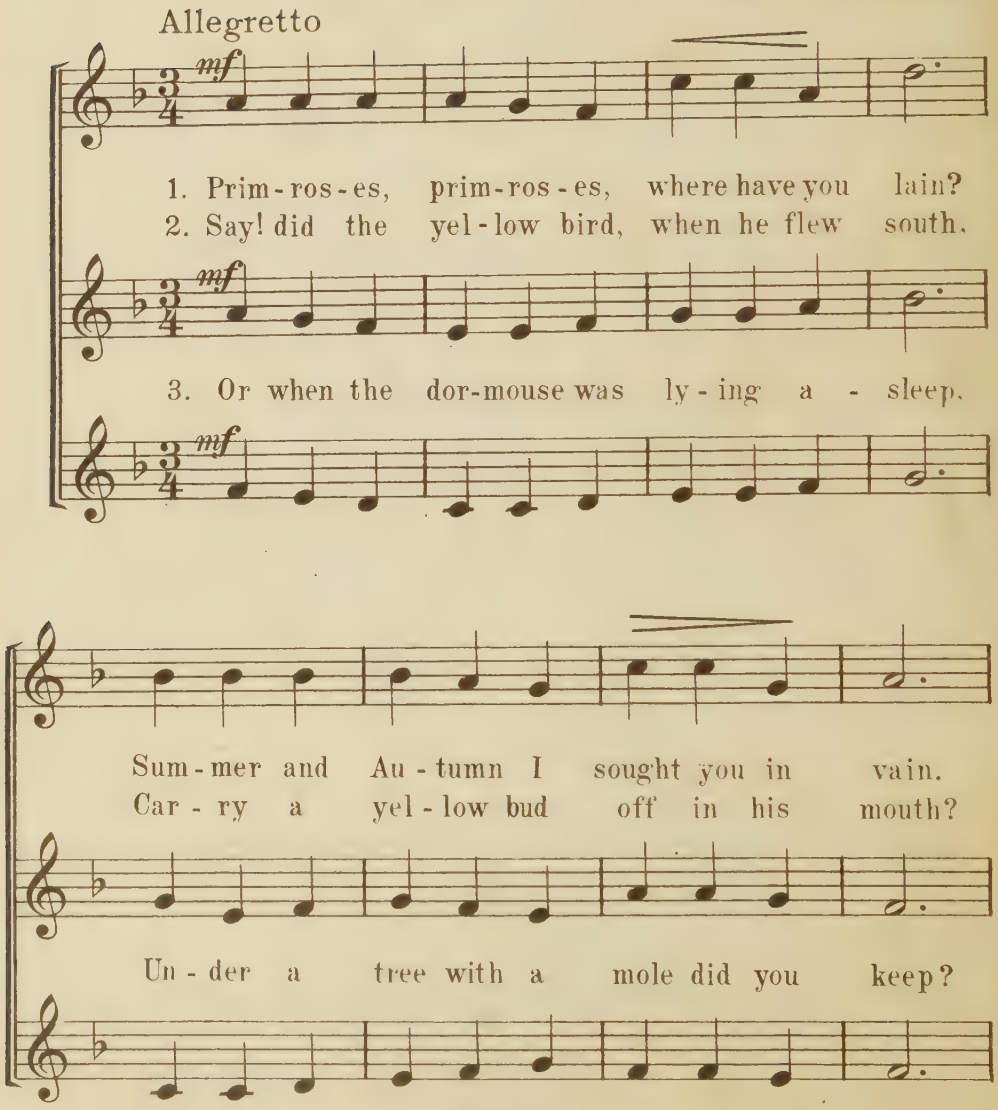

Tempo di menuetto
p
1. O_ come to_ the_ wood - land,
2. Come swing in_ my_ grape - vines,
3. A_ thou - sand sweet voic - es_
sweet sum-mer calls;Since school-days are o - ver,
climb up my trees; Come stud - y my moss - es
pipe in my dells; Each mu - sic - al_ sound its

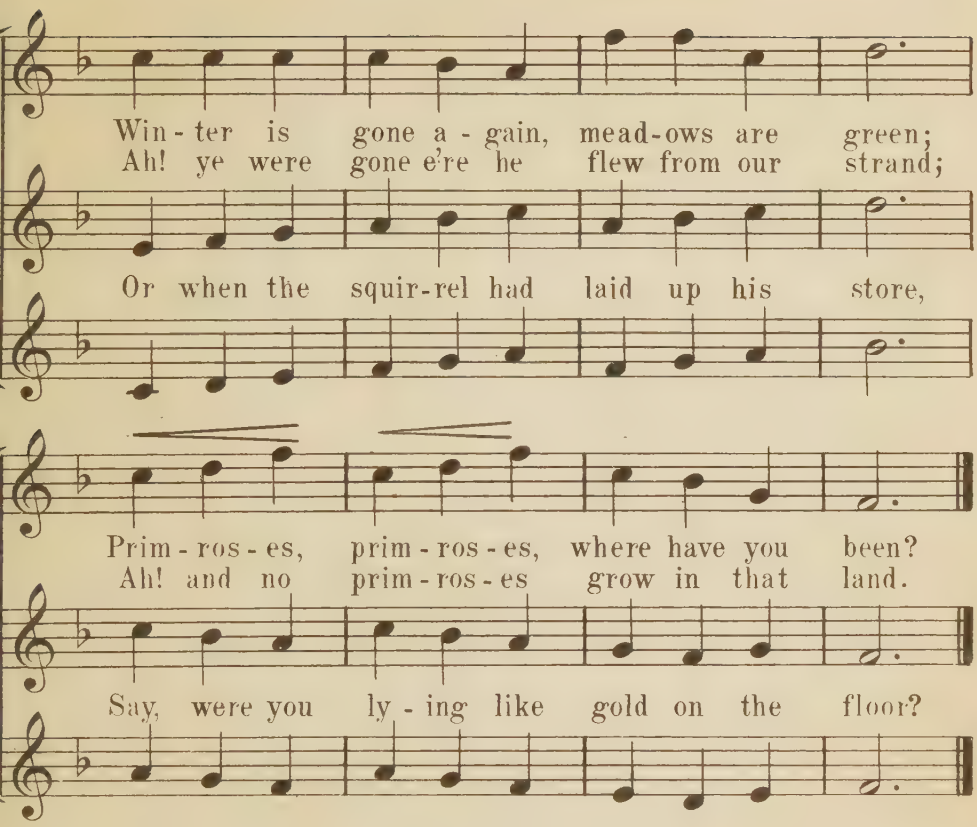
The Woodland School *(cont.)*


mp
come to my halls; So_ green and_ so
long as you please So_ deep and_ so
mp
own sto - ry tells: The_ for - est_ is
mp
p
fra - grant, so shad - y and cool O
vel - vet - y, dew - y and cool O
p
wait - ing, all fra - grant and cool O
p
come, Sum - mer calls us, O_ come to my school.
come, Sum - mer calls us, O_ come to my school.
come, Sum - mer calls us, O_ come to my school.

Primroses

DANIEL PROTHEROE

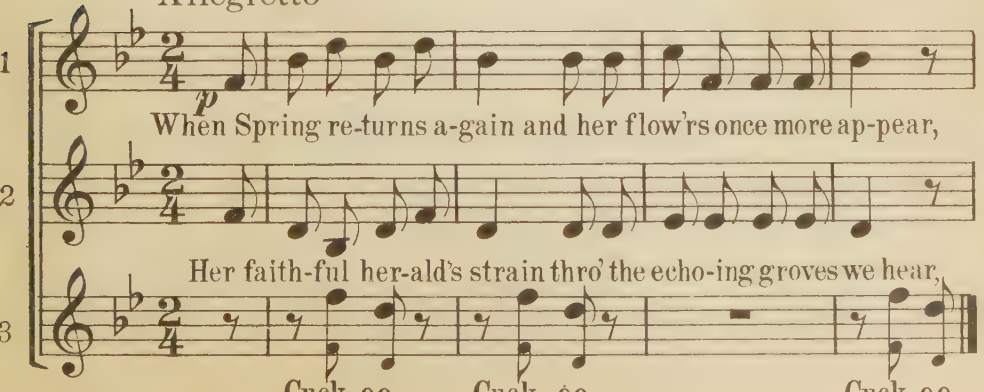

Allegretto
mf
1. Prim-ros-es, prim-ros-es, where have you lain?
2. Say! did the yel-low bird, when he flew south.
3. Or when the dor-mouse was ly-ing a-sleep.
Sum-mer and Au-tumn I sought you in vain.
Car-ry a yel-low bud off in his mouth?
Un-der a tree with a mole did you keep?


Win - ter is gone a - gain, mead-ows are green;
Ah! ye were gone e're he flew from our strand;
Or when the squir-rel had laid up his store,
Prim - ros - es, prim - ros - es, where have you been?
Ah! and no prim - ros - es grow in that land.
Say, were you ly - ing like gold on the floor?

Round

Allegretto

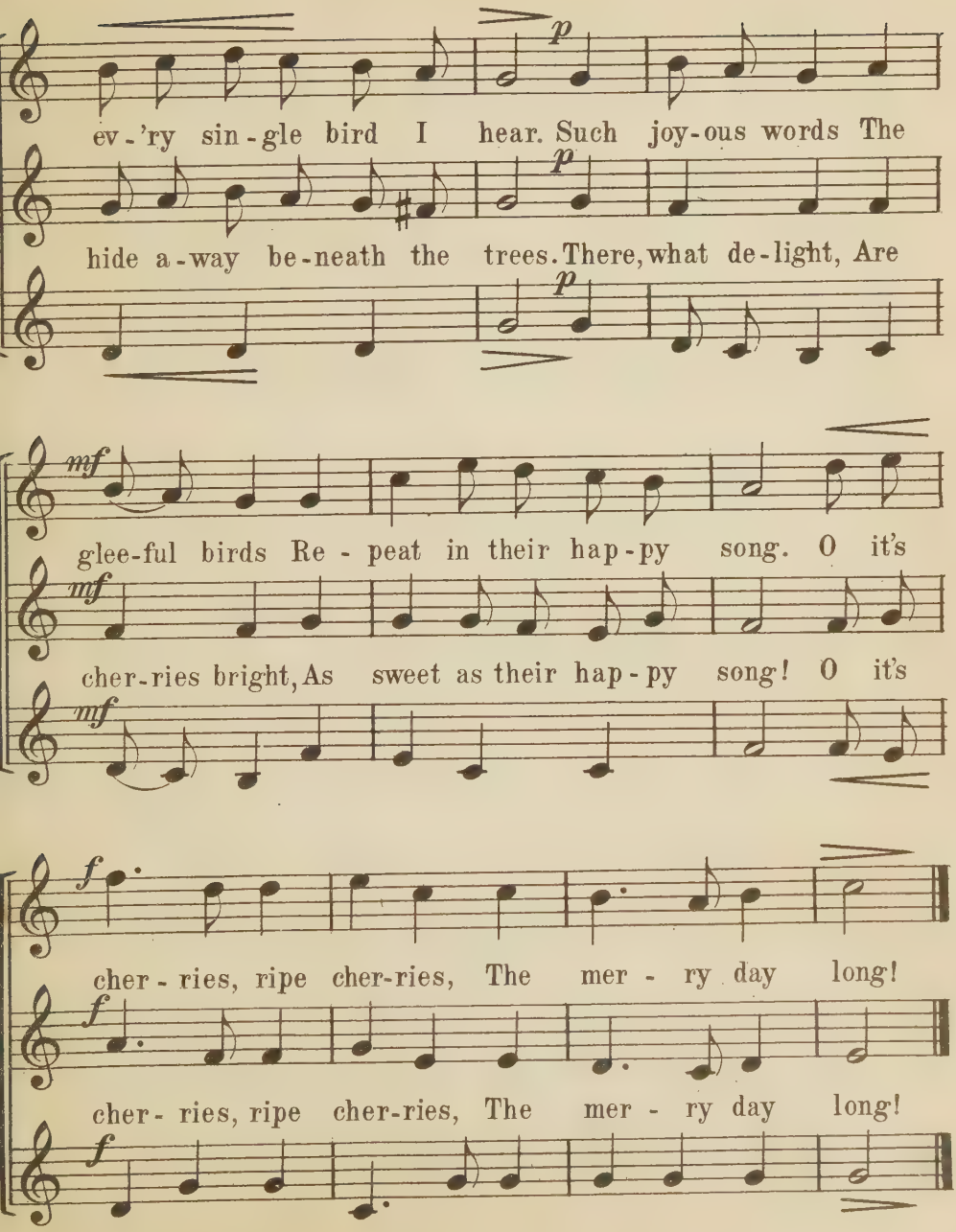
FERRARI


1
2
3
p
When Spring re-turns a-gain and her flow'rs once more ap-pear,
Her faith-ful her-ald's strain thro' the echo-ing groves we hear,
Cuck-oo, Cuck - oo, Cuck-oo,

Ripe Cherries

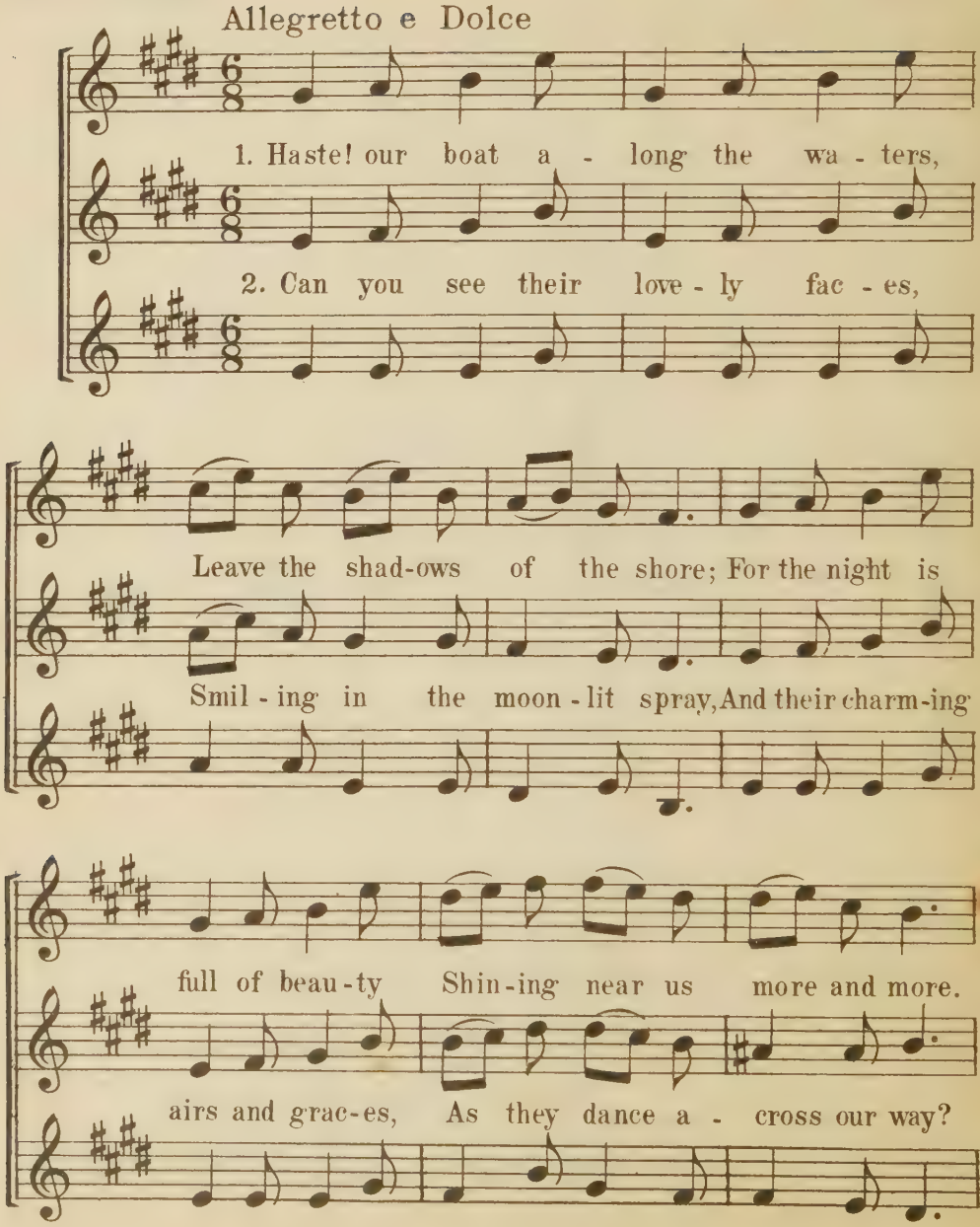
KATE FORMAN FR. SILCHER

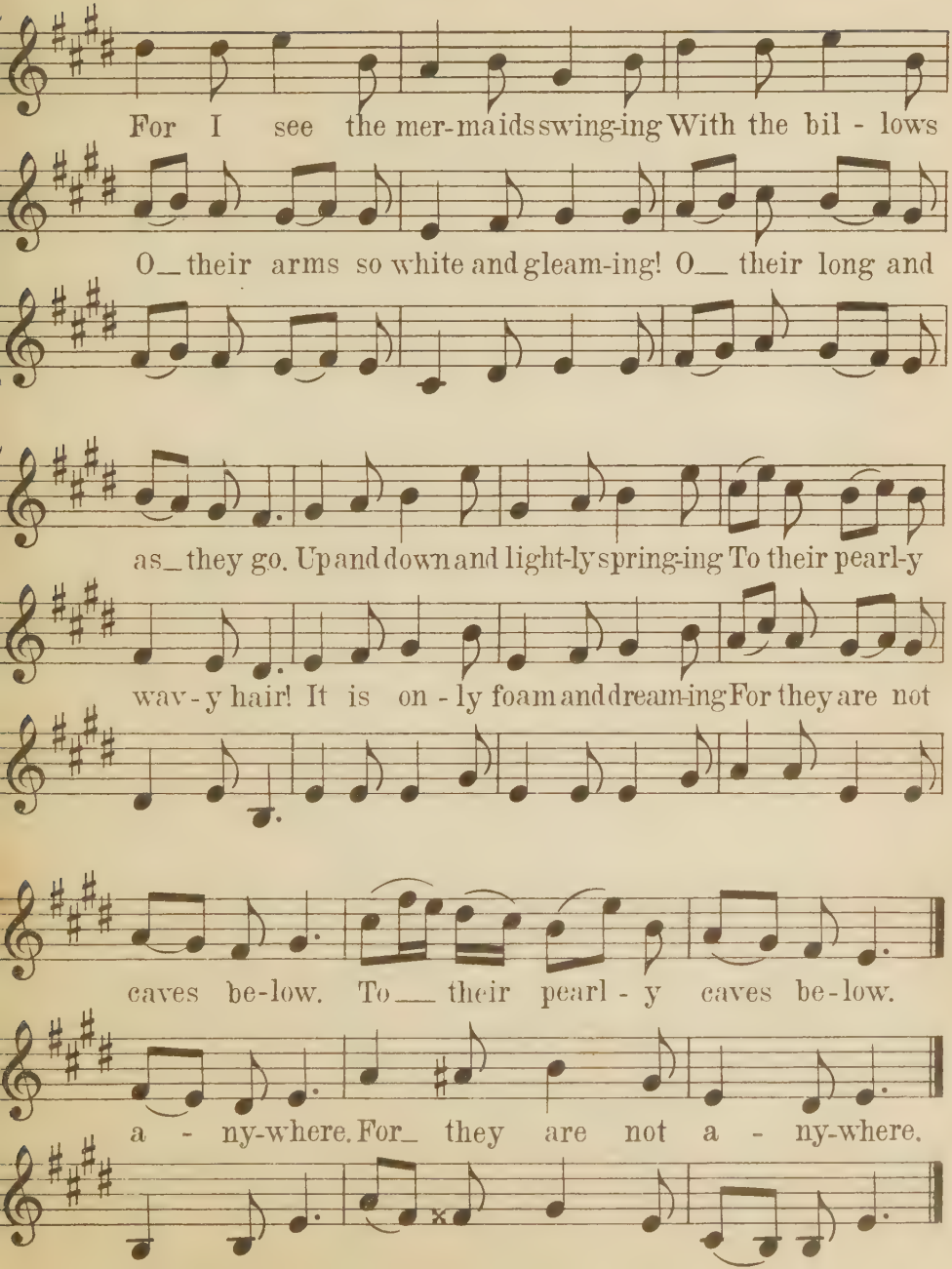
Cheerfully
mf
1. The bob - o - link is sing - ing
mf
2. The sum - mer rain is soft - ly
cheer - i - ly, The rob - in whis - tles near; O
pat - ter - ing, There blows a has - ty breeze, And
such a gay and rogu - ish mel - o - dy Has
all the sing - ing birds are scat - ter - ing, To


ev-'ry sin-gle bird I hear. Such joy-ous words The
hide a-way be-neath the trees. There, what de-light, Are
glee-ful birds Re-peat in their hap-py song. O it's
cher-ries bright, As sweet as their hap-py song! O it's
cher-ries, ripe cher-ries, The mer-ry day long!
cher-ries, ripe cher-ries, The mer-ry day long!

Mermaids

KATE FORMAN MOZART

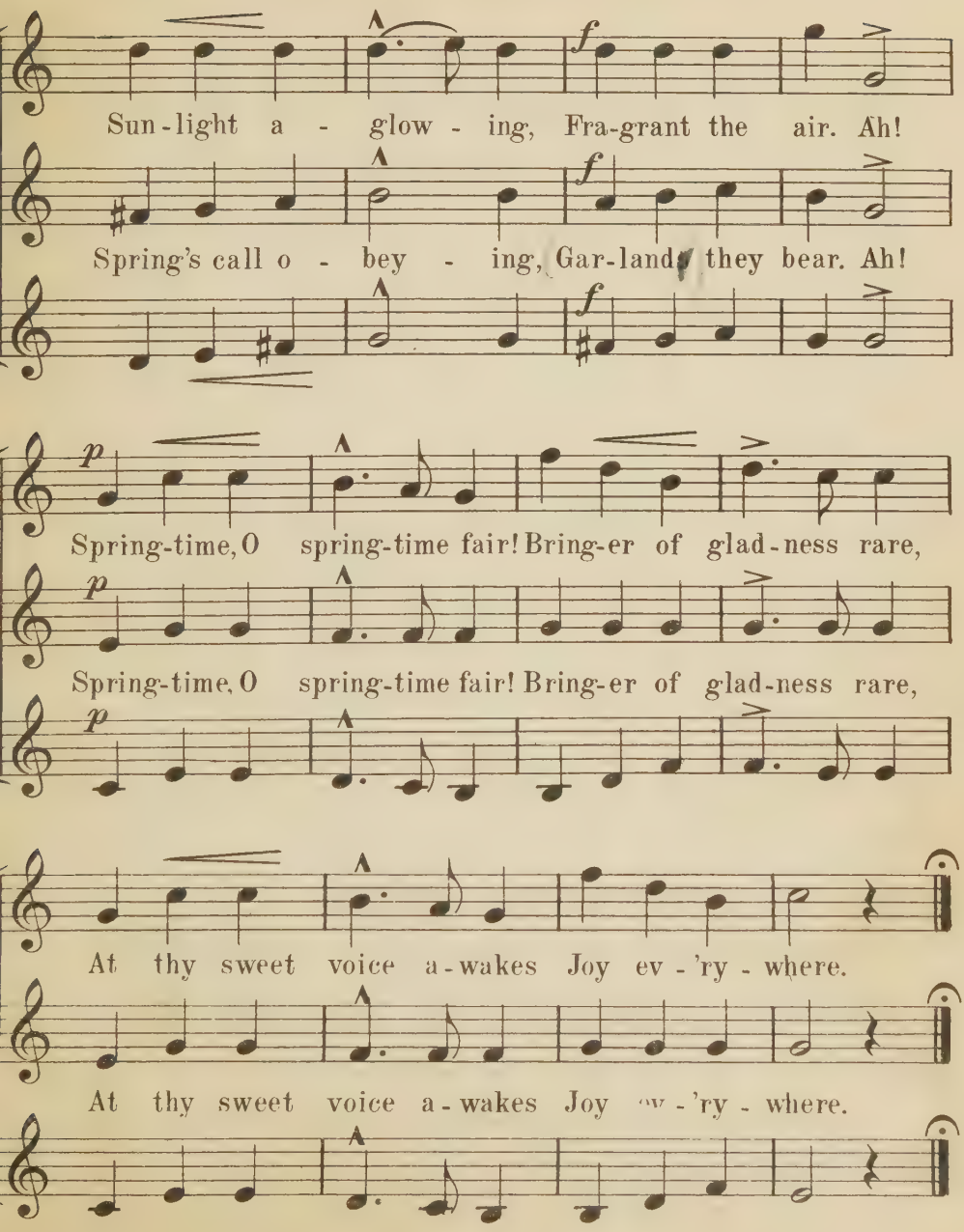

Allegretto e Dolce
1. Haste! our boat a - long the wa - ters,
2. Can you see their love - ly fac - es,
Leave the shad-ows of the shore; For the night is
Smil - ing in the moon - lit spray, And their charm-ing
full of beau - ty Shin - ing near us more and more.
airs and grac-es, As they dance a - cross our way?


For I see the mer-maids swing-ing With the bil - lows
O_ their arms so white and gleam-ing! O_ their long and
as_ they go. Up and down and light-ly spring-ing To their pearl-y
wav-y hair! It is on - ly foam and dream-ing For they are not
caves be-low. To_ their pearl - y caves be-low.
a - ny-where. For_ they are not a - ny-where.

Spring-time O Spring-time Fair!

Folksong

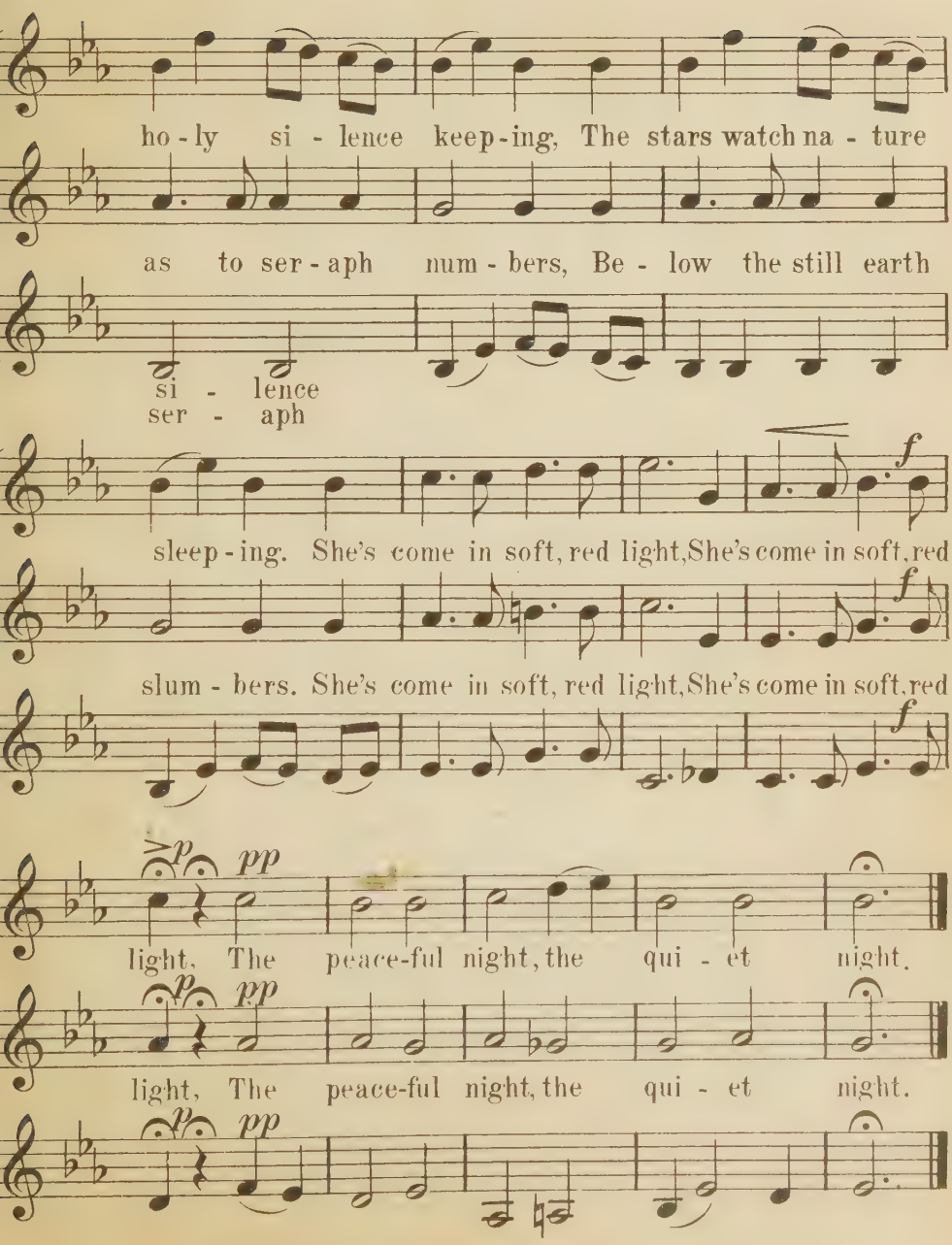
1. Spring-time, O spring-time fair! Bring-er of glad-ness rare,
2. Spring-time, O spring-time fair! Bring-er of glad-ness rare,
At thy sweet voice a-wakes Joy ev-'ry-where.
At thy sweet voice a-wakes Joy ev-'ry-where.
Brook-lets a-flow-ing, Zeph-yrs a-blow-ing,
Lamb-kins are play-ing, Maids go a-May-ing,


Sun-light a - glow - ing, Fra-grant the air. Ah!
Spring's call o - bey - ing, Gar-lands they bear. Ah!
Spring-time, O spring-time fair! Bring-er of glad-ness rare,
Spring-time, O spring-time fair! Bring-er of glad-ness rare,
At thy sweet voice a-wakes Joy ev-'ry-where.
At thy sweet voice a-wakes Joy ev-'ry-where.

Peaceful Night

ABT

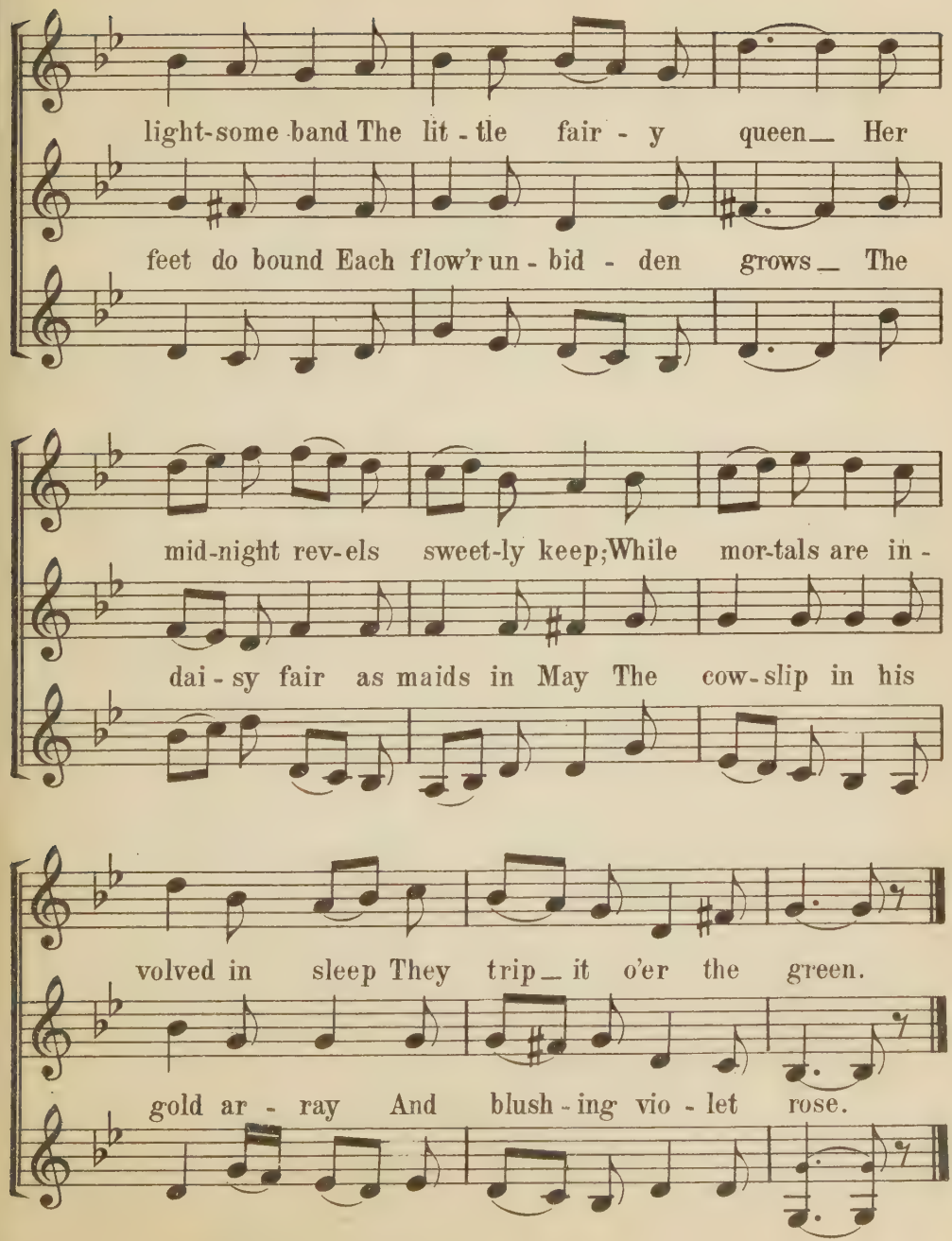
Andante
pp
1. The eve - ning bells sound clear - ly. They
2. The moon roves, soft - ly glid - ing Her
call the vale to rest: A - round falls night's soft
heav'n - ly path a - long: The plan - ets pass her,
pp
still - ness; The sun sinks in the West; A
pp
greet - ing, But si - lenced is their song; And
pp
A ho - ly
And as to


ho - ly si - lence keep - ing, The stars watch na - ture
as to ser - aph num - bers, Be - low the still earth
si - lence
ser - aph
sleep - ing. She's come in soft, red light, She's come in soft, red
slum - bers. She's come in soft, red light, She's come in soft, red
light, The peace-ful night, the qui - et night.
light, The peace-ful night, the qui - et night.

Fairy Flowers

Irish Folksong

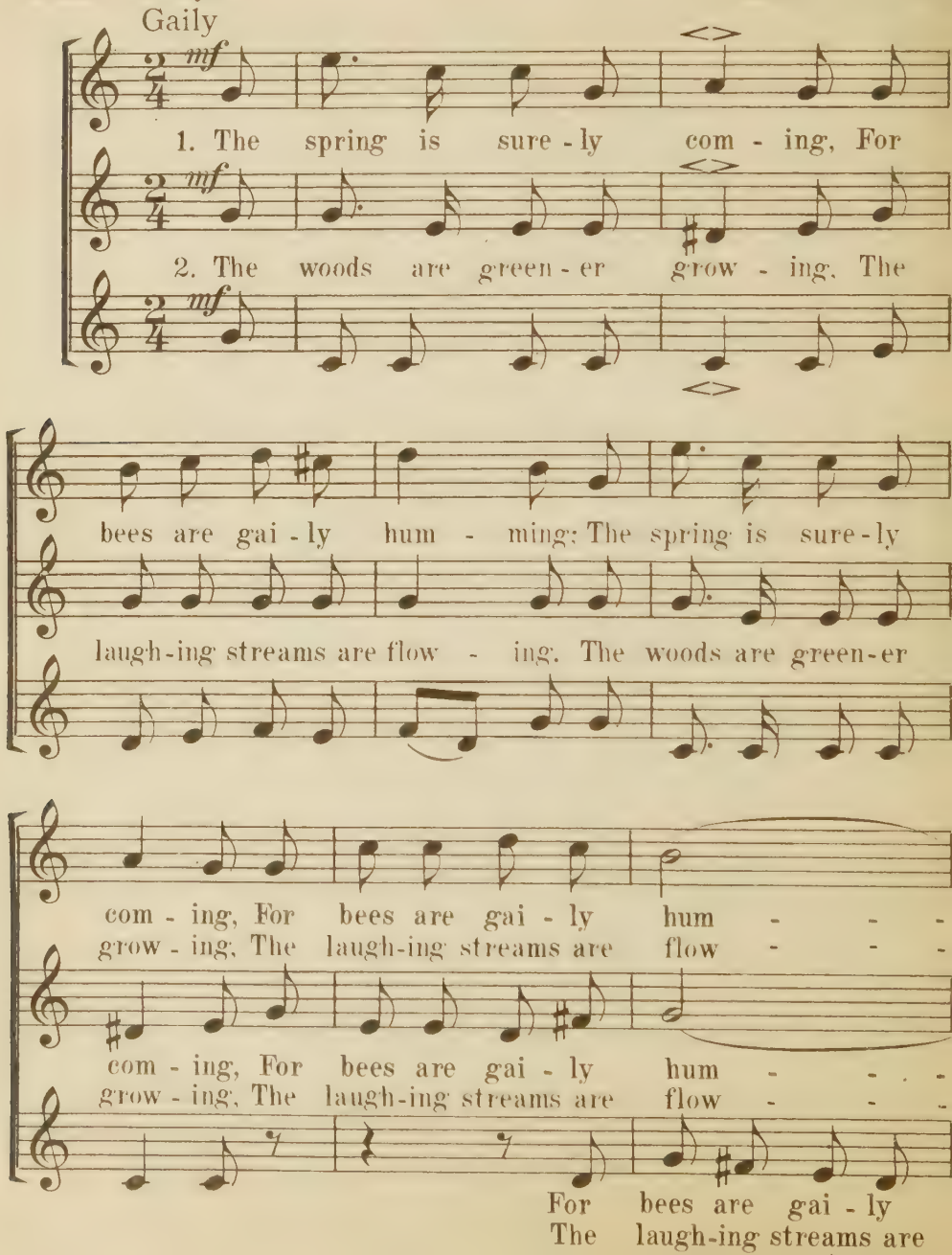
Lightly
1. At night, by moon - light
2. For where they danced their
on the plain With rapt - ure I ___ have
cheer - ful round The morn - ing would dis -
seen ___ At - tend - ed by her
close ___ For where their nim - ble


light-some band The lit - tle fair - y queen_ Her
feet do bound Each flow'r un - bid - den grows_ The
mid-night rev-els sweet-ly keep;While mor-tals are in -
dai - sy fair as maids in May The cow-slip in his
volved in sleep They trip_ it o'er the green.
gold ar - ray And blush - ing vio - let rose.

The Spring is Surely Coming

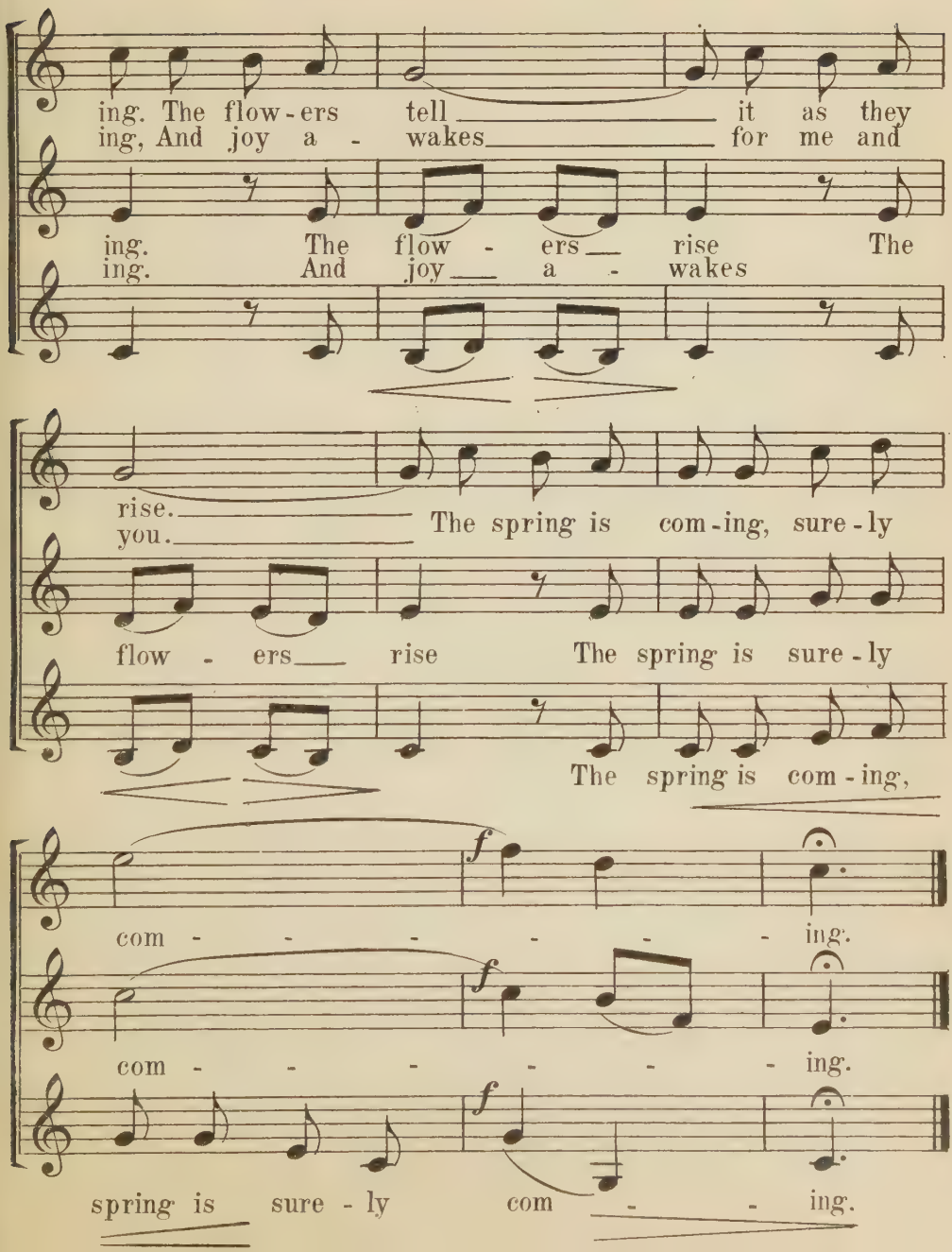
German Folk Rhyme

JULIUS DÜRRNER


Gaily
mf
1. The spring is sure - ly com - ing, For
2. The woods are green - er grow - ing, The
bees are gai - ly hum - ming; The spring is sure - ly
laugh - ing streams are flow - ing. The woods are green - er
com - ing, For bees are gai - ly hum - - -
grow - ing, The laugh - ing streams are flow - - -
com - ing, For bees are gai - ly hum - - -
grow - ing, The laugh - ing streams are flow - - -
For bees are gai - ly
The laugh - ing streams are

- - - ming. The flow-ers tell it
- - - ing. The earth is clad in
- ming, gai - ly hum-ming. The flow - ers
- ing, blithe-ly flow-ing. The earth is
hum - - ming.
flow - - ing.
as they rise, The larks pro-claim it in the skies. The
verd-ure new And joy a-wakes for me and you. The
tell The larks pro-claim it in the skies. The
glad And joy a-wakes for me and you. The
The flow-ers tell it as they rise.
The earth is clad in verd-ure new.
flow - ers tell it as they rise, The
earth is clad in verd - ure new And
flow - - ers tell The
earth is clad And

larks pro - claim it in the skies. The
joy a - wakes for me and you. The
spring is sure - ly com - ing, The
spring is sure - ly com - ing, The
spring is sure - ly com - - -
spring is sure - ly com - - -


ing. The flow - ers tell it as they
ing, And joy a - wakes for me and
ing. The flow - ers rise The
ing. And joy a - wakes
rise.
you.
The spring is com - ing, sure - ly
flow - ers rise The spring is sure - ly
The spring is com - ing,
f
com - - - - - - ing.
f
com - - - - - - ing.
f
spring is sure - ly com - - ing.

The Mill Wheel's Song

KATE FORMAN JOHN HULLAH

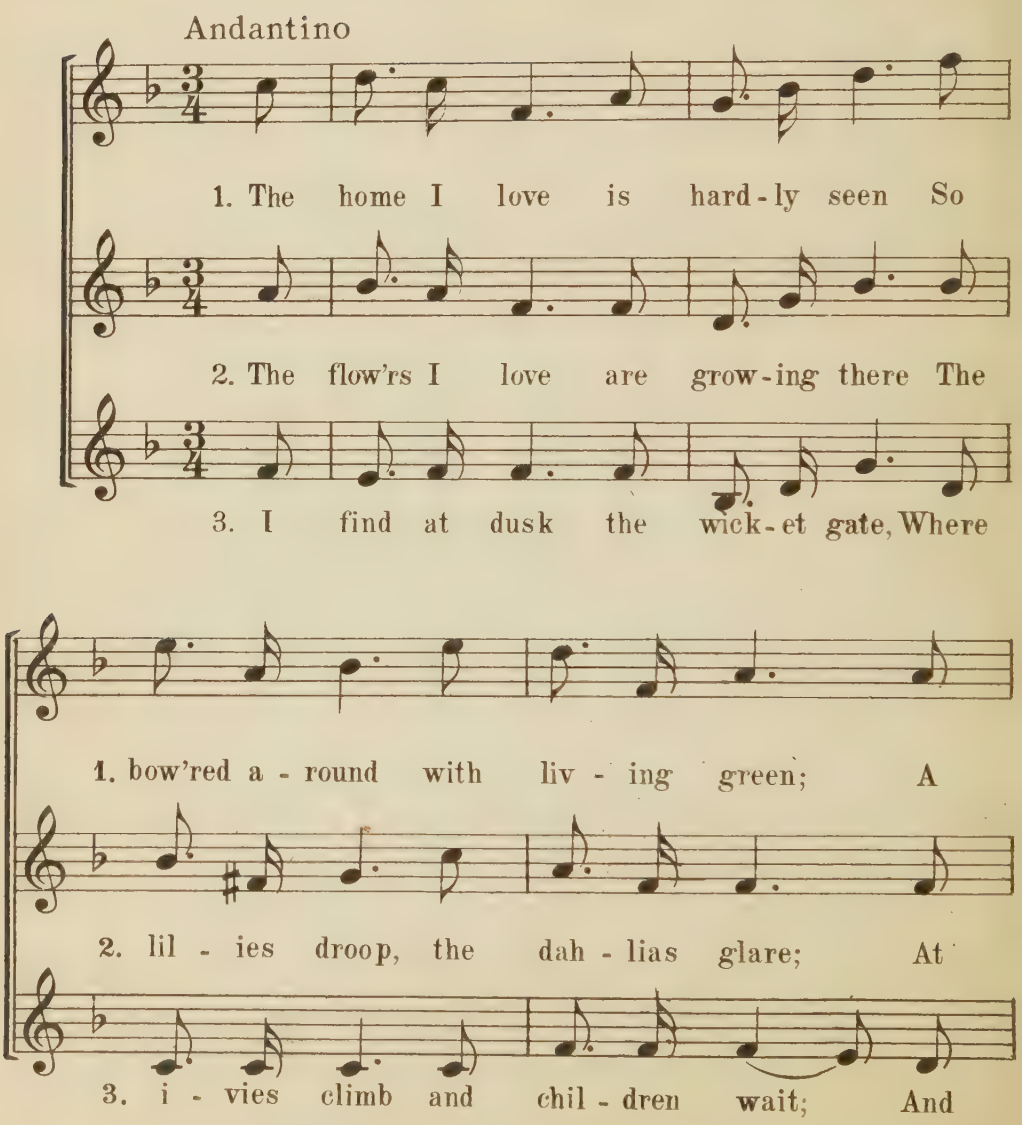
1. 'Round and 'round the mill - wheel goes;
2. Who could think the sing - ing wheel,
Down the stream the wa - ter flows;
Turns a - round to grind the meal!
Clit - ter, clat - ter, danc - ing, glanc - ing, 'Round and 'round it goes.
Danc - ing, glanc - ing in the sun,
Flash - ing splash - ing wa - ter seems

Foam - ing wave - lets ev - er run;
On - ly made for song and dreams!
Rip-ple, rip-ple, flash-ing, dash-ing, On the wa-ter flows.
With a sweet and dron - ing sound
Mu - sic's soul is in the sound,
Flash-ing, dash-ing, clit-ter, clat-ter, Rumble, grumble, dash and spat-ter,
So the wheel goes 'round and 'round.
When the wheel goes 'round and 'round.
So the wheel goes 'round and 'round.
When the wheel goes 'round and 'round.

Little Home

KATE FORMAN

German Folk- Tune


Andantino
1. The home I love is hard-ly seen So
2. The flow'rs I love are grow-ing there The
3. I find at dusk the wick-et gate, Where
1. bow'red a - round with liv - ing green; A
2. lil - ies droop, the dah - lias glare; At
3. i - vies climb and chil - dren wait; And

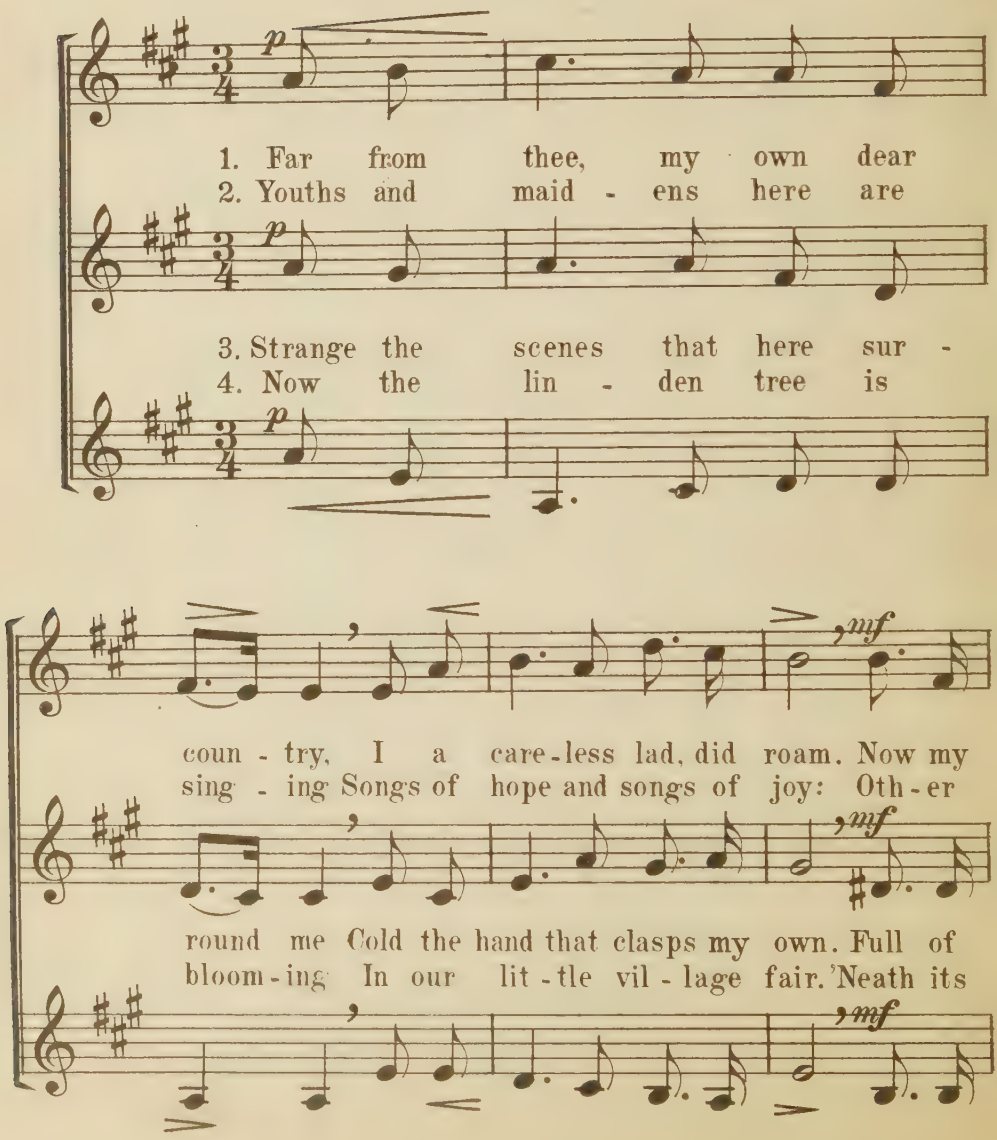
Little Home *(cont.)*

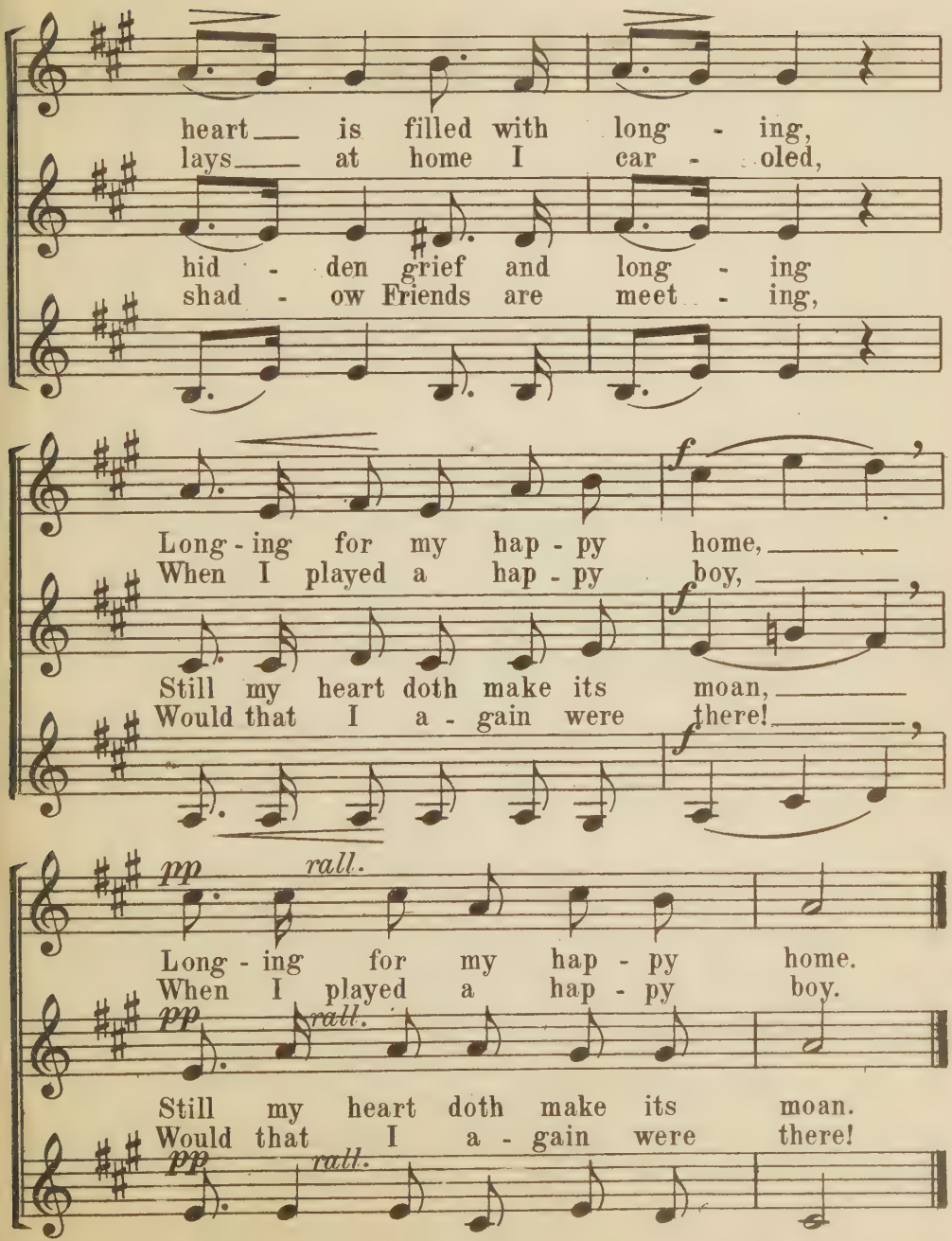
1. bove the roof - tree low and small The or - chard
2. dark the star - ry flow'rs of white Come out to
3. there is peace and hap - py rest The home of
1. trees are grand and tall. The or - chard
2. per - fume all the night. Come out to
3. all I love the best. The home of
1. trees are grand and tall.
2. per - fume all the night.
3. all I love the best.

In a Strange Land

Translated by
MARY BLAKE

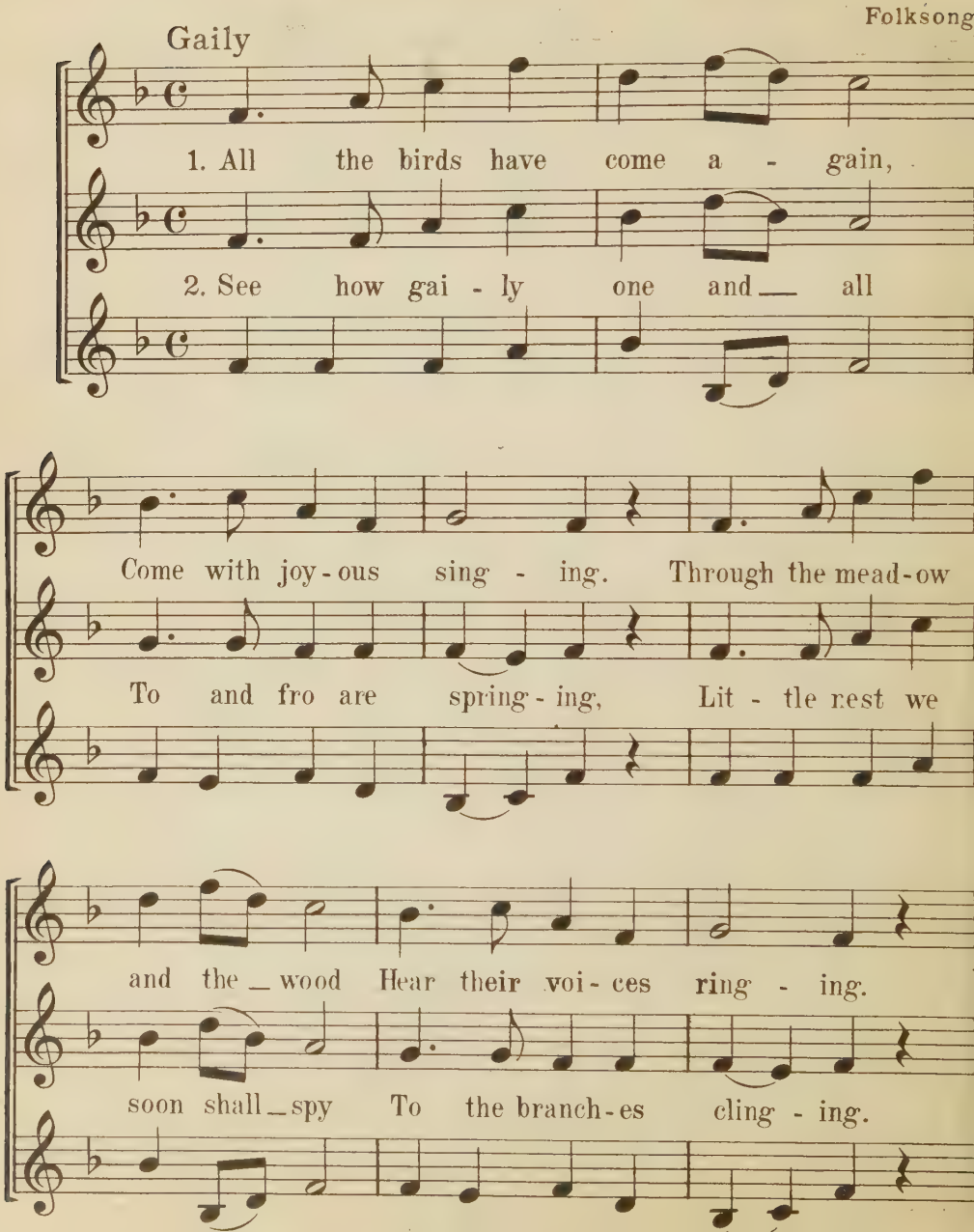
FRIEDRICH SILCHER


1. Far from thee, my own dear
2. Youths and maid - ens here are
3. Strange the scenes that here sur -
4. Now the lin - den tree is
coun - try, I a care-less lad, did roam. Now my
sing - ing Songs of hope and songs of joy: Oth - er
round me Cold the hand that clasps my own. Full of
bloom - ing In our lit - tle vil - lage fair. 'Neath its


heart is filled with long - ing,
lays at home I car - oled,
hid - den grief and long - ing
shad - ow Friends are meet - ing,
Long - ing for my hap - py home,
When I played a hap - py boy,
Still my heart doth make its moan,
Would that I a - gain were there!
pp rall.
Long - ing for my hap - py home.
When I played a hap - py boy.
Still my heart doth make its moan.
Would that I a - gain were there!

All the Birds Have Come Again

Folksong

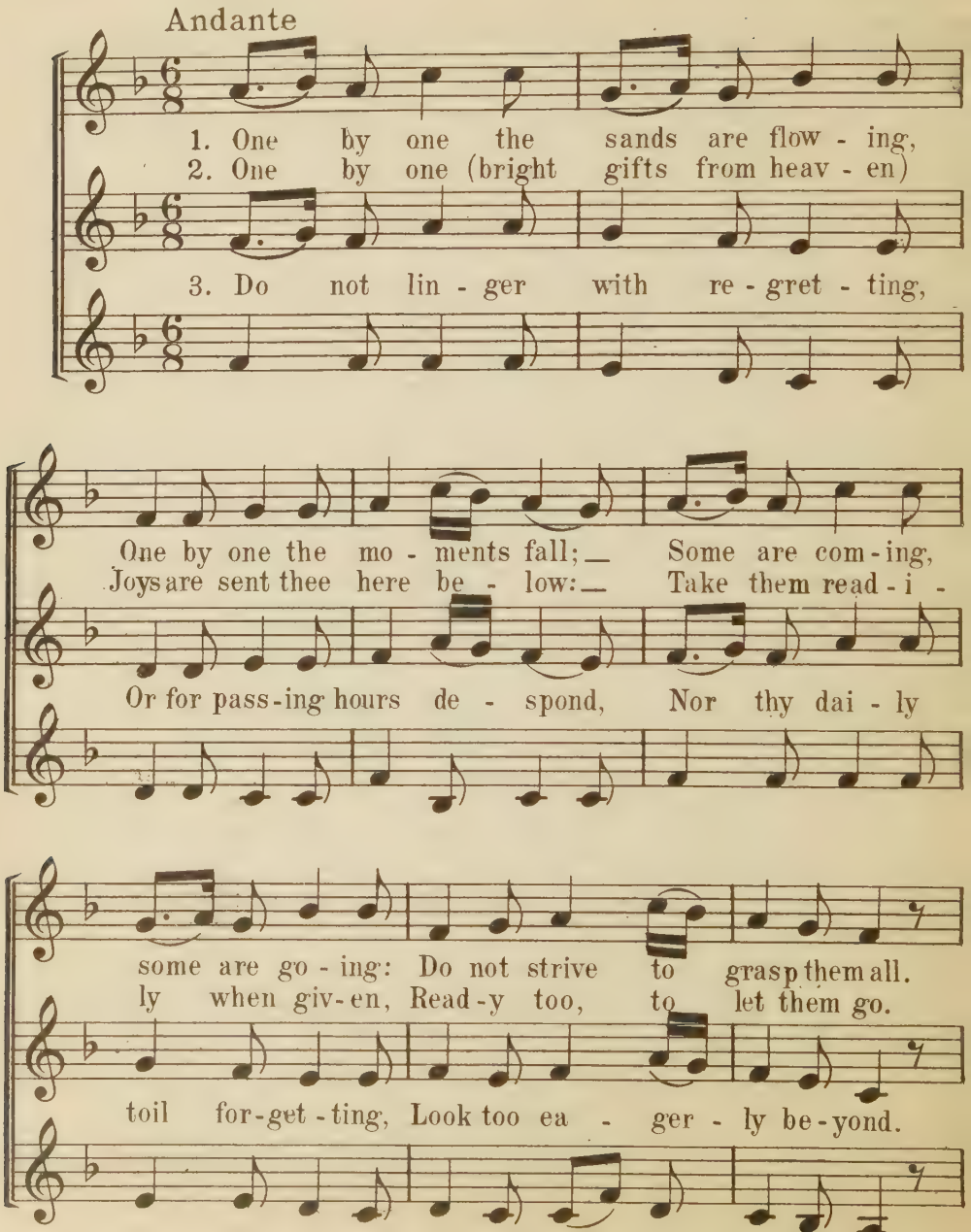

Gaily
1. All the birds have come a - gain,
2. See how gai - ly one and all
Come with joy - ous sing - ing. Through the mead - ow
To and fro are spring - ing, Lit - tle rest we
and the wood Hear their voi - ces ring - ing.
soon shall spy To the branch - es cling - ing.

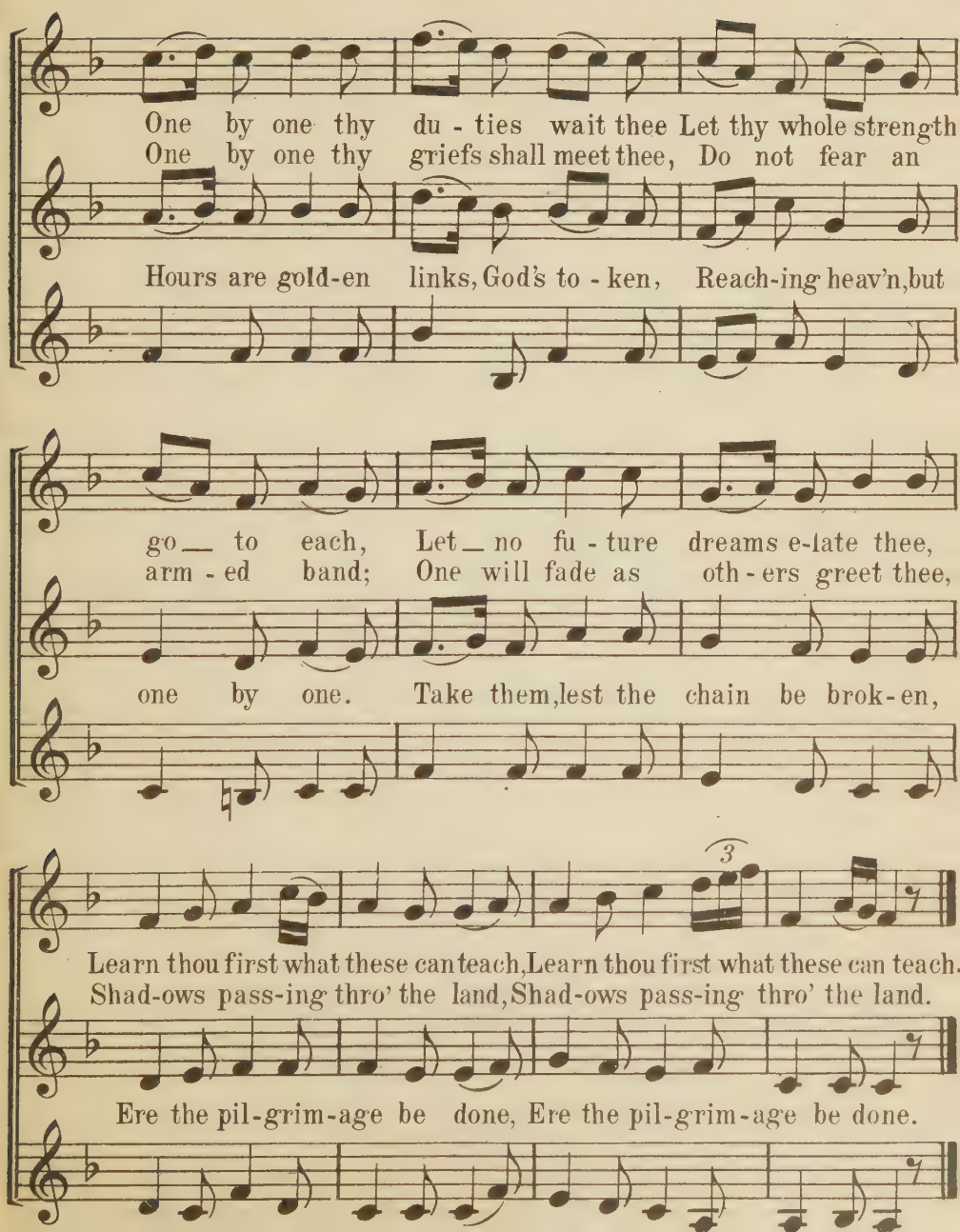
p
Rob - in, blue - bird, thrush and all,
p
As their chirp - ing meets my ear,
p
mf
List-en to their mer - ry call Pleas-ant spring-time's
mf
All their sing-ing sweet and clear In the praise of
mf
f
hap - py days Joy and life are bring - ing.
f
joc - und spring Loud my heart is sing - ing.
f

One by One

ADELAIDE PROCTER

MOZART

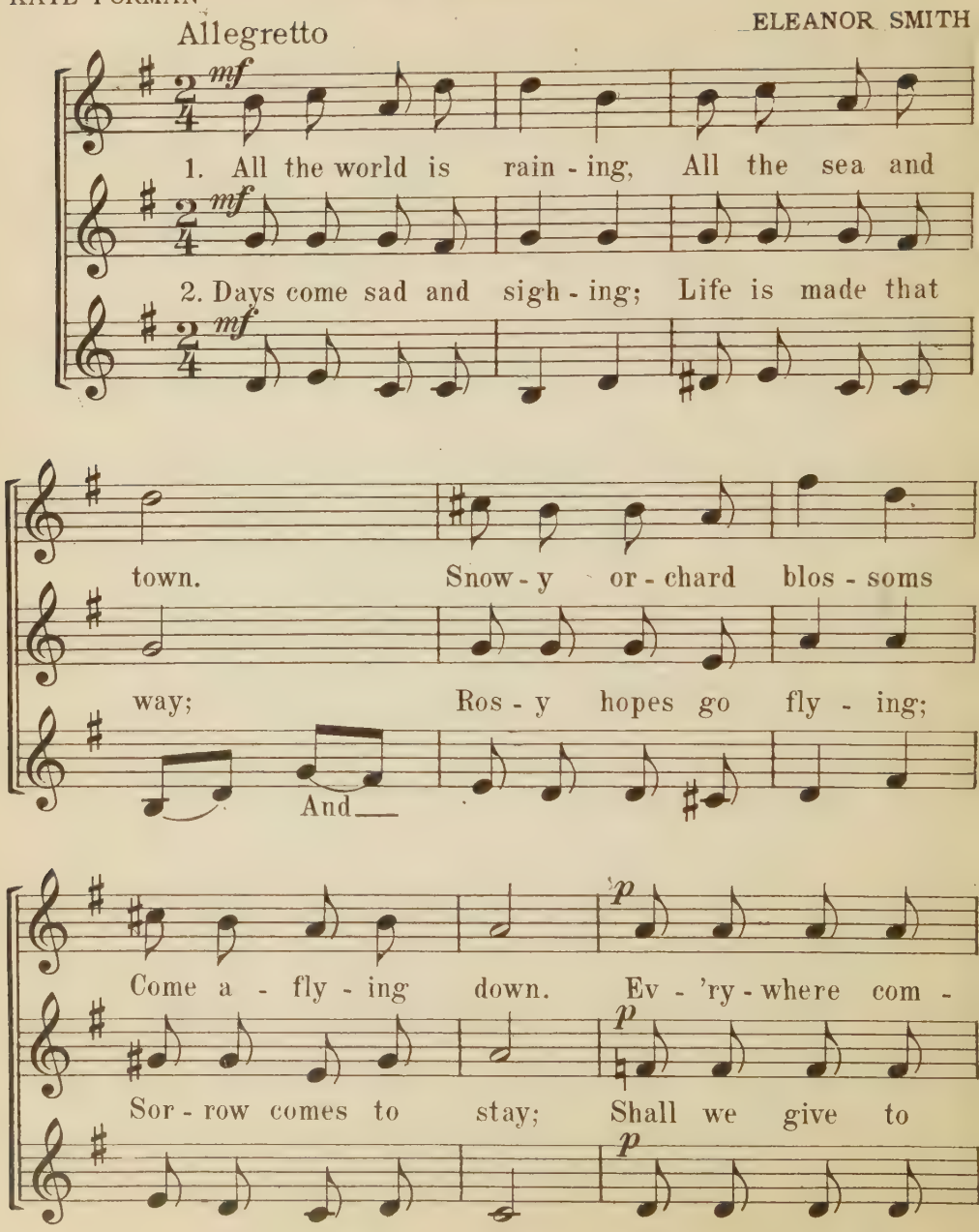

Andante
1. One by one the sands are flow - ing,
2. One by one (bright gifts from heav - en)
3. Do not lin - ger with re - gret - ting,
One by one the mo - ments fall;— Some are com - ing,
Joys are sent thee here be - low:— Take them read - i -
Or for pass-ing hours de - spond, Nor thy dai - ly
some are go - ing: Do not strive to grasp them all.
ly when giv-en, Read-y too, to let them go.
toil for-get - ting, Look too ea - ger - ly be-yond.


One by one thy du - ties wait thee Let thy whole strength
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an
Hours are gold-en links, God's to - ken, Reach-ing heav'n, but
go to each, Let no fu - ture dreams e-late thee,
arm - ed band; One will fade as oth - ers greet thee,
one by one. Take them, lest the chain be brok - en,
3
Learn thou first what these can teach, Learn thou first what these can teach.
Shad-ows pass-ing thro' the land, Shad-ows pass-ing thro' the land.
Ere the pil-grim-age be done, Ere the pil-grim-age be done.

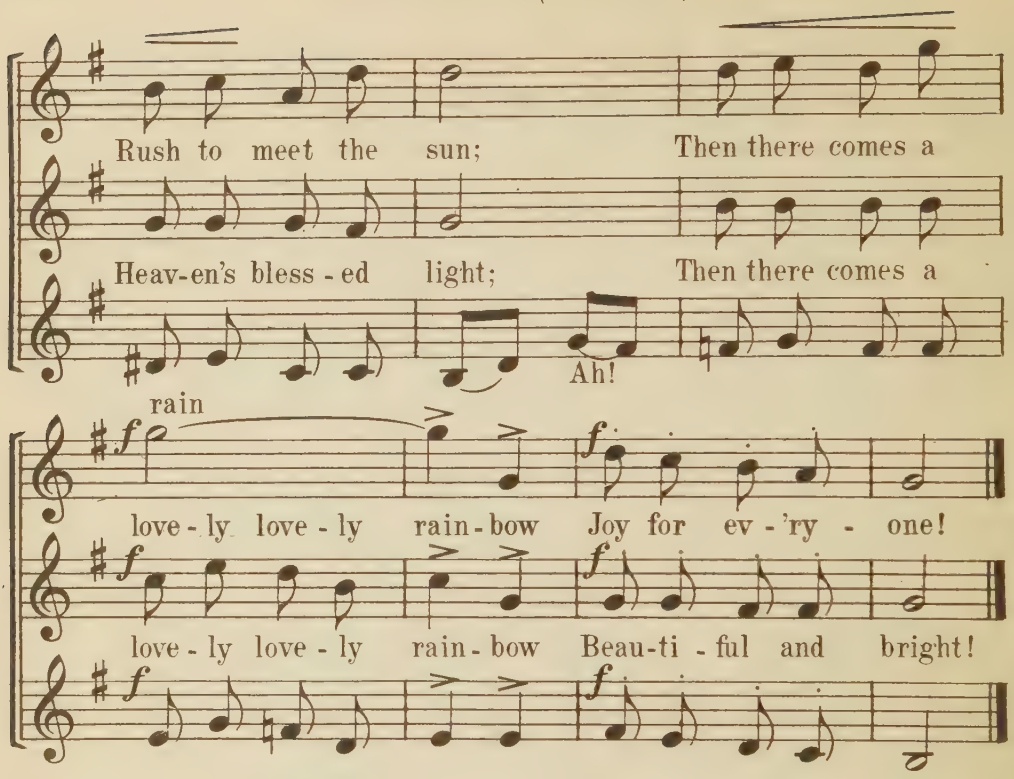
KATE FORMAN

The Rainbow

ELEANOR SMITH


Allegretto
mf
1. All the world is rain - ing, All the sea and
mf
2. Days come sad and sigh - ing; Life is made that
mf
town. Snow - y or - chard blos - soms
way; Ros - y hopes go fly - ing;
And
p
Come a - fly - ing down. Ev - 'ry - where com -
p
Sor - row comes to stay; Shall we give to
p

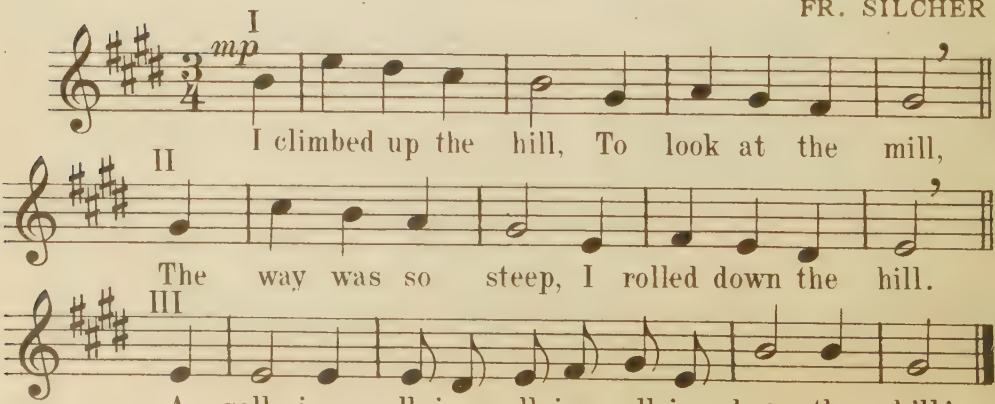
plain - ing mur - mur - ing or loud,
sad - ness all the com - ing years,
All the world is rain - ing In a thun - der
Or with strength and glad - ness, Leave the rain - y
cloud
thun - der - cloud. Yet the scat - tered rain - drops
rain - y tears? Al - ways we may find it


Rush to meet the sun; Then there comes a
Heav-en's bless - ed light; Then there comes a
Ah!
rain
love - ly love - ly rain - bow Joy for ev - 'ry - one!
love - ly love - ly rain - bow Beau-ti - ful and bright!

The Hill and the Mill

ROUND

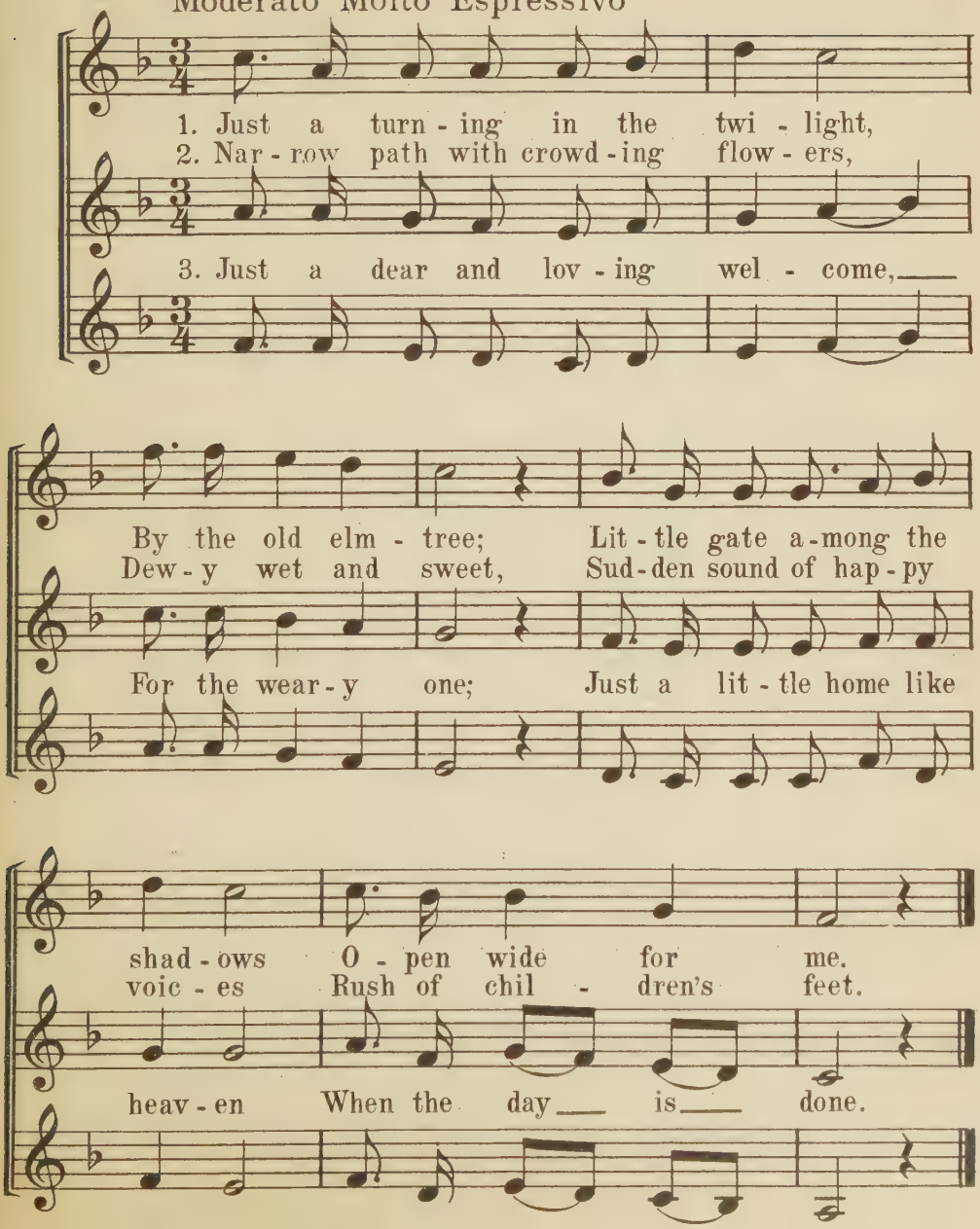
FR. SILCHER



Home

KATE FORMAN C. A. KERN

Moderato Molto Espressivo


1. Just a turn - ing in the twi - light,
2. Nar - row path with crowd - ing flow - ers,
3. Just a dear and lov - ing wel - come,
By the old elm - tree; Lit - tle gate a - mong the
Dew - y wet and sweet, Sud - den sound of hap - py
For the wear - y one; Just a lit - tle home like
shad - ows O - pen wide for me.
voic - es Rush of chil - dren's feet.
heav - en When the day is done.

88 The Big Raccoon and the Hunter's Moon

KATE FORMAN C. H. CONGDON

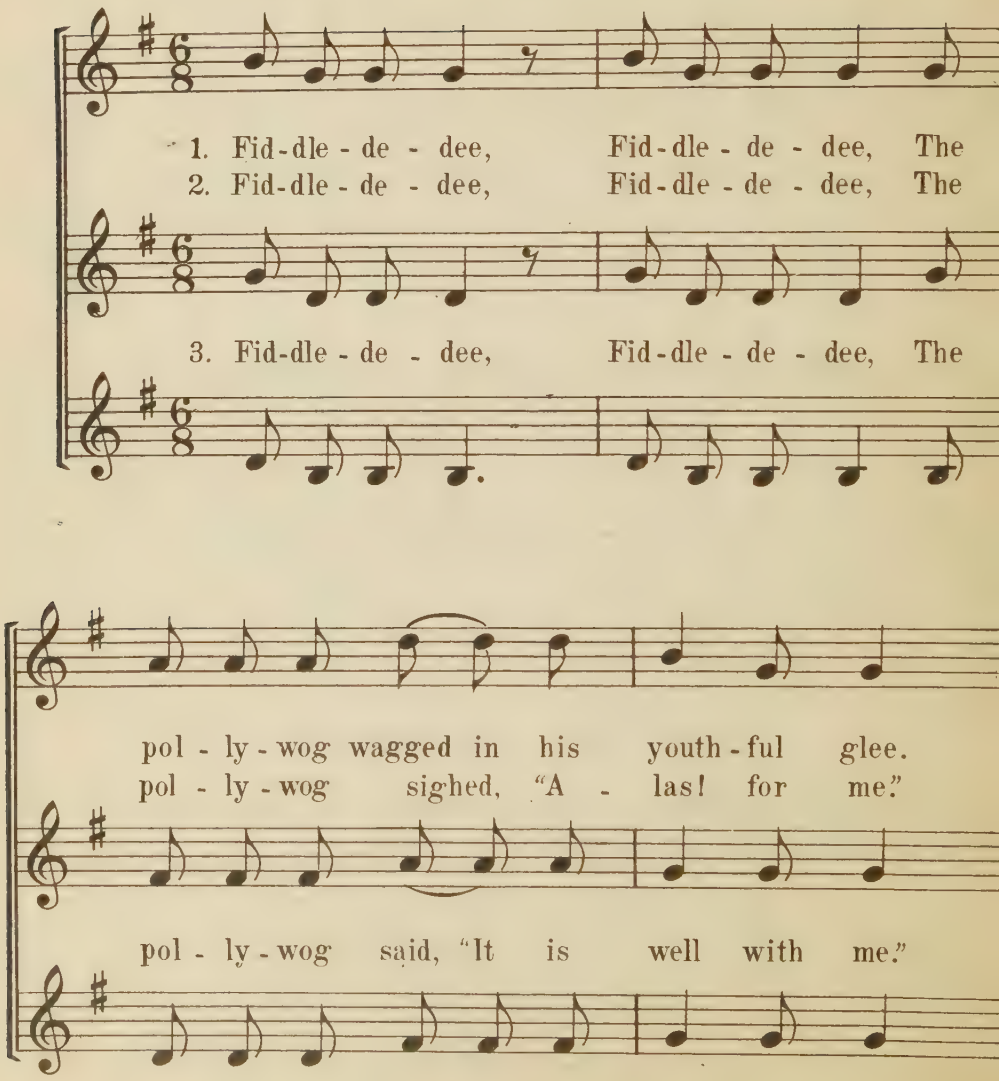
1. A hunt-er sought the beech-tree grove And
sang a mer-ry tune, For in the clear No-
vem-ber night There hung a hunt-er's moon.
raised his gun The hunt-er's moon went out!
2. An owl was list-'ning in the grove, And
heard the hunt-er's tune, And loud-ly hoot-ed
ma-ny hoots To warn the big rac-coon.
3. The big rac-coon be-neath the moon Was
skip-ping all a-bout, But when the hunt-er

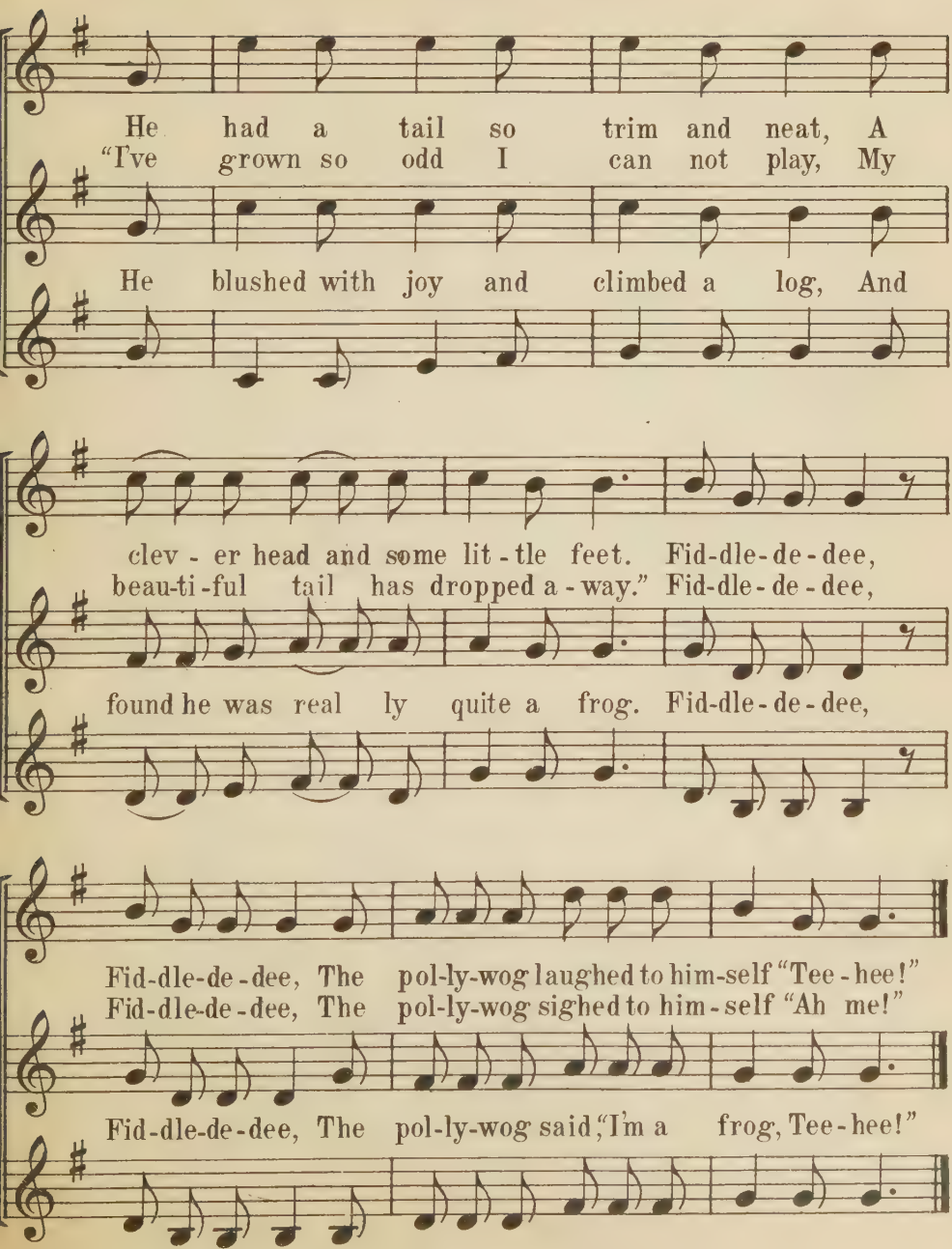
Said the hunt - er to the moon,
Said the hunt - er to the owl,
Said the hunt - er in the dark,
"There you shine as bright as day! The big rac-coon I'll
"You have made it plain as day! The big rac-coon I'll
"Not a sin - gle thing I'll shoot; The big rac-coon may
have him soon, With you to light my way."
have him soon, With you to lead the way!"
dance till noon, And the jeer-ing owl may hoot."

Fiddle-de-dee

KATE FORMAN

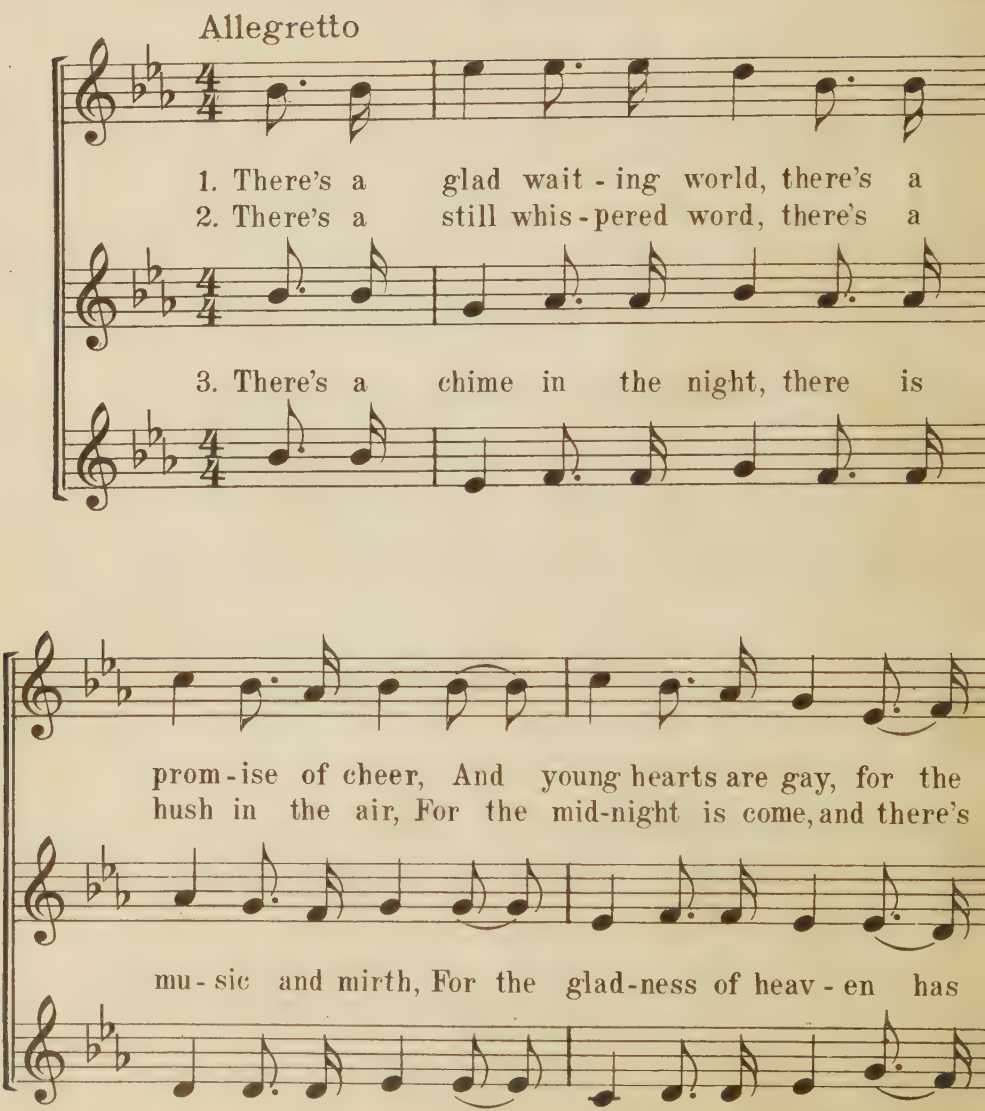
Old English

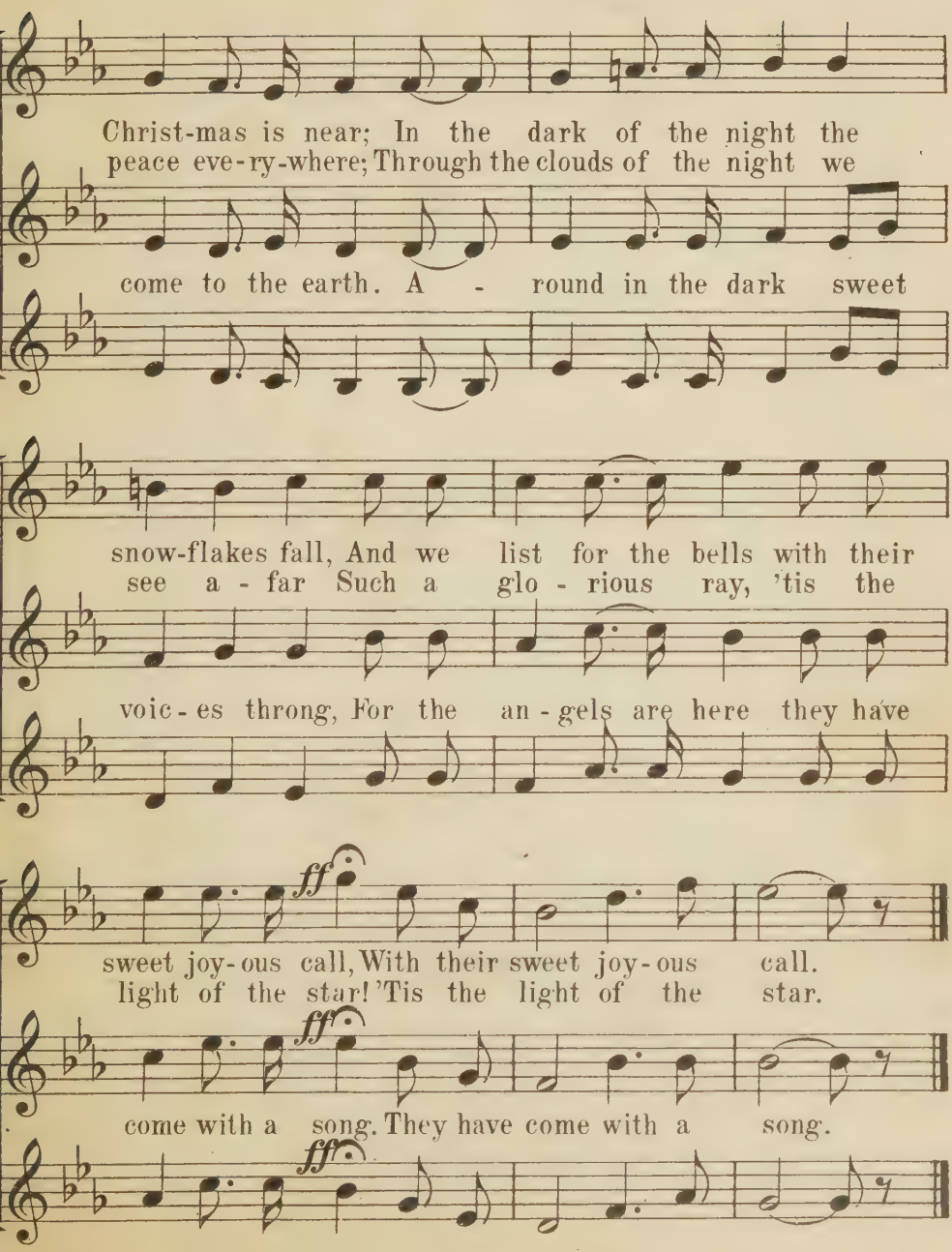

1. Fid-dle - de - dee, Fid-dle - de - dee, The
2. Fid-dle - de - dee, Fid-dle - de - dee, The
3. Fid-dle - de - dee, Fid-dle - de - dee, The
pol - ly - wog wagged in his youth - ful glee.
pol - ly - wog sighed, "A - las! for me."
pol - ly - wog said, "It is well with me."


He had a tail so trim and neat, A
"I've grown so odd I can not play, My
He blushed with joy and climbed a log, And
clev-er head and some lit-tle feet. Fid-dle-de-dee,
beau-ti-ful tail has dropped a-way." Fid-dle-de-dee,
found he was real ly quite a frog. Fid-dle-de-dee,
Fid-dle-de-dee, The pol-ly-wog laughed to him-self "Tee-hee!"
Fid-dle-de-dee, The pol-ly-wog sighed to him-self "Ah me!"
Fid-dle-de-dee, The pol-ly-wog said, "I'm a frog, Tee-hee!"

Christmas Eve

KATE FORMAN CHR. SEIDEL


Allegretto
1. There's a glad wait - ing world, there's a
2. There's a still whis - pered word, there's a
3. There's a chime in the night, there is
prom - ise of cheer, And young hearts are gay, for the
hush in the air, For the mid-night is come, and there's
mu - sic and mirth, For the glad-ness of heav - en has

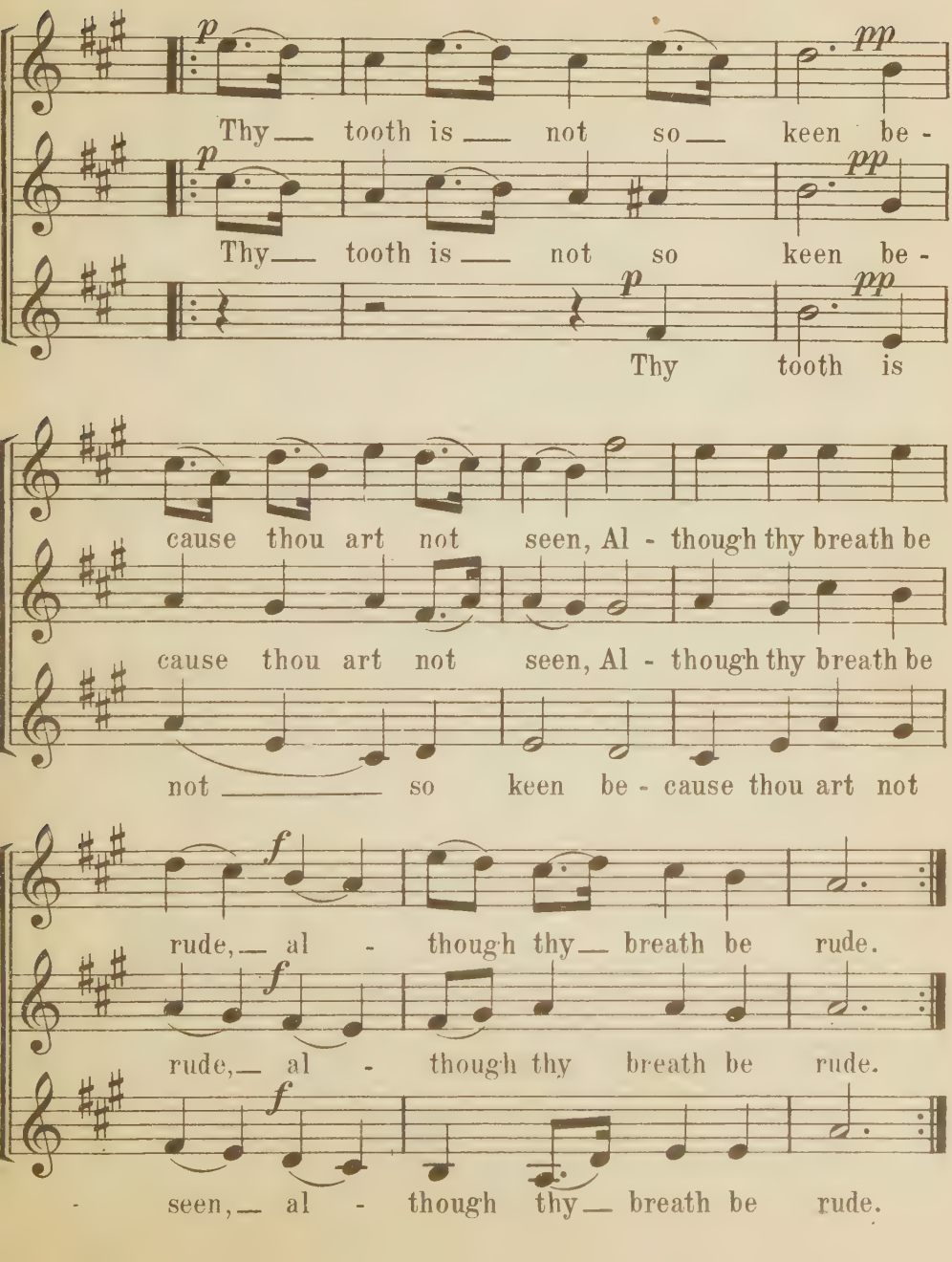

Christ-mas is near; In the dark of the night the
peace eve-ry-where; Through the clouds of the night we
come to the earth. A - round in the dark sweet
snow-flakes fall, And we list for the bells with their
see a - far Such a glo - rious ray, 'tis the
voic - es throng, For the an - gels are here they have
ff
sweet joy-ous call, With their sweet joy-ous call.
light of the star! 'Tis the light of the star.
ff
come with a song. They have come with a song.
ff

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

R. J. S. STEVENS

Andante
mf
Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind, thou
Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind, thou
f
art not so un - kind As man's in-grat - i -
p
art not so un - kind As man's in-grat - i -
thou art not so un -
cresc
f
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude.
cresc
f
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude.
cresc
f
kind as man's in - grat - i - tude.

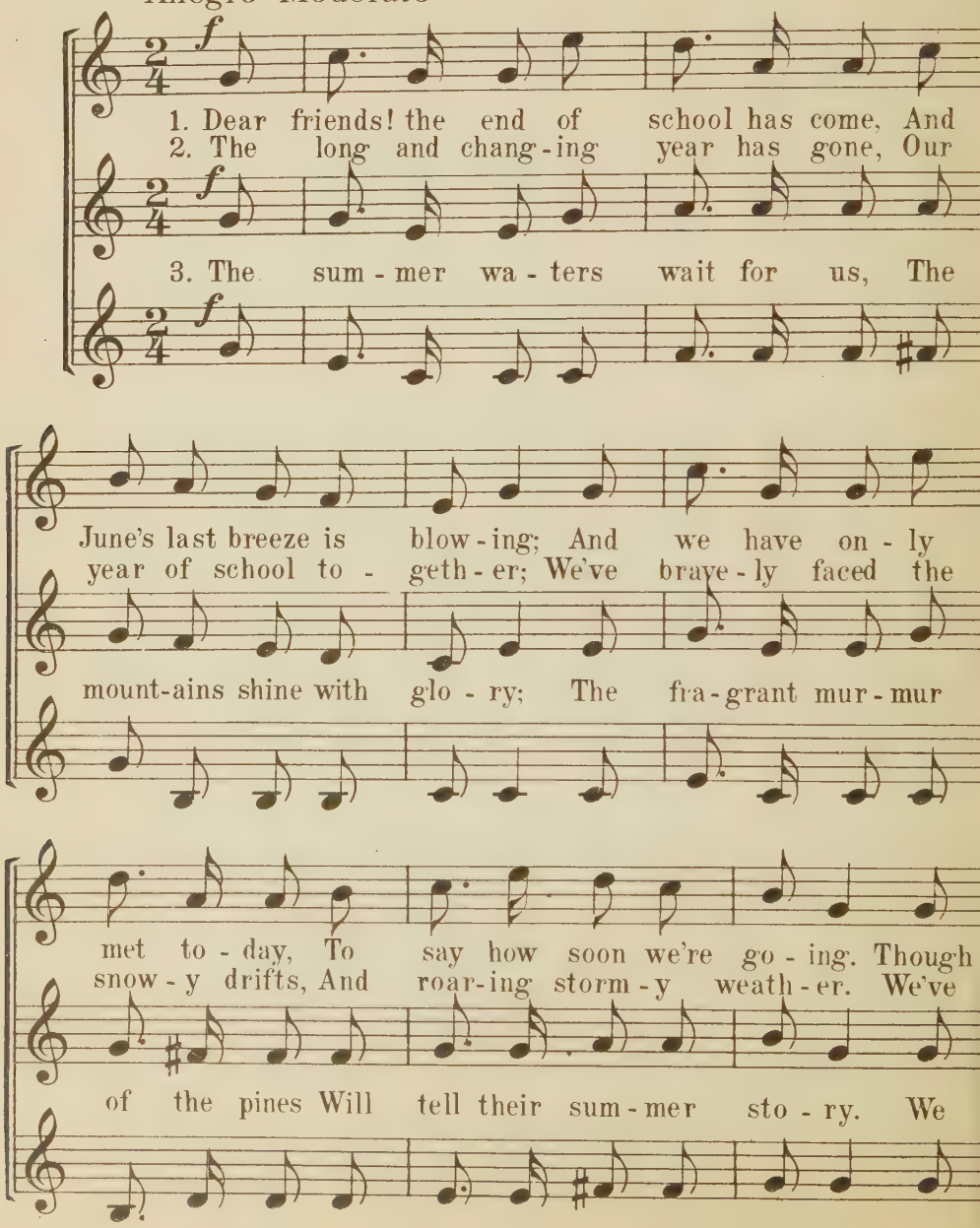

p
pp
Thy tooth is not so keen be -
p
pp
Thy tooth is not so keen be -
p
pp
Thy tooth is
cause thou art not seen, Al - though thy breath be
cause thou art not seen, Al - though thy breath be
not so keen be - cause thou art not
f
rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
f
rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
f
seen, al - though thy breath be rude.

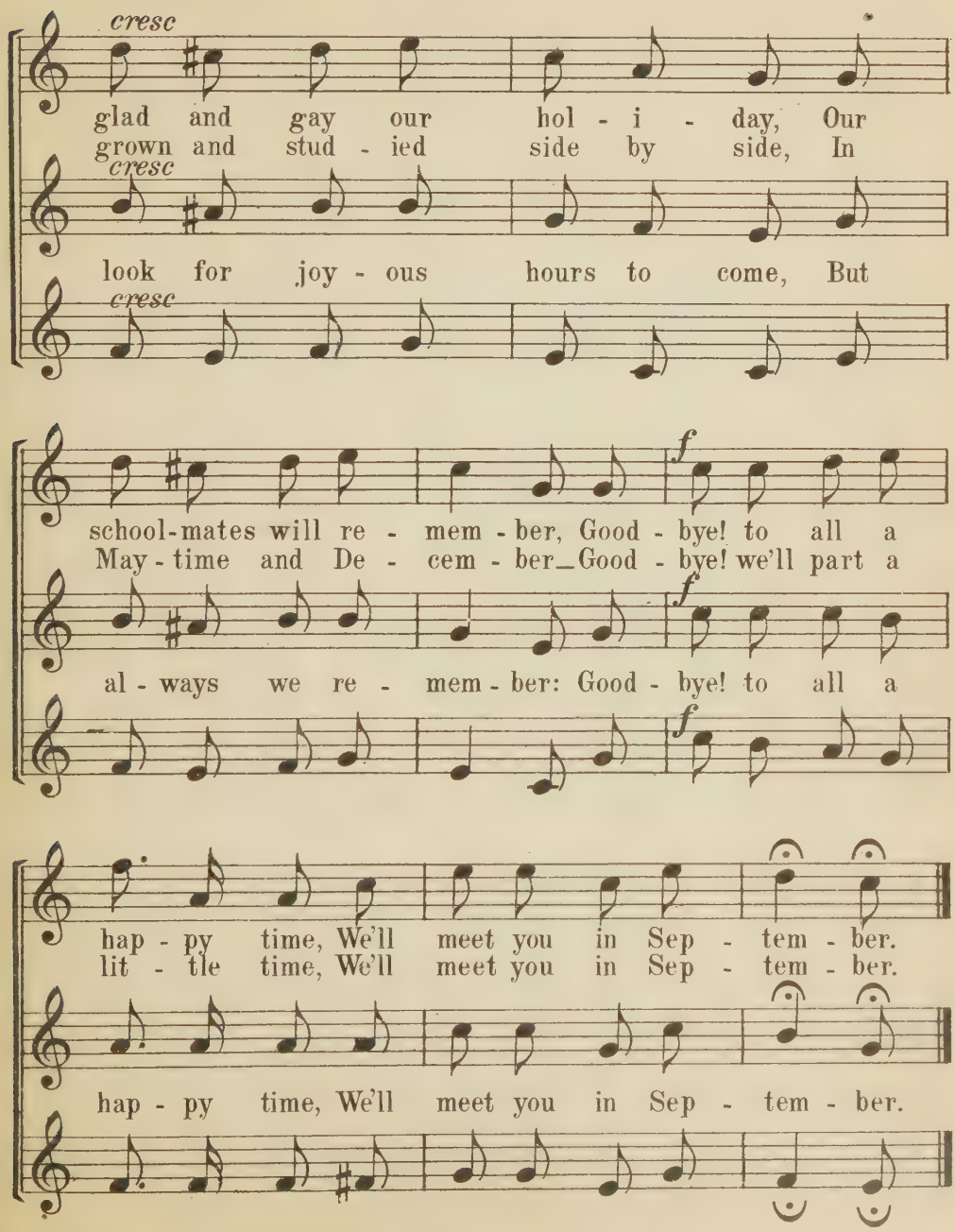
We'll Meet You in September

KATE FORMAN

DANIEL PROTHEROE

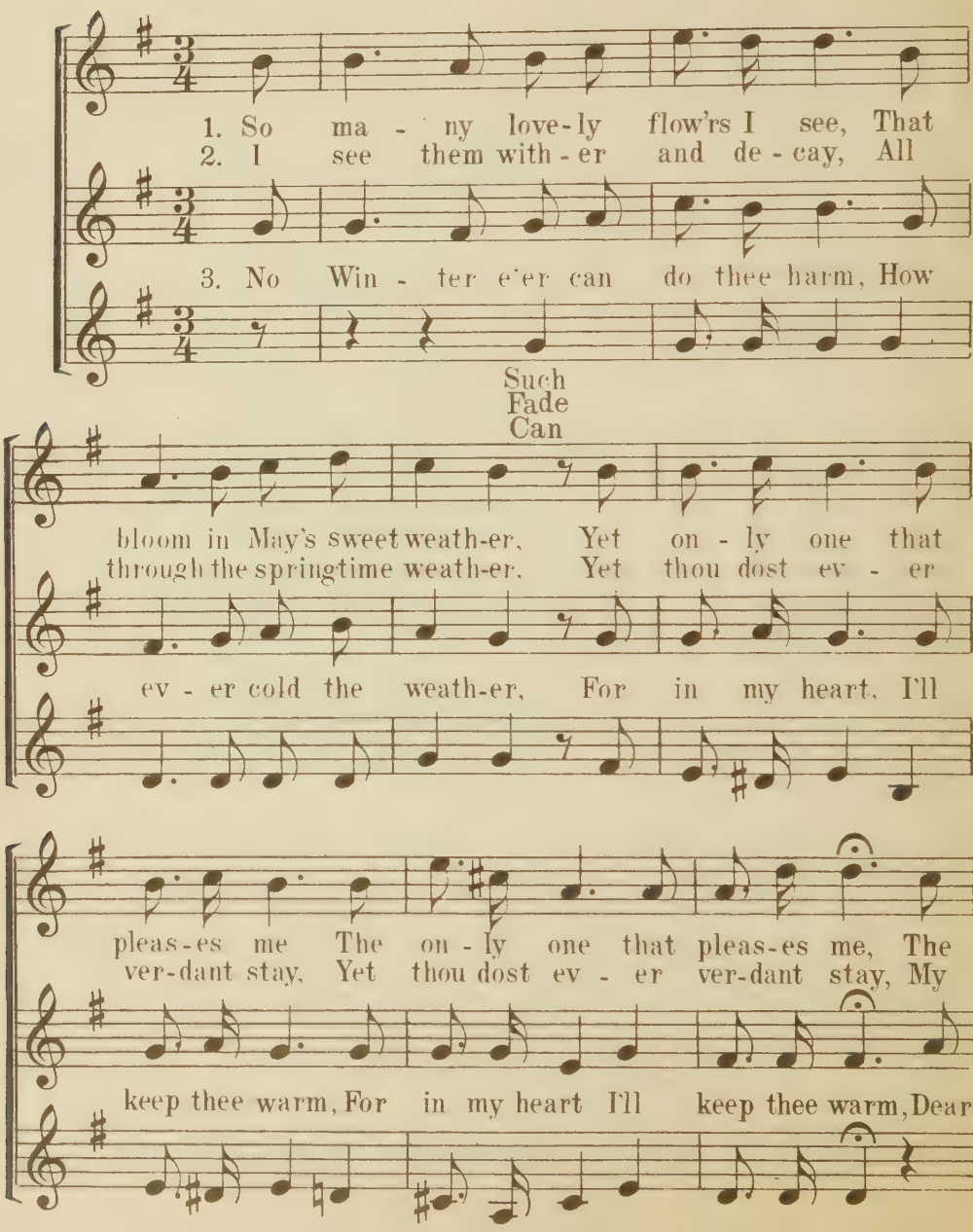
Allegro Moderato


f
1. Dear friends! the end of school has come, And
2. The long and chang-ing year has gone, Our
3. The sum-mer wa-ters wait for us, The
June's last breeze is blow-ing; And we have on-ly
year of school to-geth-er; We've brave-ly faced the
mount-ains shine with glo-ry; The fra-grant mur-mur
met to-day, To say how soon we're go-ing. Though
snow-y drifts, And roar-ing storm-y weath-er. We've
of the pines Will tell their sum-mer sto-ry. We


cresc
glad and gay our hol - i - day, Our
grown and stud - ied side by side, In
cresc
look for joy - ous hours to come, But
cresc
school-mates will re - mem - ber, Good - bye! to all a
May - time and De - cem - ber_Good - bye! we'll part a
f
al - ways we re - mem - ber: Good - bye! to all a
f
hap - py time, We'll meet you in Sep - tem - ber.
lit - tle time, We'll meet you in Sep - tem - ber.
hap - py time, We'll meet you in Sep - tem - ber.

The Floweret of the Heather

FRANZ ABT

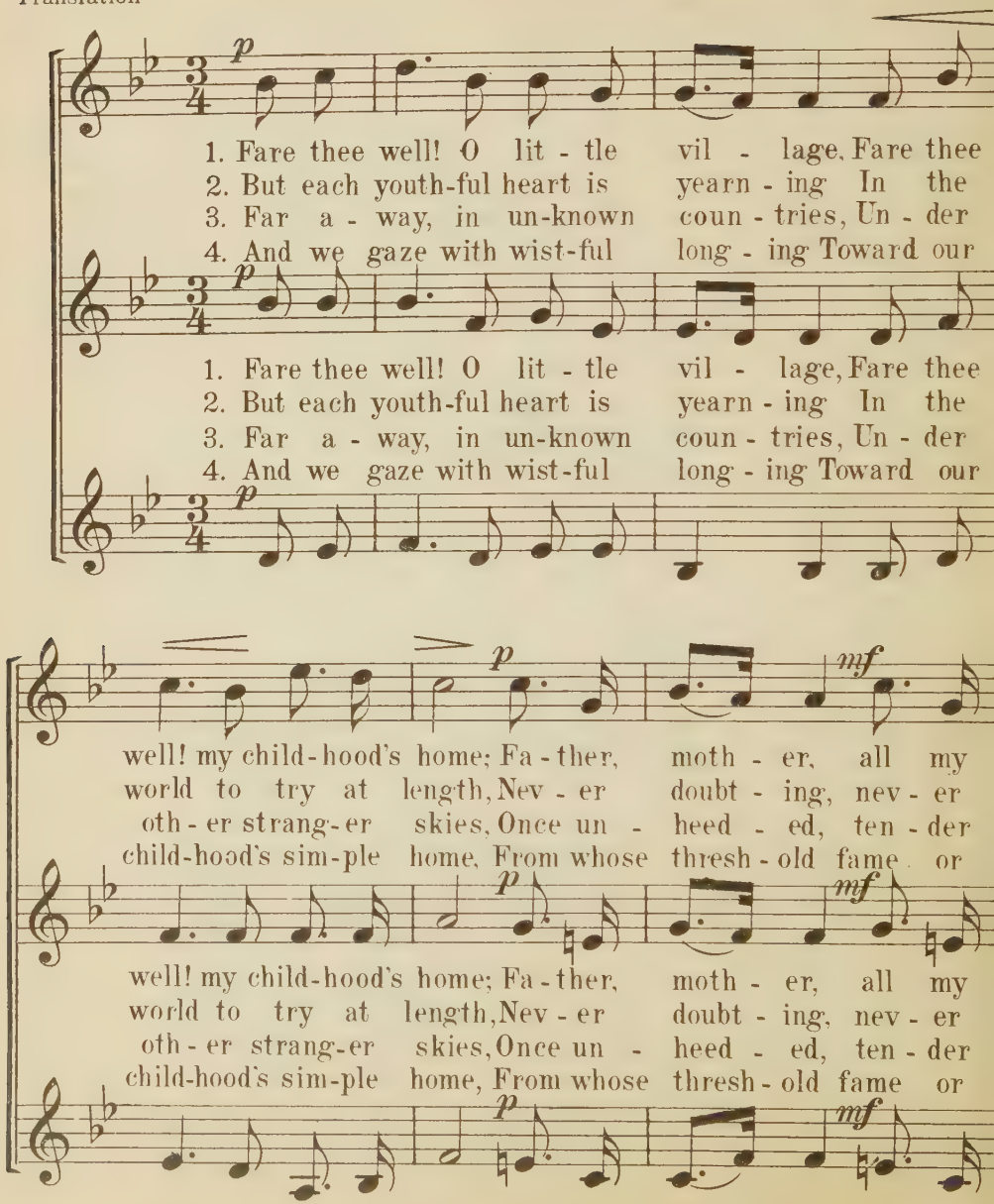

1. So ma - ny love-ly flow'rs I see, That
2. I see them with - er and de - cay, All
3. No Win - ter e'er can do thee harm, How
Such
Fade
Can
bloom in May's sweet weath-er, Yet on - ly one that
through the springtime weath-er, Yet thou dost ev - er
ev - er cold the weath-er, For in my heart, I'll
pleas-es me The on - ly one that pleas-es me, The
ver-dant stay, Yet thou dost ev - er ver-dant stay, My
keep thee warm, For in my heart I'll keep thee warm, Dear

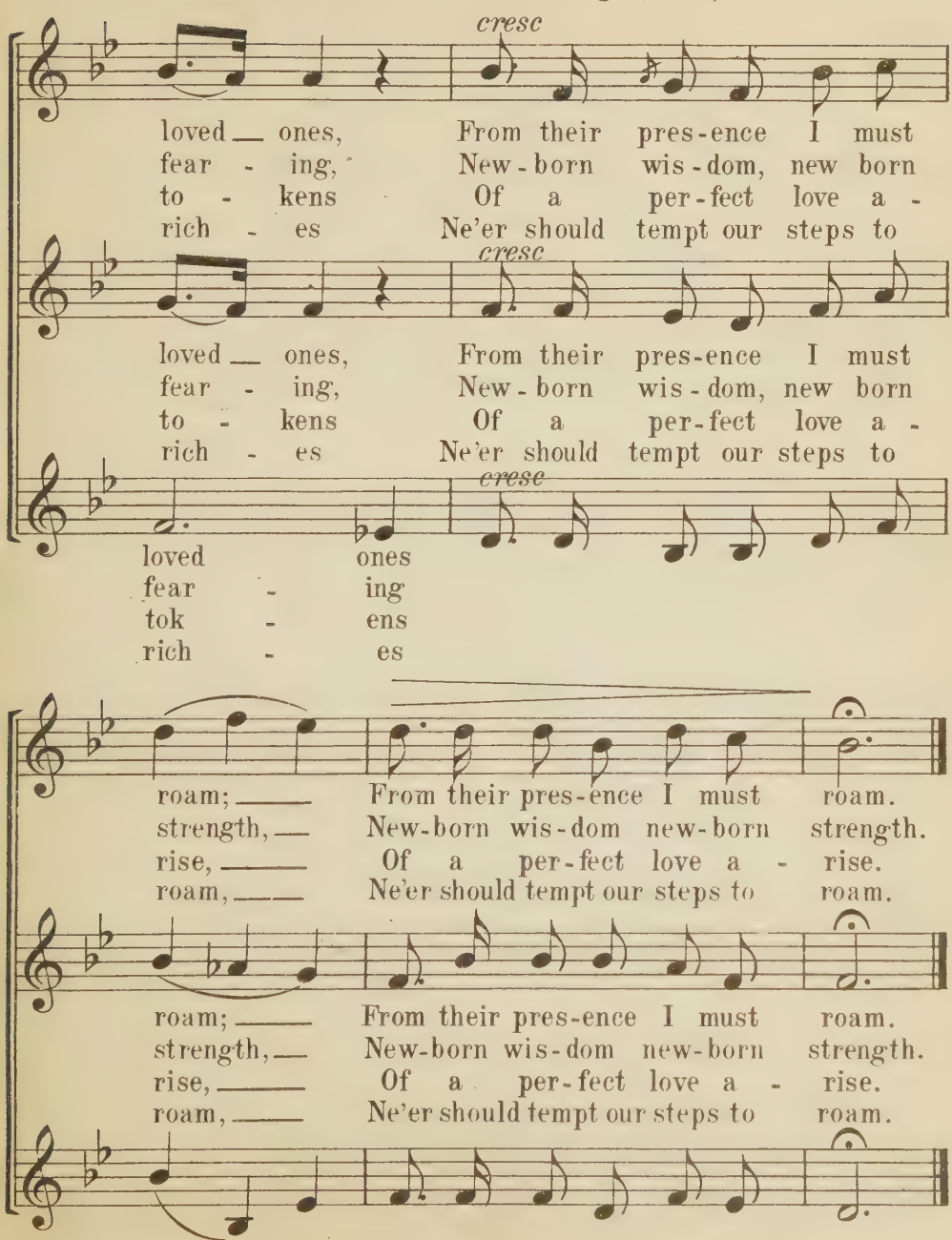
Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the
Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the
Flow - eret of the heath - er, of the
the
heath - er, The Flow - eret of the
heath - er, My Flow - eret of the
heath - er, Dear Flow - eret of the
heath - er of the heath - er.
heath - er of the heath - er.
heath - er of the heath - er.

Farewell, O Little Village

FR. SILCHER

Translation

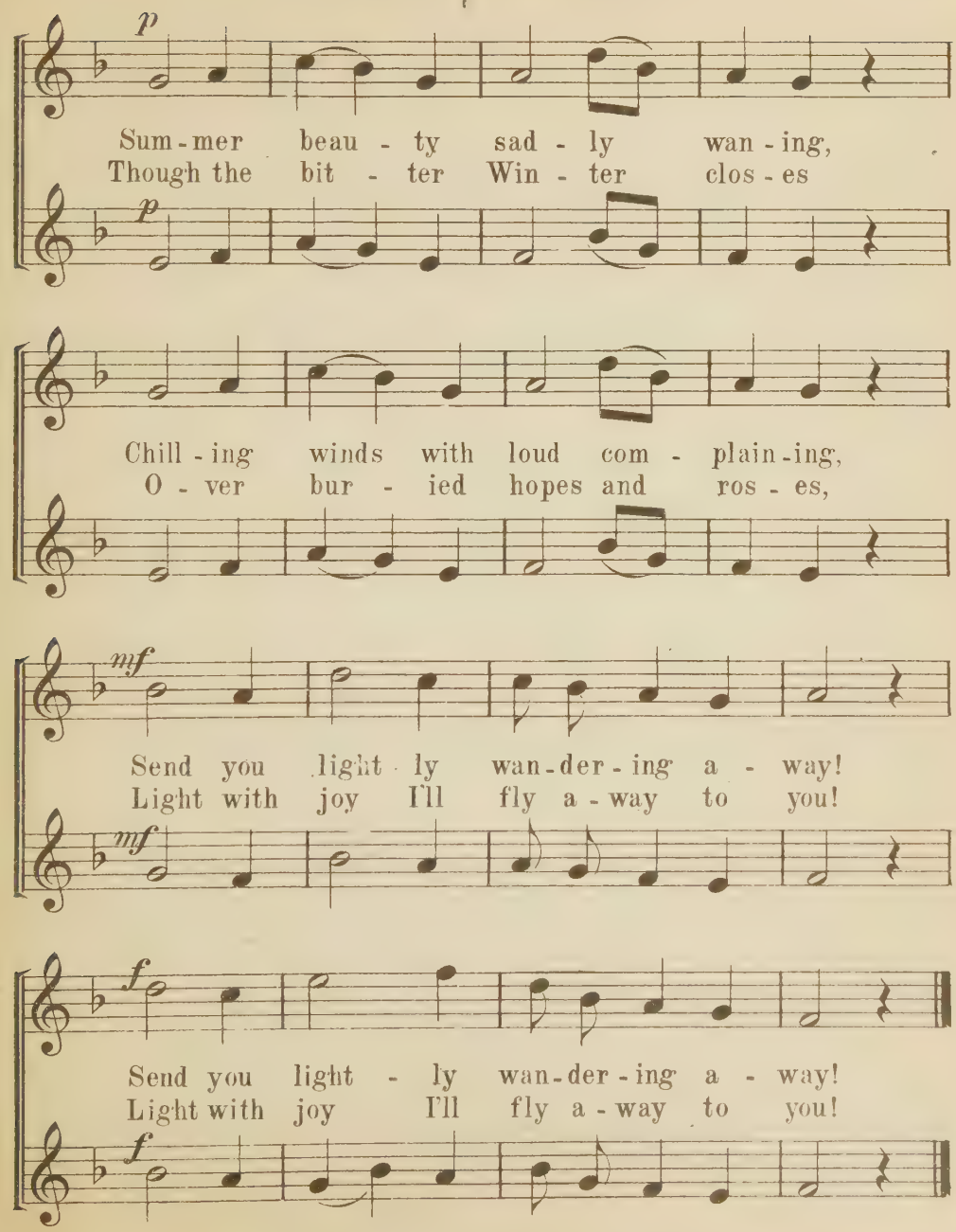

p
1. Fare thee well! O lit - tle vil - lage, Fare thee
2. But each youth-ful heart is yearn - ing In the
3. Far a - way, in un-known coun - tries, Un - der
4. And we gaze with wist-ful long - ing Toward our
p
1. Fare thee well! O lit - tle vil - lage, Fare thee
2. But each youth-ful heart is yearn - ing In the
3. Far a - way, in un-known coun - tries, Un - der
4. And we gaze with wist-ful long - ing Toward our
p
well! my child-hood's home; Fa - ther, moth - er, all my
world to try at length, Nev - er doubt - ing, nev - er
oth - er strang-er skies, Once un - heed - ed, ten - der
child-hood's sim-ple home, From whose thresh - old fame or
p
mf
well! my child-hood's home; Fa - ther, moth - er, all my
world to try at length, Nev - er doubt - ing, nev - er
oth - er strang-er skies, Once un - heed - ed, ten - der
child-hood's sim-ple home, From whose thresh - old fame or
p
mf


cresc
loved ones, From their pres-ence I must
fear - ing, New-born wis-dom, new born
to - kens Of a per-fect love a -
rich - es Ne'er should tempt our steps to
cresc
loved ones, From their pres-ence I must
fear - ing, New-born wis-dom, new born
to - kens Of a per-fect love a -
rich - es Ne'er should tempt our steps to
cresc
loved ones
fear - ing
tok - ens
rich - es
roam; From their pres-ence I must roam.
strength, New-born wis-dom new-born strength.
rise, Of a per-fect love a - rise.
roam, Ne'er should tempt our steps to roam.
roam; From their pres-ence I must roam.
strength, New-born wis-dom new-born strength.
rise, Of a per-fect love a - rise.
roam, Ne'er should tempt our steps to roam.

The Swallow's Flight

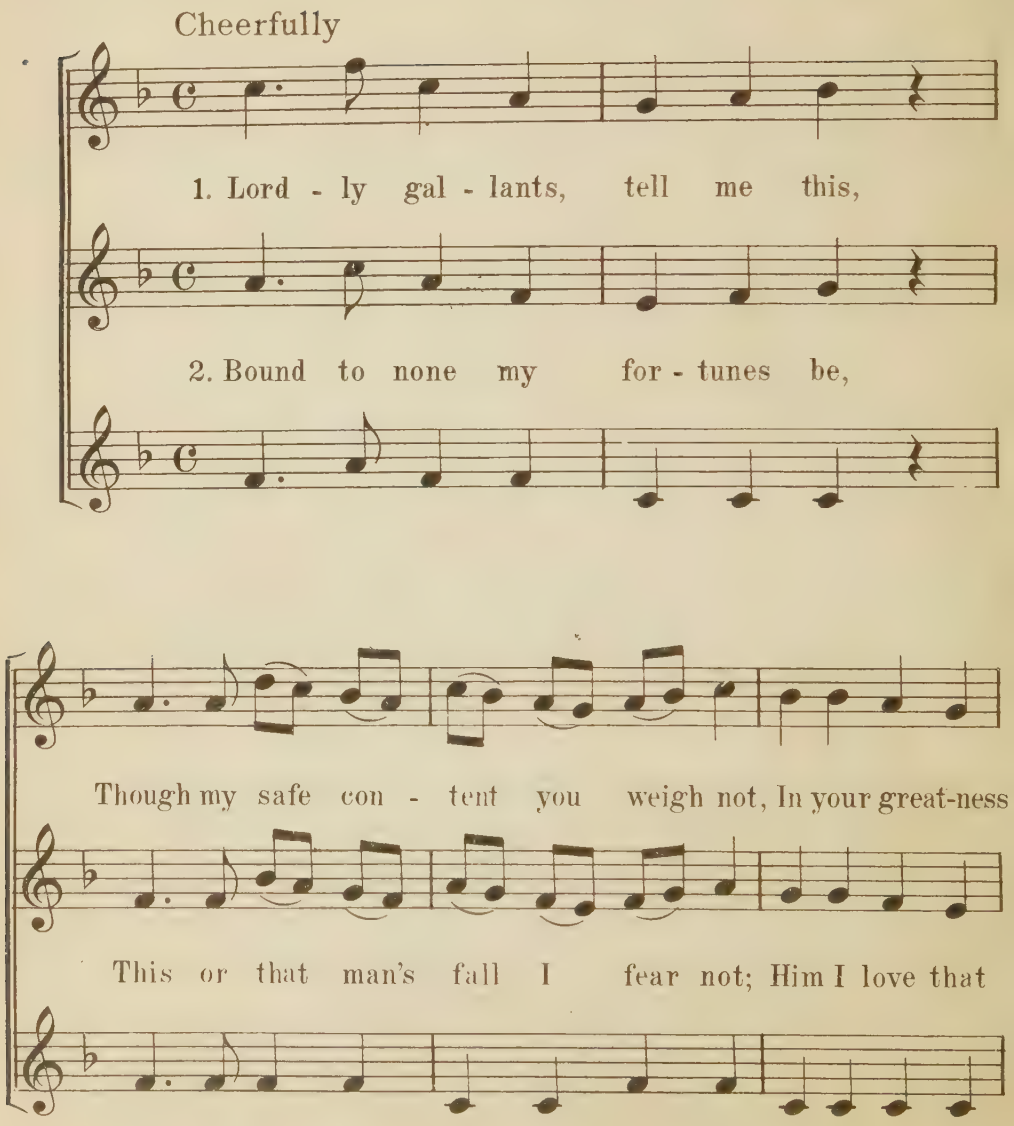
KATE FORMAN W. A. MOZART

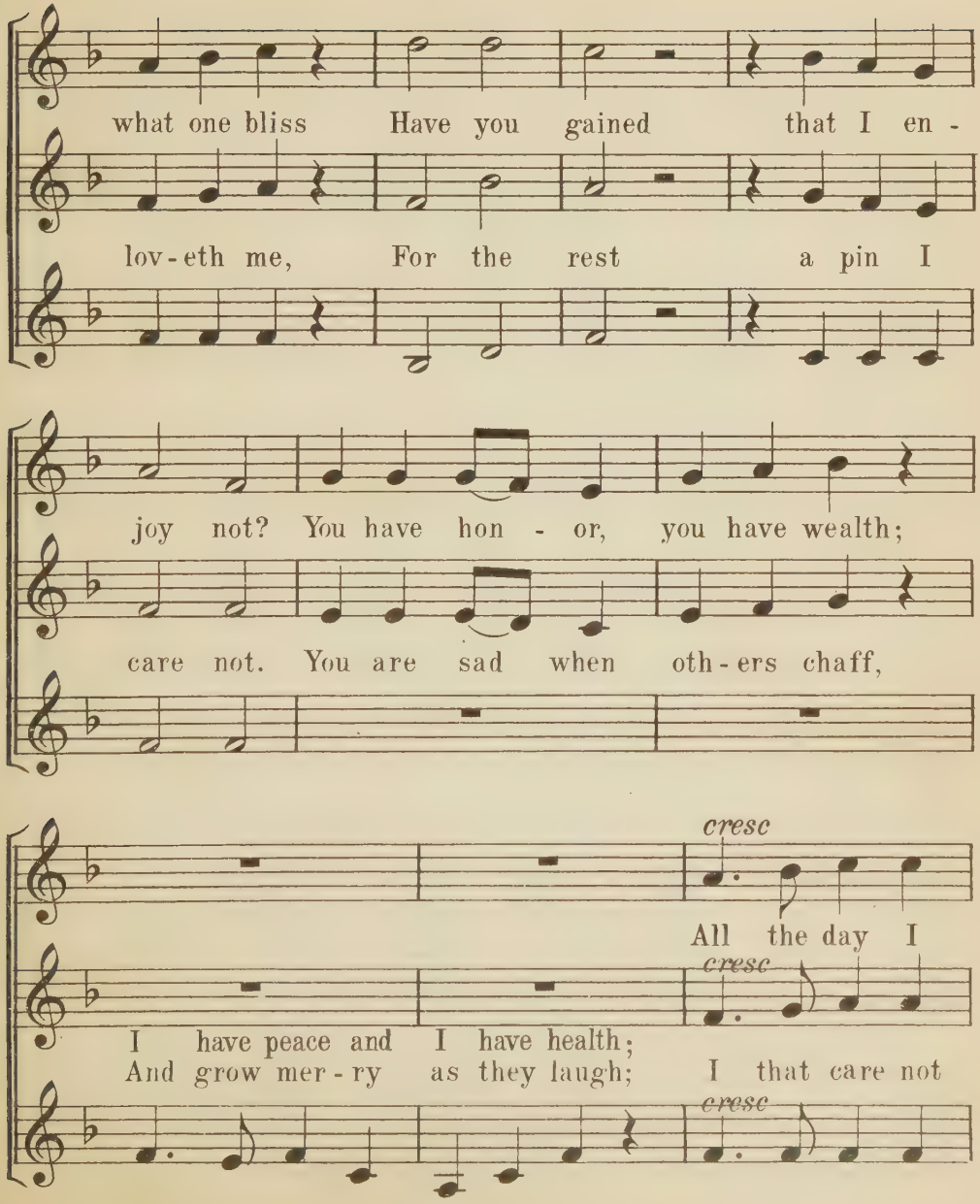
Allegretto
1. Must you leave me, gen - tle
2. Though you leave me, gen - tle
swal - low, Down the south the sea to
swal - low, In my dreams your flight I'll
f
fol - low? Well I know you can - not stay!
fol - low, Where the skies are ev - er blue;
f


p
Sum - mer beau - ty sad - ly wan - ing,
Though the bit - ter Win - ter clos - es
p
Chill - ing winds with loud com - plain - ing,
O - ver bur - ied hopes and ros - es,
mf
Send you light - ly wan - der - ing a - way!
Light with joy I'll fly a - way to you!
mf
f
Send you light - ly wan - der - ing a - way!
Light with joy I'll fly a - way to you!
f

Lordly Gallants

GEORGE WITHER DR. CALLCOTT


Cheerfully
1. Lord - ly gal - lants, tell me this,
2. Bound to none my for - tunes be,
Though my safe con - tent you weigh not, In your great-ness
This or that man's fall I fear not; Him I love that


what one bliss Have you gained that I en -
lov-eth me, For the rest a pin I
joy not? You have hon - or, you have wealth;
care not. You are sad when oth-ers chaff,
cresc
All the day I
cresc
I have peace and I have health;
And grow mer-ry as they laugh; I that care not
cresc

Lordly Gallants *(concluded)*

mer-ry, mer-ry make, And at night no care I take;
and am free, Laughand weep as pleas-eth me;
All the day I mer-ry, mer-ry make, And at night no
I that care not and am free, Laugh and weep as
f
care I take, And at night no care I take
f
pleas-eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.
f

Canon

L. CHERUBINI

Con moto

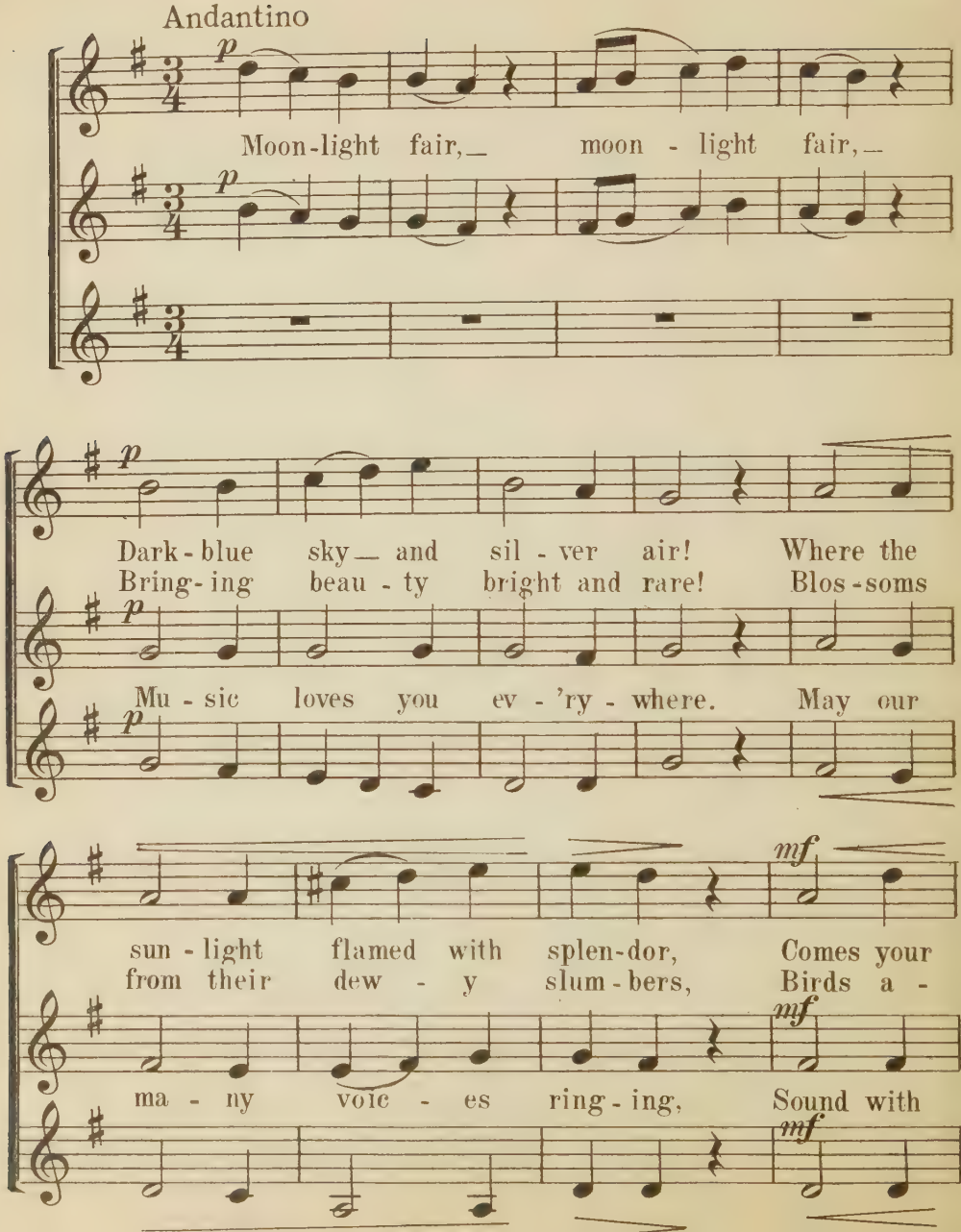
1
2
3
Brave and strong, March a - long, Sing a song, Thus to bat-tle, sol-diers
Brave and strong, March a - long, Sing a song, Thus to
Brave and strong, March a - long, Sing a
go When dan-ger's nigh; Stout of heart, they meet the foe - man, Glad-ly
bat-tle, sol-diers go When dan - ger's nigh; Stout of heart, they meet the
song, Thus to bat-tle, sol - diers go When dan - ger's nigh; Stout of
fight and glad-ly die. Brave and
foe - man, Glad-ly fight and glad-ly die. Brave and
heart, they meet the foe - man, Glad-ly fight and glad-ly die. Brave and

Moonlight

KATE FORMAN

German

Andantino


p
Moon-light fair, moon - light fair,
Dark - blue sky and sil - ver air! Where the
Bring - ing beau - ty bright and rare! Blos - soms
Mu - sic loves you ev - 'ry - where. May our
mf
sun - light flamed with splen-dor, Comes your
from their dew - y slum - bers, Birds a -
ma - ny voic - es ring - ing, Sound with

bless-ing soft_ and ten-der. Peace is yours and
bove_ in hap-py num-bers Wak-en in_ your
soft_ and sil-v'ry sing-ing. Mu-sic loves you
rest from care,_ Peace is yours and rest from
ra-diance rare,_ Wak-en in___ your ra-diance
ev-'ry-where,_ Mu-sic loves_ you ev-'ry-
care. Moon-light fair,___ moon-light fair!
rare, Moon-light fair,___ moon-light fair!
where, Moon-light fair,___ moon-light fair!

Christmas

KATE FORMAN M. PRETORIUS

Moderato
1. O hap - py morn of Christ - mas! Your chim - ing mu - sic swells! From ev - 'ry tow'r and
2. O hap - py day of Christ - mas! For self has passed from sight, And joy is found in
3. O hap - py day of Christ - mas! Still come to bless the earth, And give to all the

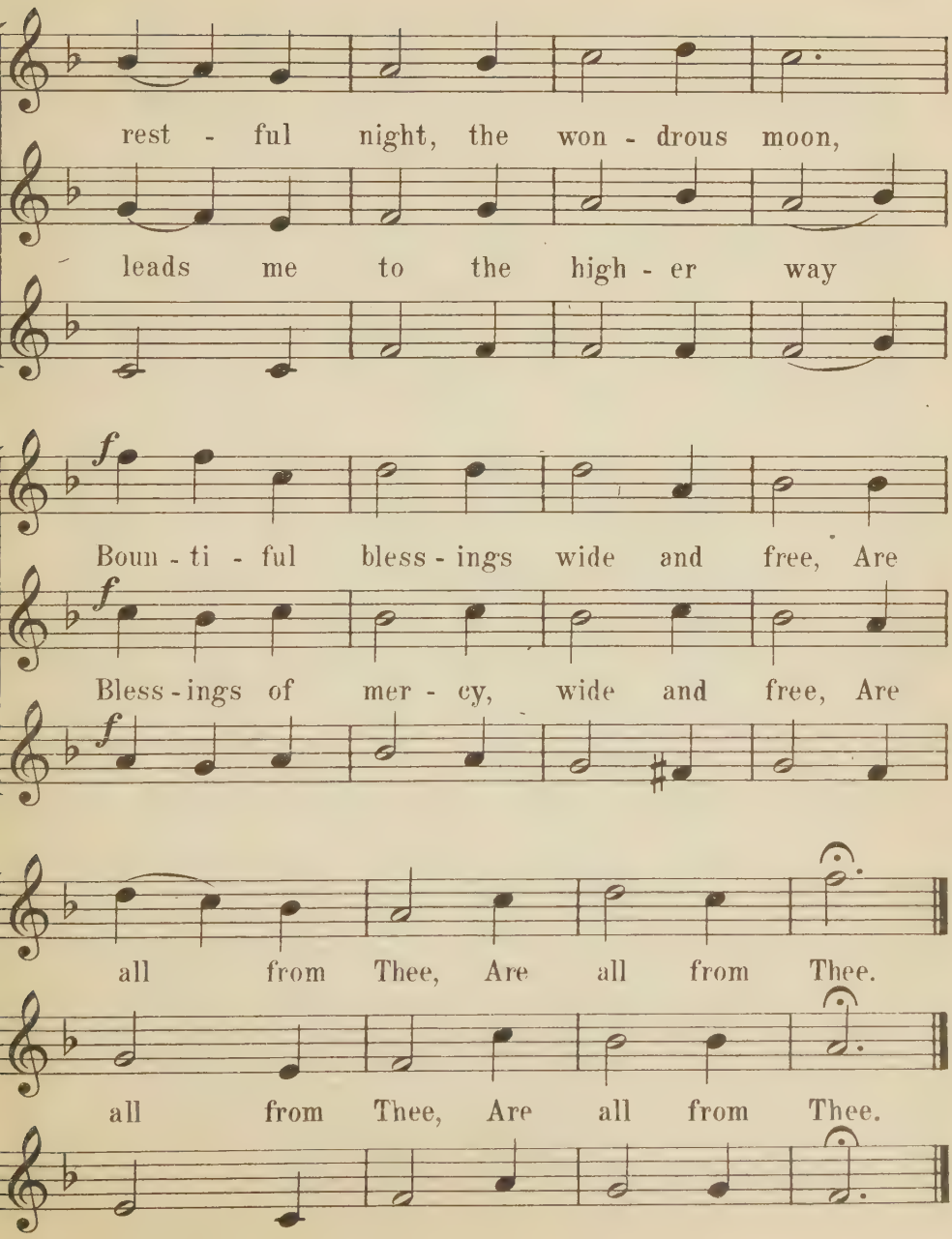
bel - fry, The bless-ed news it tells, The
mak - ing An - oth - er's life more bright, An -
chil - dren The gift of kind - ly mirth, The
bless-ed news it tells. O hap-py day of
oth - er's life more bright. O hap-py day of
gift of kind - ly mirth. O hap - py day of
Christ - mas! Ring out your chim - ing bells.
Christ - mas! You show us Heav - en's light.
Christ - mas! You bring good-will to earth.

Gratitude

KATE FORMAN

DANIEL PROTHERO

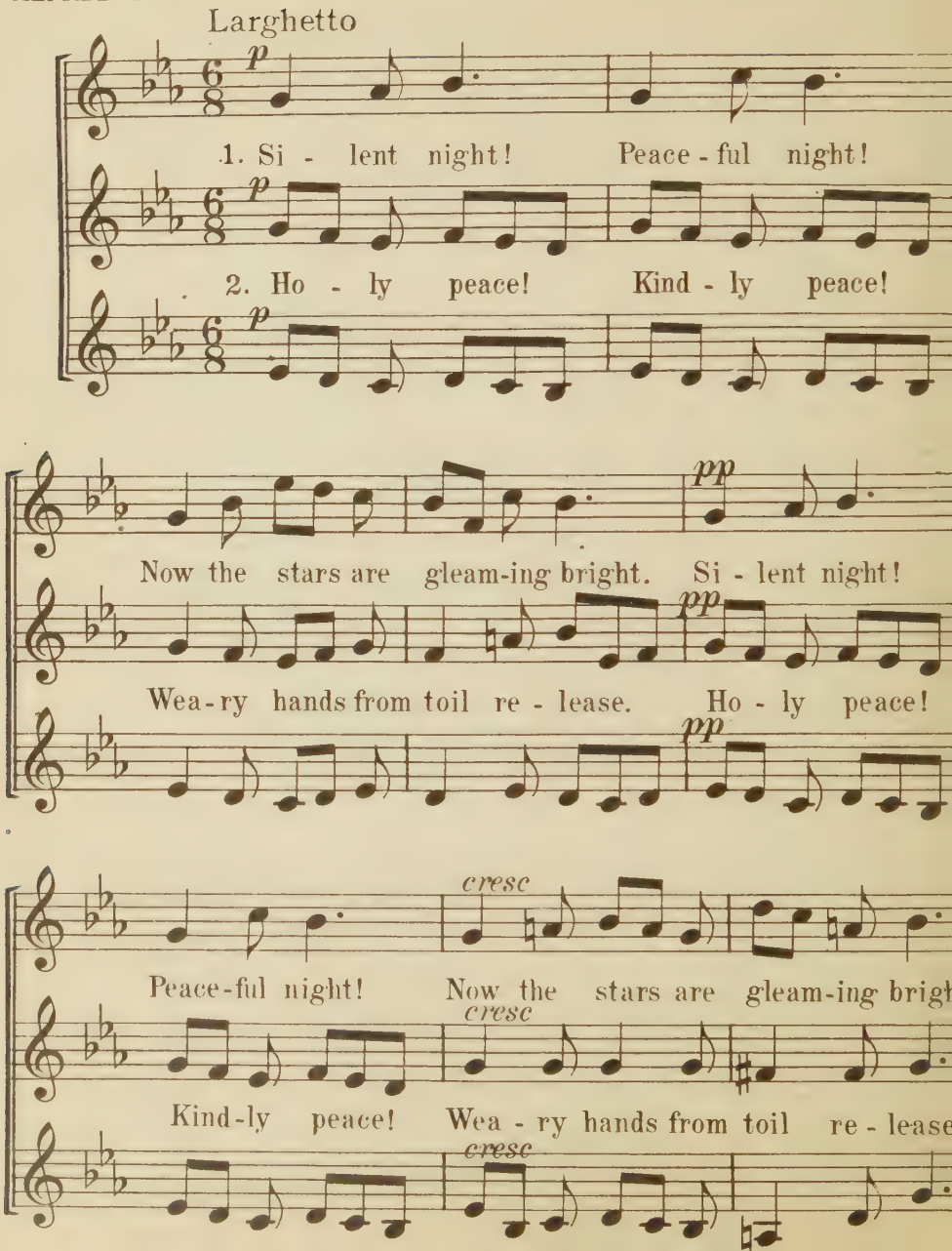
Allegretto
1. Let me re - mem - ber Love di - vine, The
Morn-ing and dew and sun of Thine, And
2. E - ven the hours of doubt and fear, Or
Serve but to show your pres - ence near, And
dai - ly joys I have from Thee:
fair - y flow'rs on hill and lea.
sor - row's clouds of deep - est dread,
rain - bow light of hope o'er head.
Shelt - er - ing trees at gold - en noon The
What - ev - er guides me when I stray, And

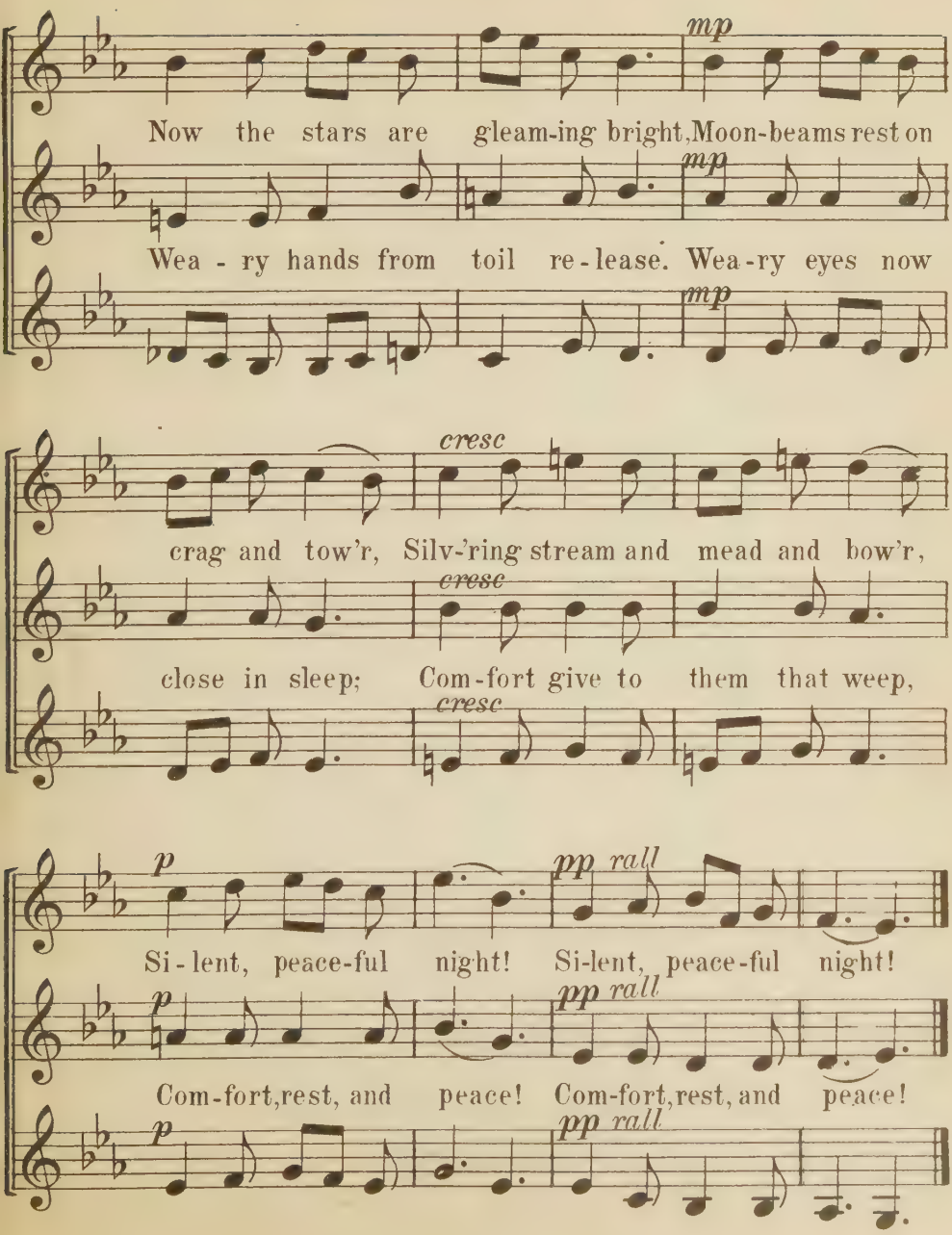

rest - ful night, the won - drous moon,
leads me to the high - er way
Boun - ti - ful bless - ings wide and free, Are
Bless - ings of mer - cy, wide and free, Are
all from Thee, Are all from Thee.
all from Thee, Are all from Thee.

Silent Night

ALFRED BELL

JOSEPH BARNB

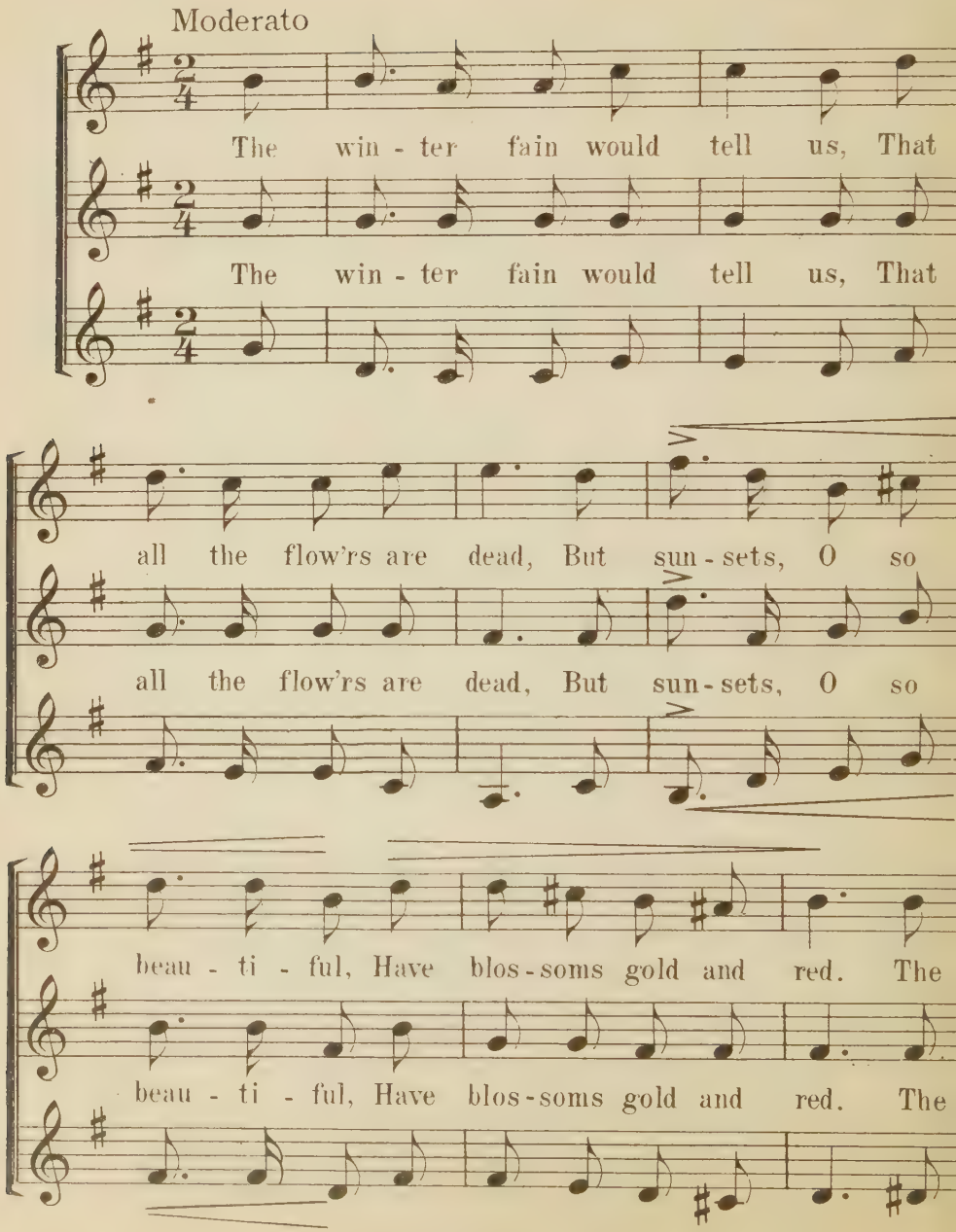

Larghetto
p
1. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night!
p
2. Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly peace!
p
Now the stars are gleam-ing bright. Si - lent night!
pp
Wea-ry hands from toil re - lease. Ho - ly peace!
pp
cresc
Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing brigh
cresc
Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease
cresc

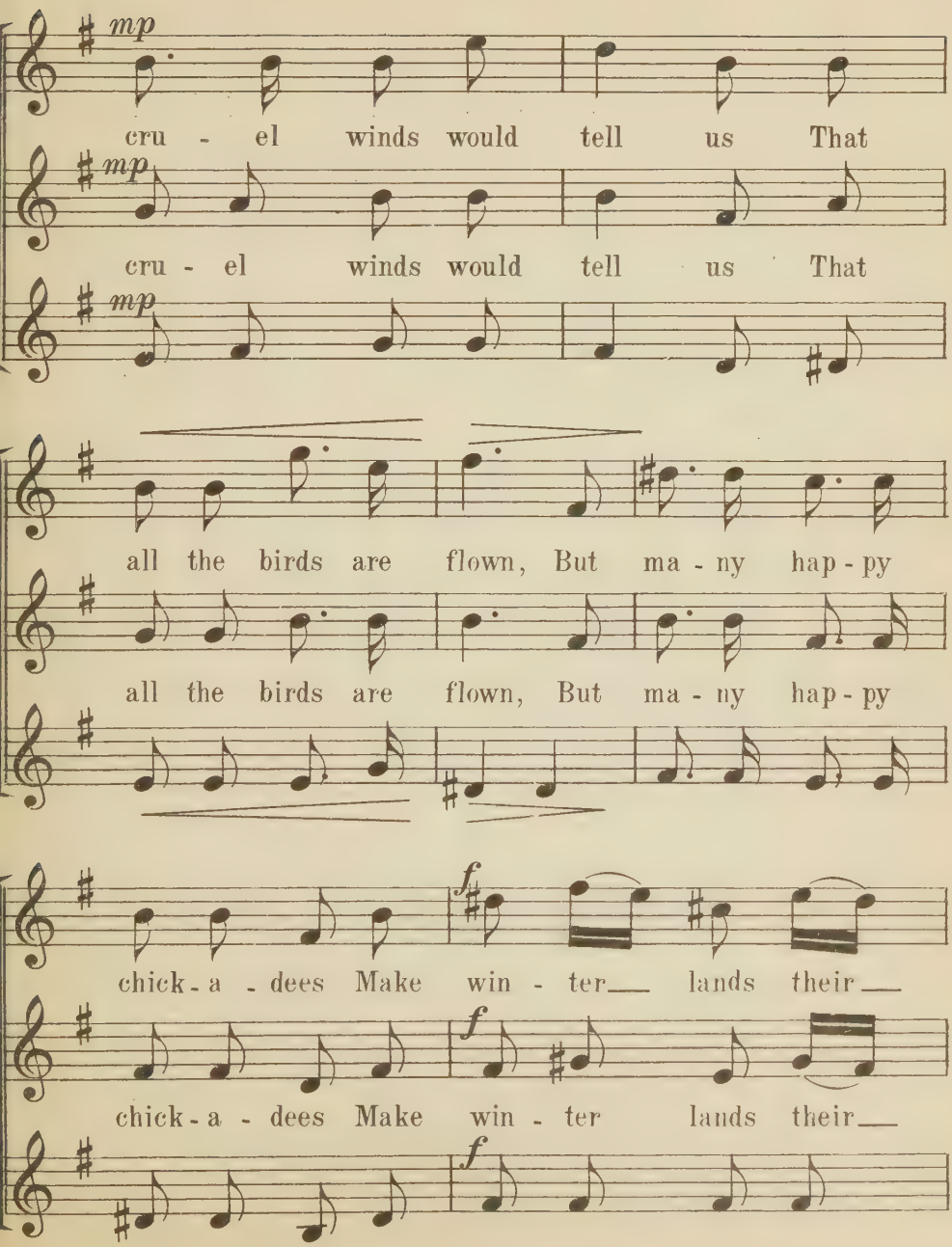

mp
Now the stars are gleam-ing bright, Moon-beams rest on
mp
Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease. Wea-ry eyes now
mp
cresc
crag and tow'r, Silv-'ring stream and mead and bow'r,
cresc
close in sleep; Com-fort give to them that weep,
cresc
p
pp rall
Si-lent, peace-ful night! Si-lent, peace-ful night!
p
pp rall
Com-fort, rest, and peace! Com-fort, rest, and peace!
p
pp rall

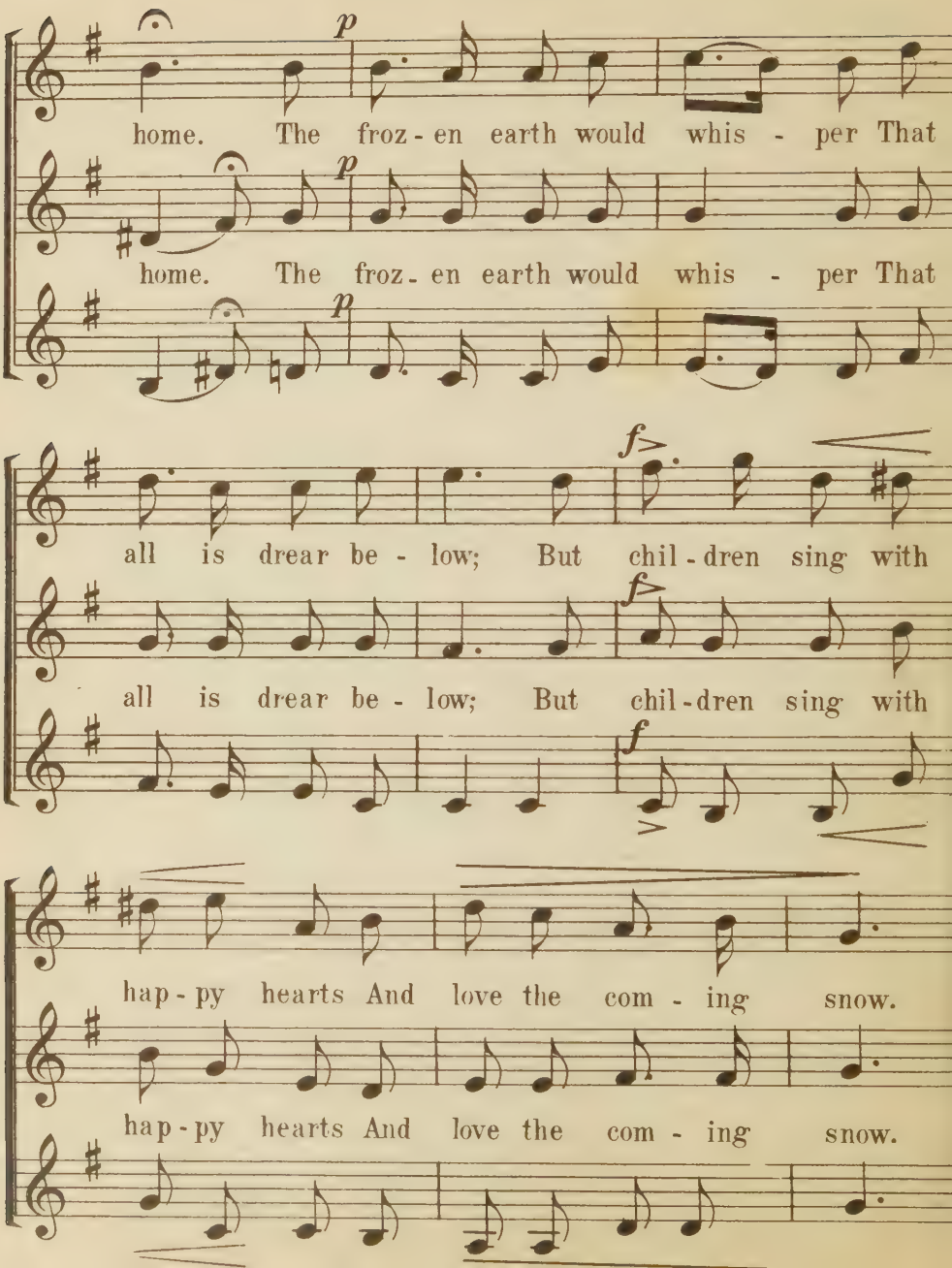
Winter

KATE FORMAN

ELEANOR SMIT


Moderato
The win - ter fain would tell us, That
The win - ter fain would tell us, That
all the flow'rs are dead, But sun - sets, O so
all the flow'rs are dead, But sun - sets, O so
beau - ti - ful, Have blos - soms gold and red. The
beau - ti - ful, Have blos - soms gold and red. The


mp
cru - el winds would tell us That
mp
cru - el winds would tell us That
mp
all the birds are flown, But ma - ny hap - py
all the birds are flown, But ma - ny hap - py
f
chick - a - dees Make win - ter lands their
f
chick - a - dees Make win - ter lands their
f


p
home. The froz - en earth would whis - per That
p
home. The froz - en earth would whis - per That
p
f
all is drear be - low; But chil - dren sing with
f
all is drear be - low; But chil - dren sing with
f
hap - py hearts And love the com - ing snow.
hap - py hearts And love the com - ing snow.

Twilight Song

KATE FORMAN

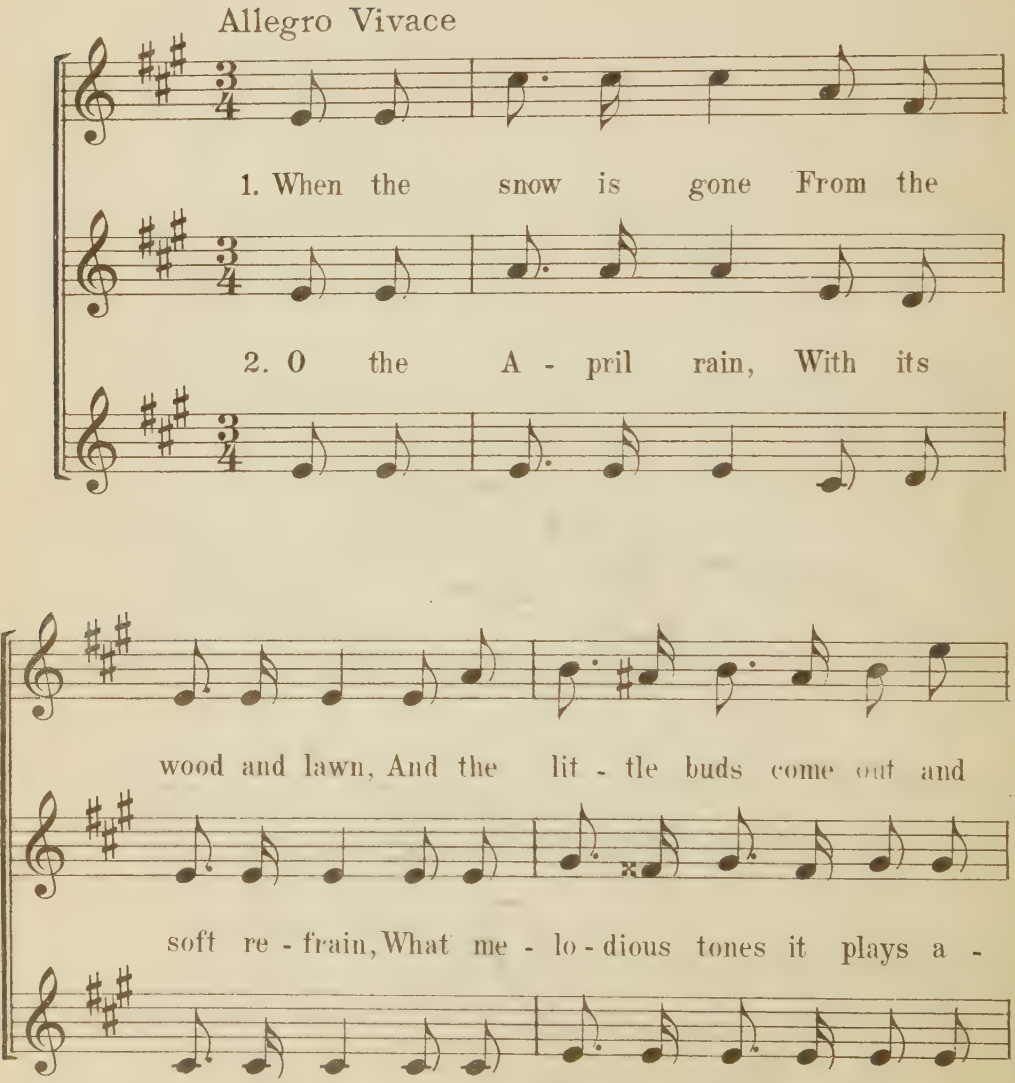
Hungarian Tune Adapted

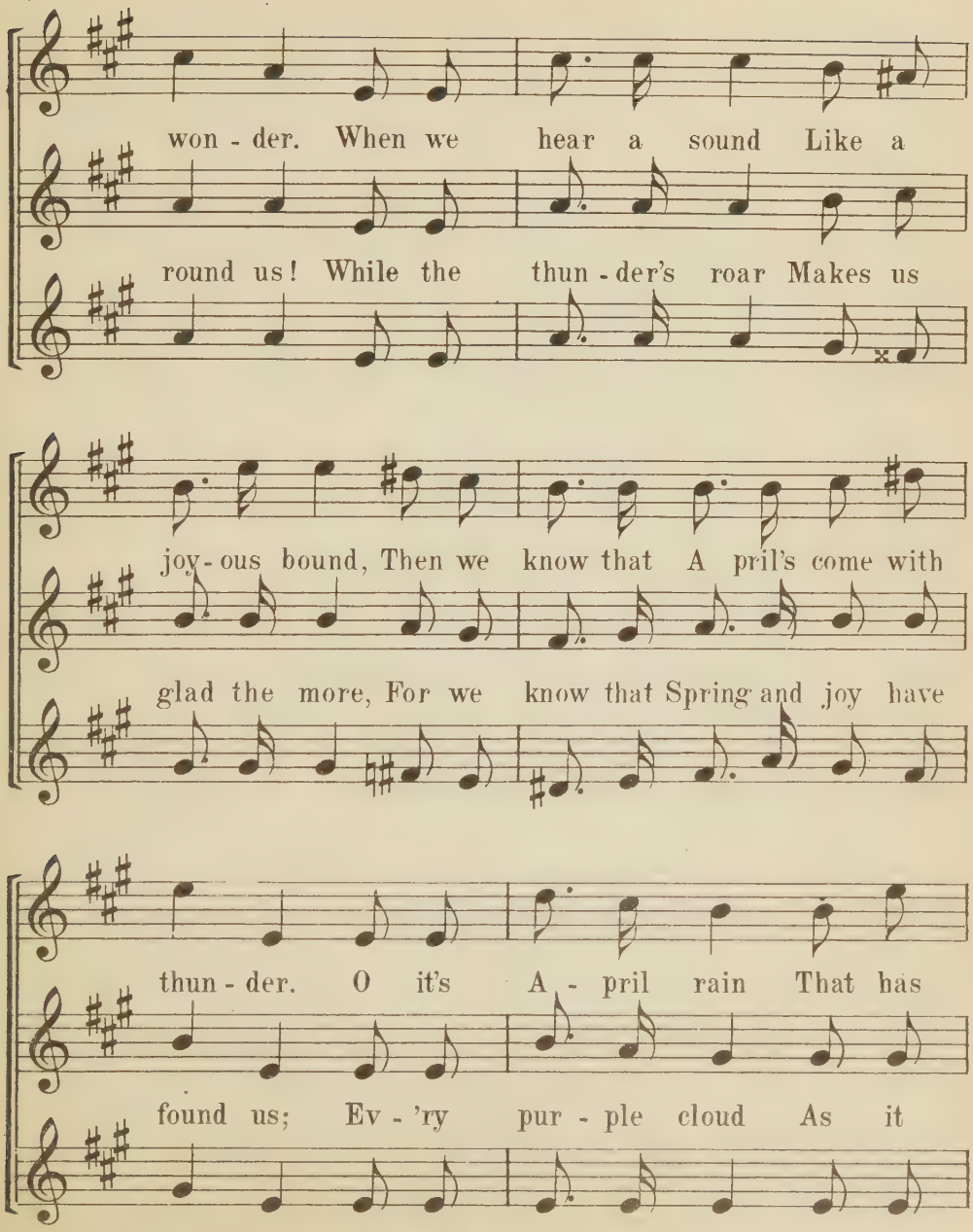
Allegretto
1. Come ev-'ry swal-low, Twi-light is still,
2. Ev-'ry brave fel-low, Feath-ered in gray,
3. Cir-cle and fol-low, Out of our sight,
Come from the hol-low, Come from the hill.
When the lights mel-low, Up and a-way!
Each chim-ney swal-low Knows where to light,
mf
p
Cir-cle and fol-low Mer-ri-ly swift and shrill.
Sun-set's deep yel-low Van-ish-es soon a-way.
mf
p
Down the dark hol-low Call-ing a last good-night!
mf
p

April Thunder

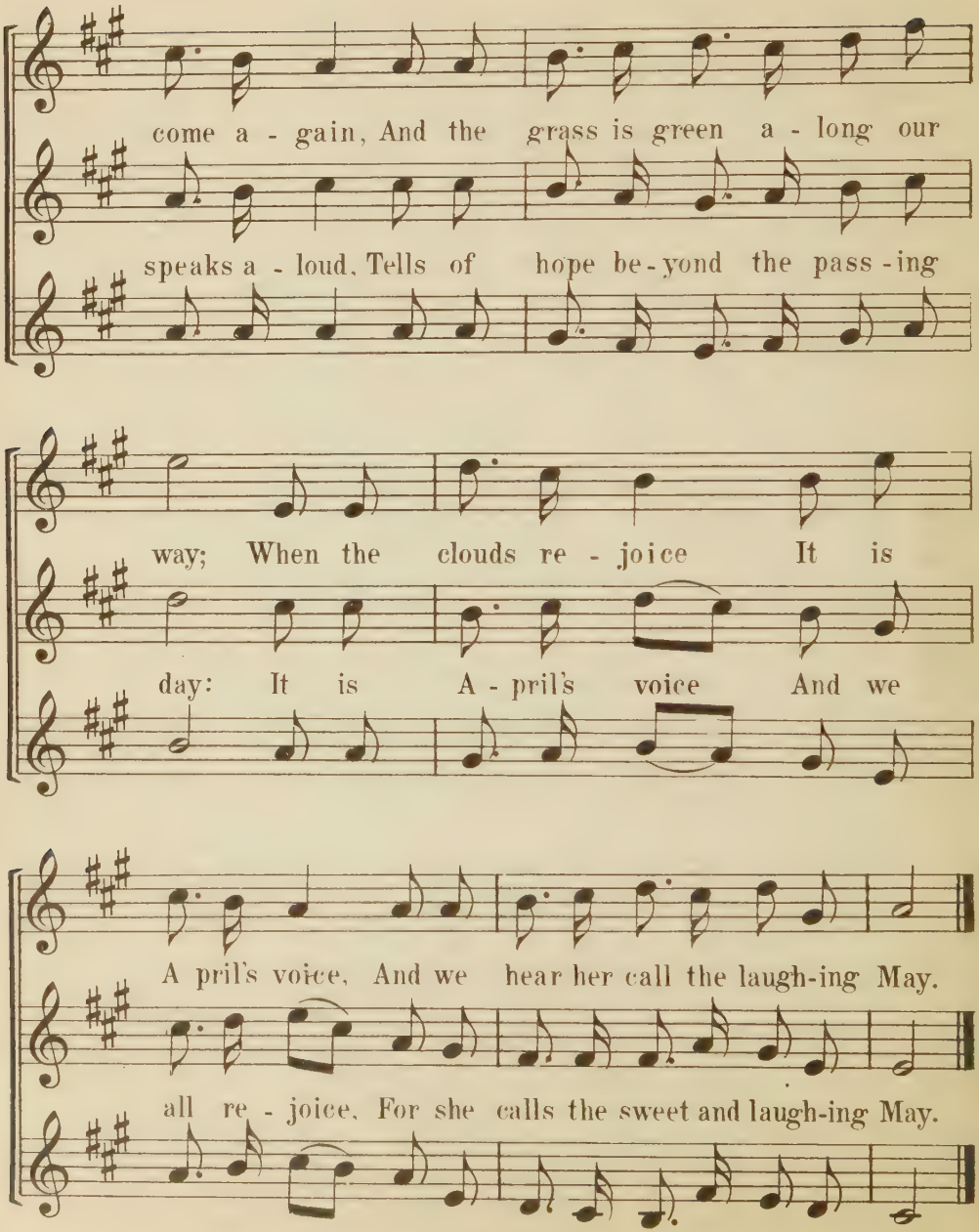
KATE FORMAN

Old German Air


Allegro Vivace
1. When the snow is gone From the
2. O the A - pril rain, With its
wood and lawn, And the lit - tle buds come out and
soft re - frain, What me - lo - dious tones it plays a -


won - der. When we hear a sound Like a
round us! While the thun - der's roar Makes us
joy - ous bound, Then we know that A pril's come with
glad the more, For we know that Spring and joy have
thun - der. O it's A - pril rain That has
found us; Ev - 'ry pur - ple cloud As it

April Thunder *(concluded)*

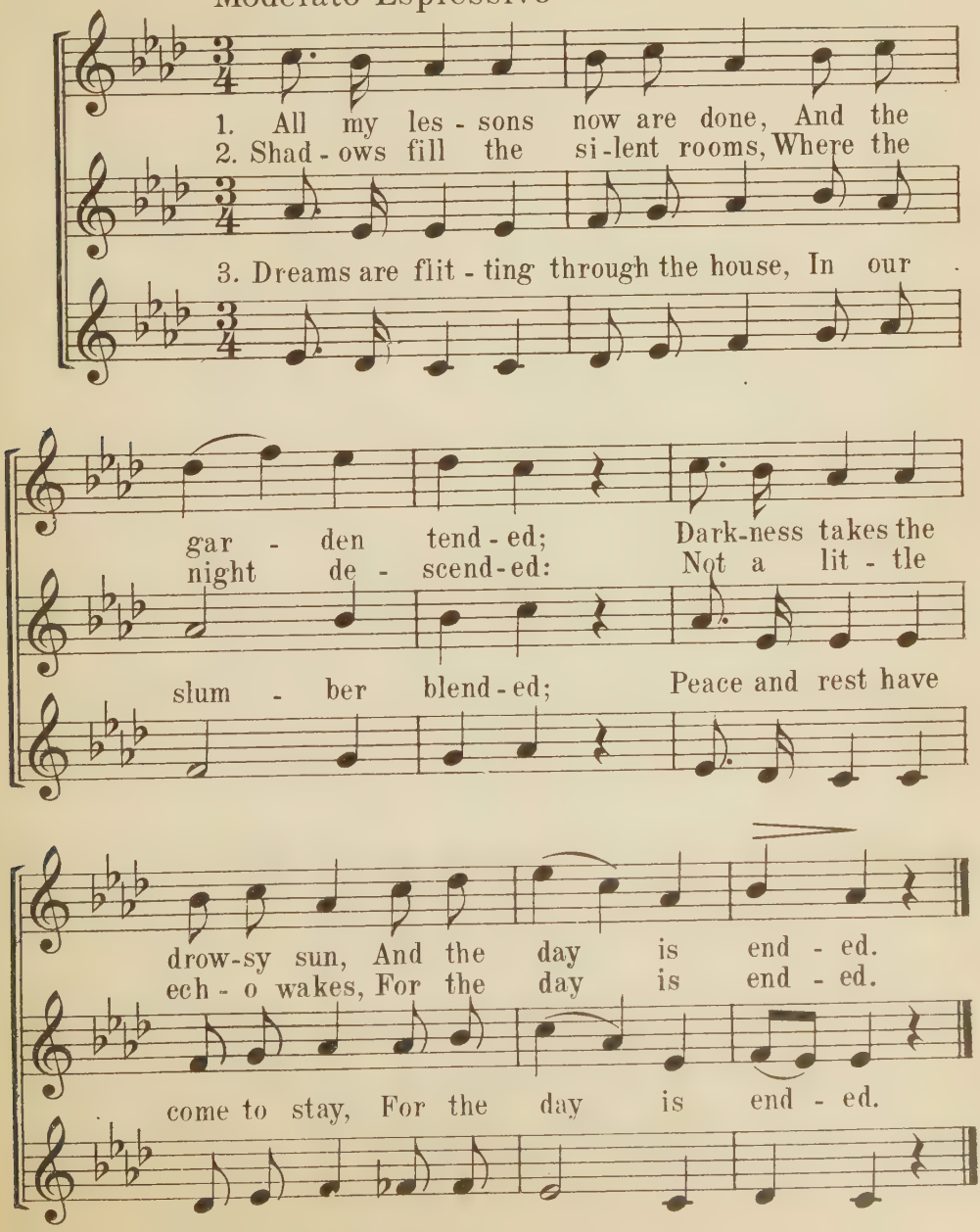

come a - gain, And the grass is green a - long our
speaks a - loud, Tells of hope be - yond the pass - ing
way; When the clouds re - joice It is
day: It is A - pril's voice And we
A pril's voice, And we hear her call the laugh-ing May.
all re - joice, For she calls the sweet and laugh-ing May.

The Day is Ended

KATE FORMAN

ALTENHOFER

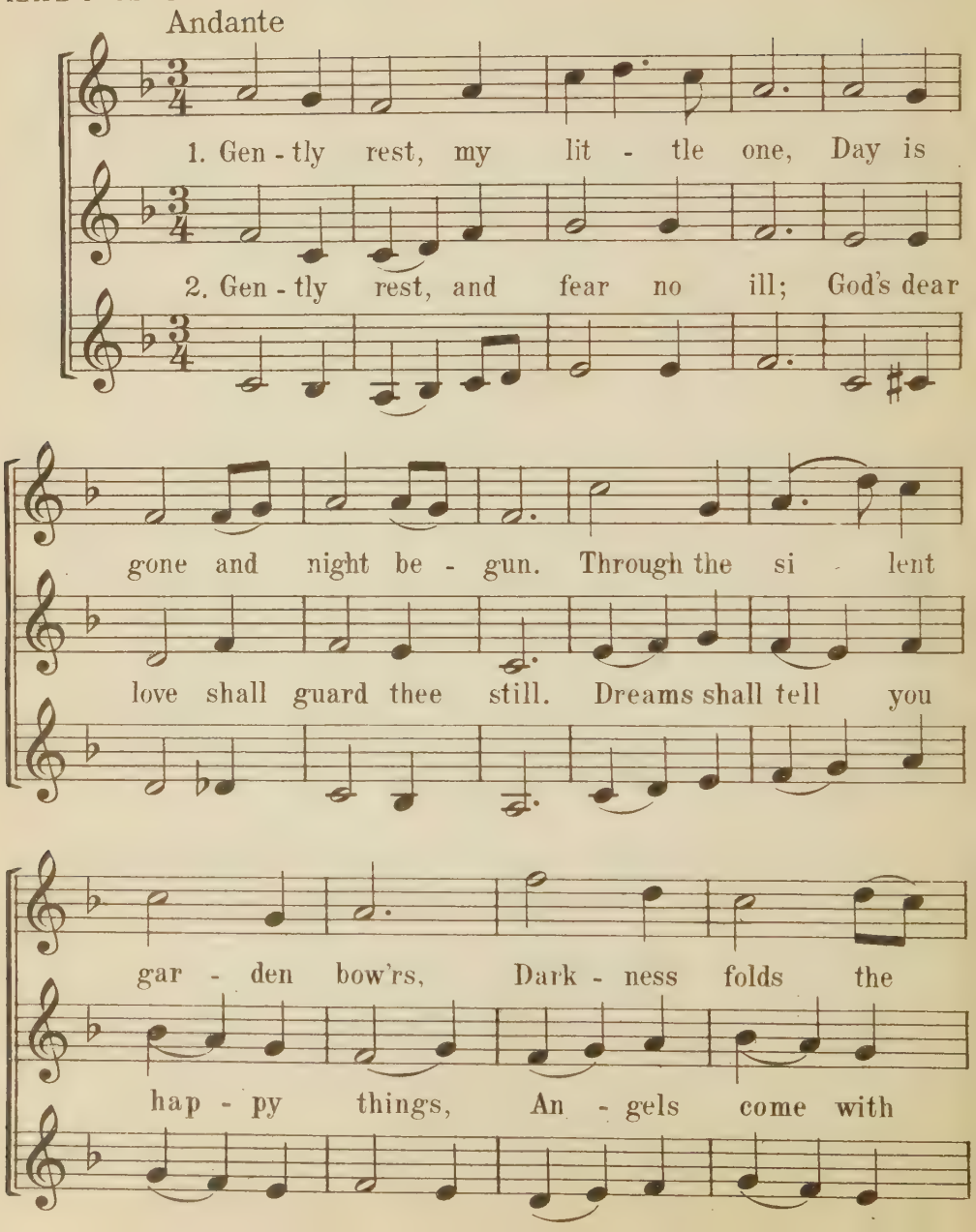
Moderato Espressivo

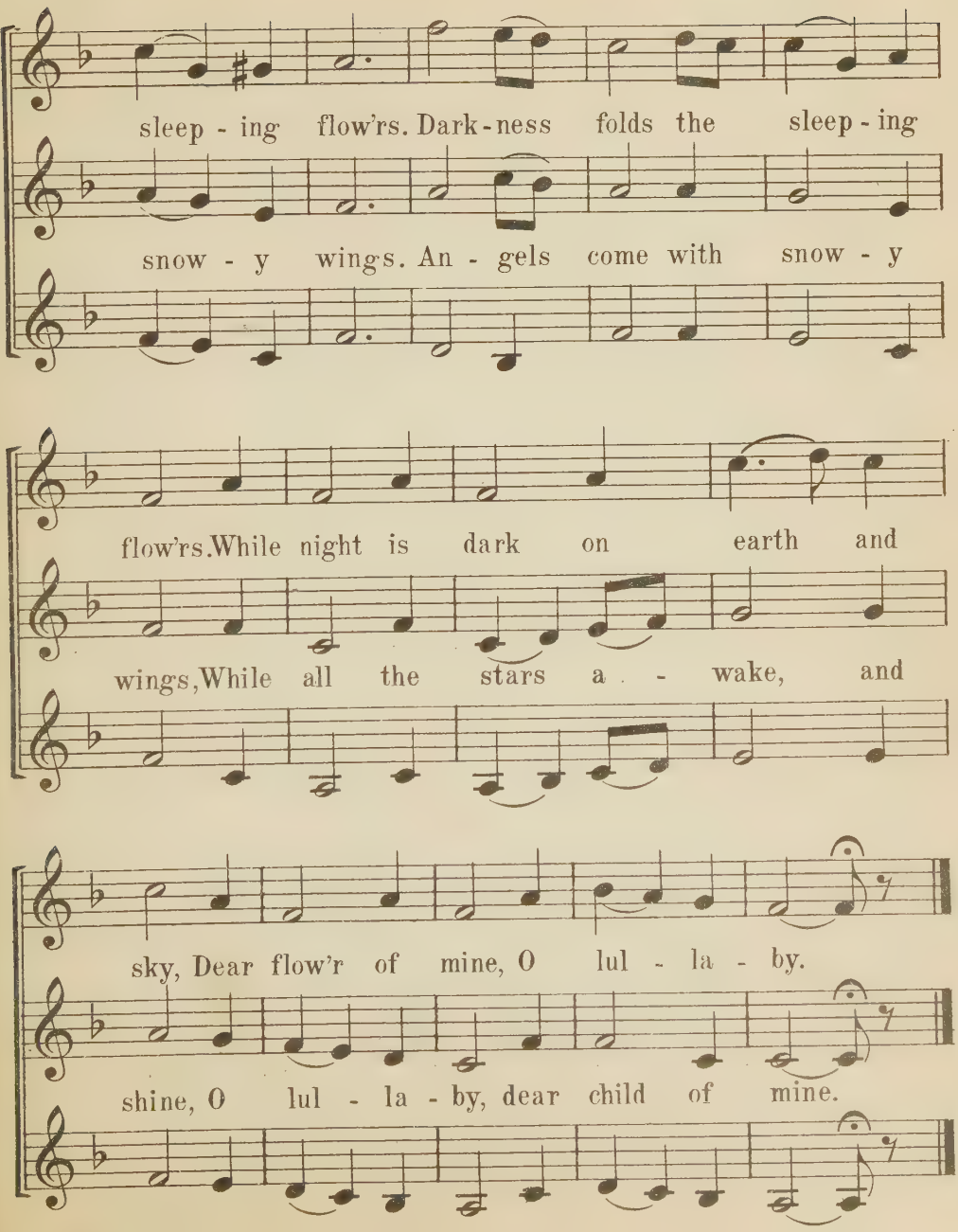

1. All my les - sons now are done, And the
2. Shad - ows fill the si-lent rooms, Where the
3. Dreams are flit - ting through the house, In our
gar - den tend - ed; Dark-ness takes the
night de - scend-ed: Not a lit - tle
slum - ber blend - ed; Peace and rest have
drow-sy sun, And the day is end - ed.
ech - o wakes, For the day is end - ed.
come to stay, For the day is end - ed.

Slumber Song

KATE FORMAN

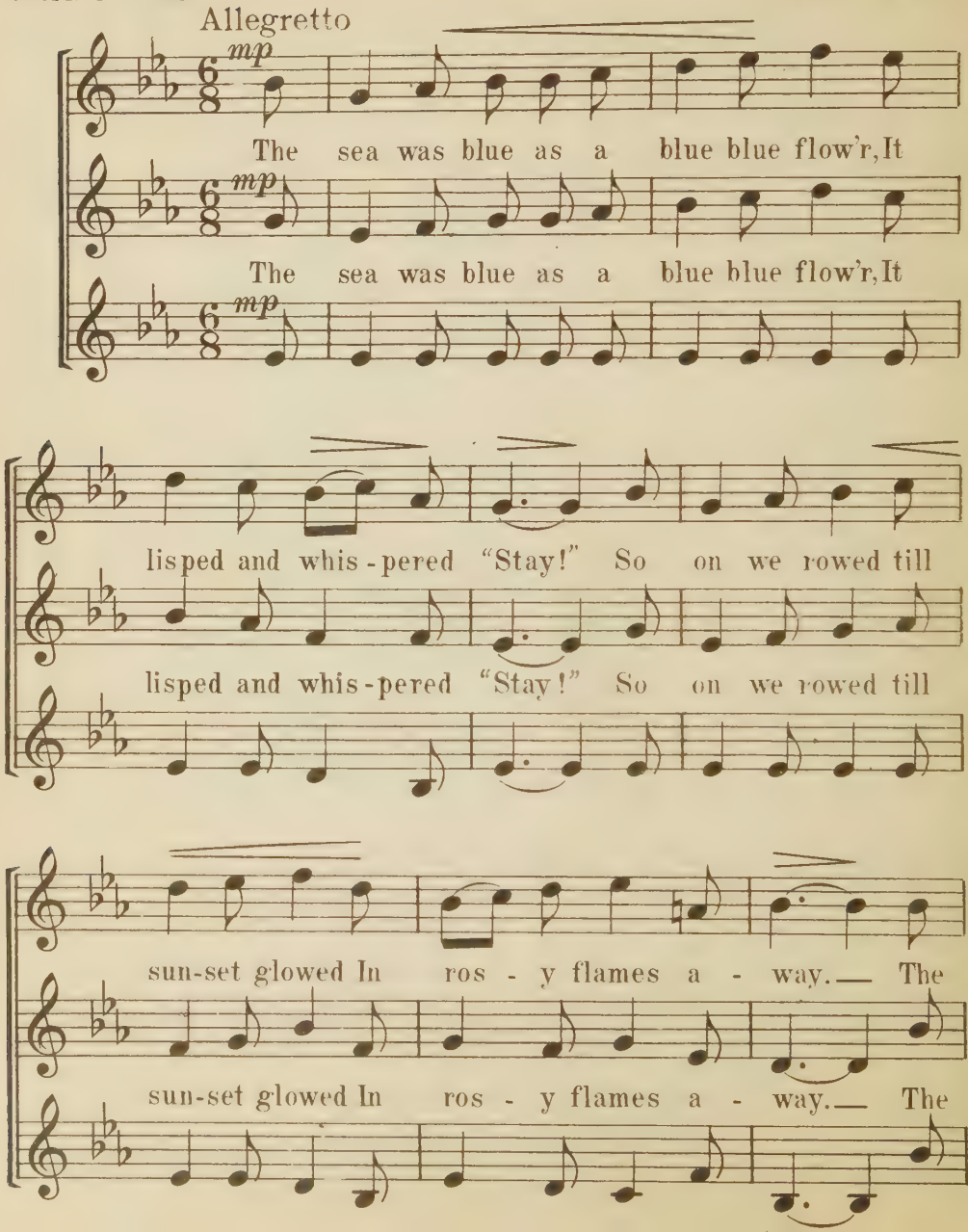
KÜCKEN

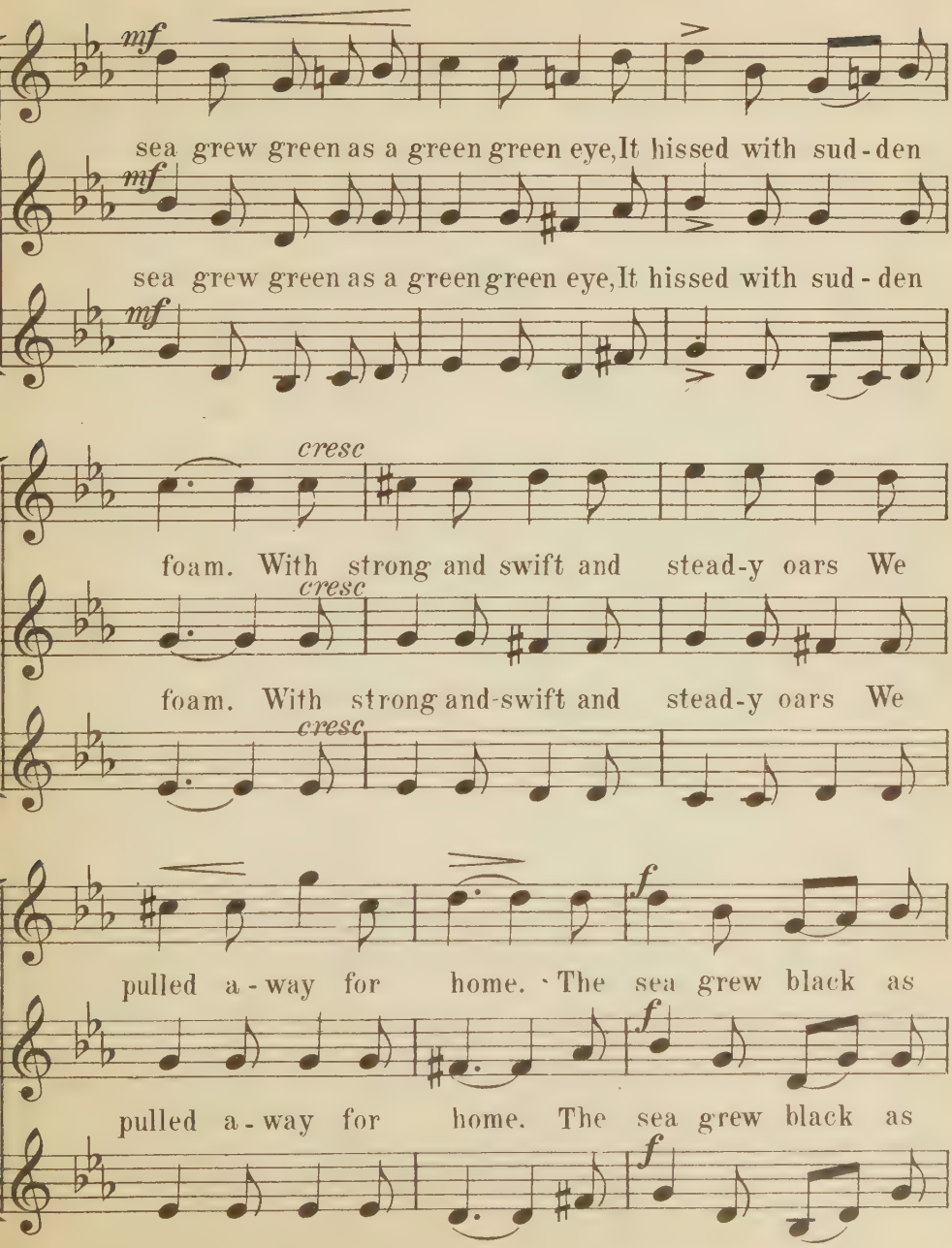

Andante
1. Gen - tly rest, my lit - tle one, Day is
2. Gen - tly rest, and fear no ill; God's dear
gone and night be - gun. Through the si - lent
love shall guard thee still. Dreams shall tell you
gar - den bow'rs, Dark - ness folds the
hap - py things, An - gels come with


sleep - ing flow'rs. Dark - ness folds the sleep - ing
snow - y wings. An - gels come with snow - y
flow'rs. While night is dark on earth and
wings, While all the stars a - wake, and
sky, Dear flow'r of mine, O lul - la - by.
shine, O lul - la - by, dear child of mine.

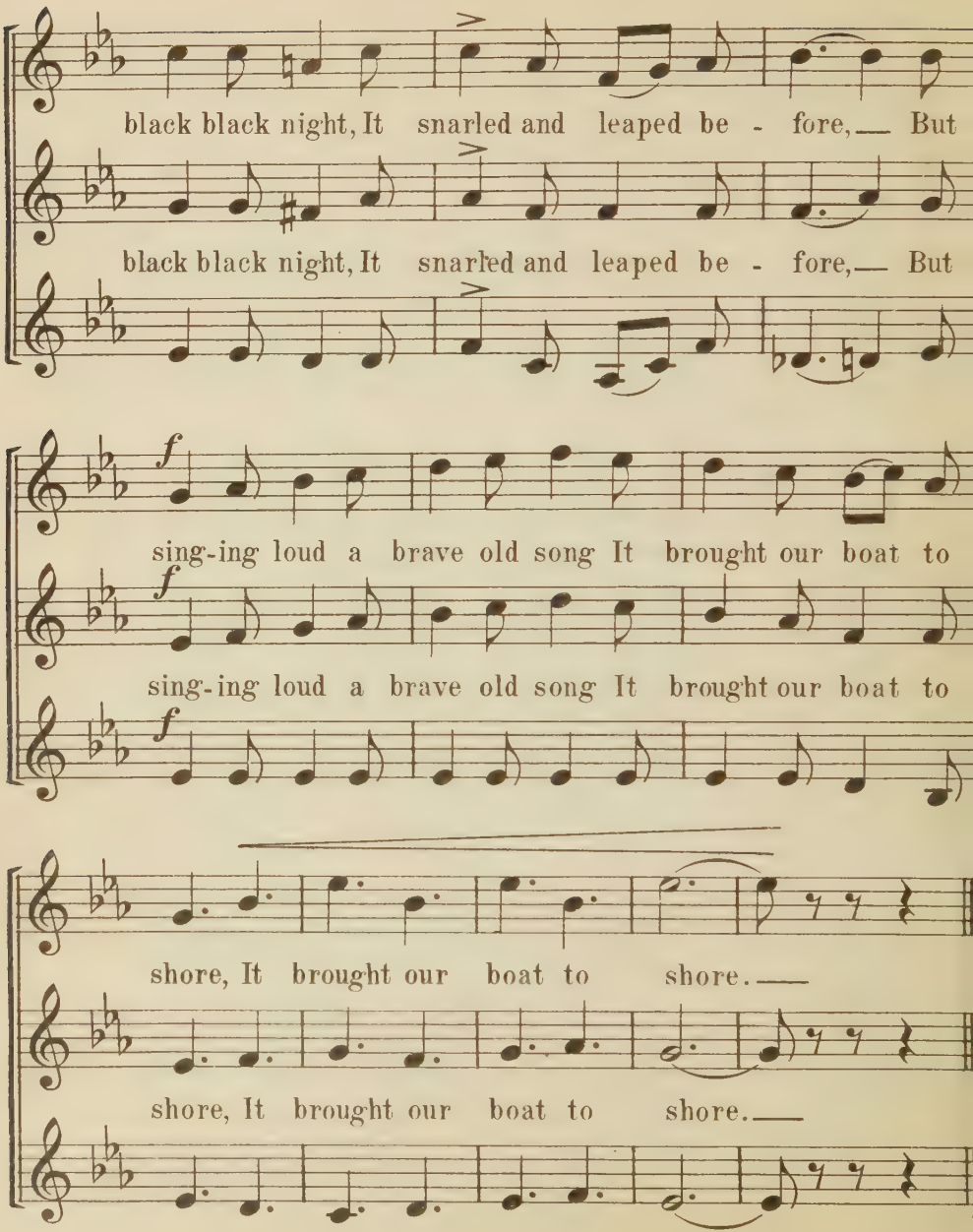
A Summer Storm

KATE FORMAN ELEANOR SMITH


Allegretto
mp
The sea was blue as a blue blue flow'r, It
mp
The sea was blue as a blue blue flow'r, It
mp
lisped and whis-pered "Stay!" So on we rowed till
lisped and whis-pered "Stay!" So on we rowed till
sun-set glowed In ros - y flames a - way. The
sun-set glowed In ros - y flames a - way. The


mf
sea grew green as a green green eye, It hissed with sud-den
mf
sea grew green as a green green eye, It hissed with sud-den
mf
cresc
foam. With strong and swift and stead-y oars We
cresc
foam. With strong and swift and stead-y oars We
cresc
f
pulled a-way for home. The sea grew black as
f
pulled a-way for home. The sea grew black as
f

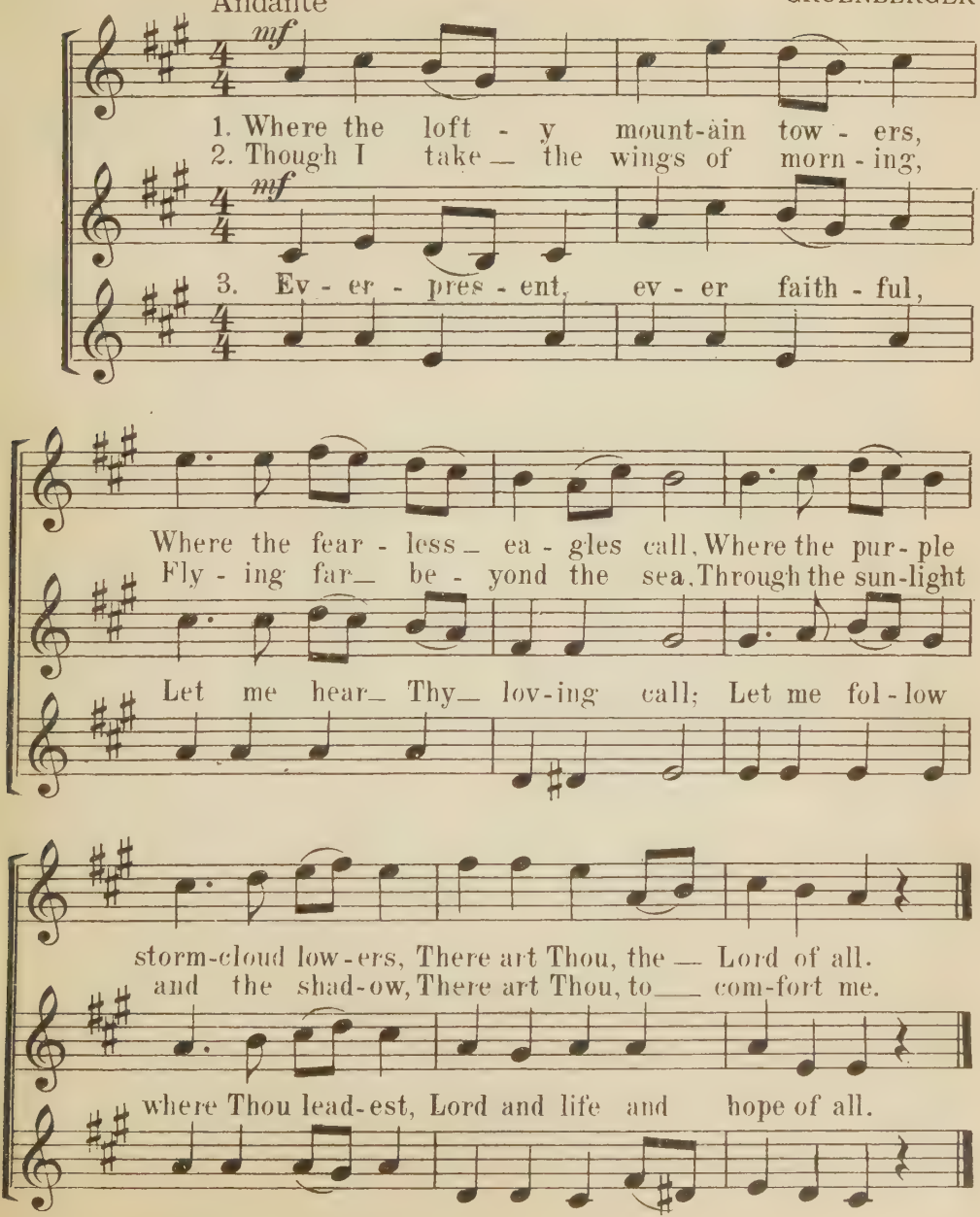
A Summer Storm *(concluded)*


black black night, It snarled and leaped be - fore, — But
black black night, It snarled and leaped be - fore, — But
f
sing-ing loud a brave old song It brought our boat to
f
sing-ing loud a brave old song It brought our boat to
f
shore, It brought our boat to shore. —
shore, It brought our boat to shore. —

Lord of All

Translated from the German

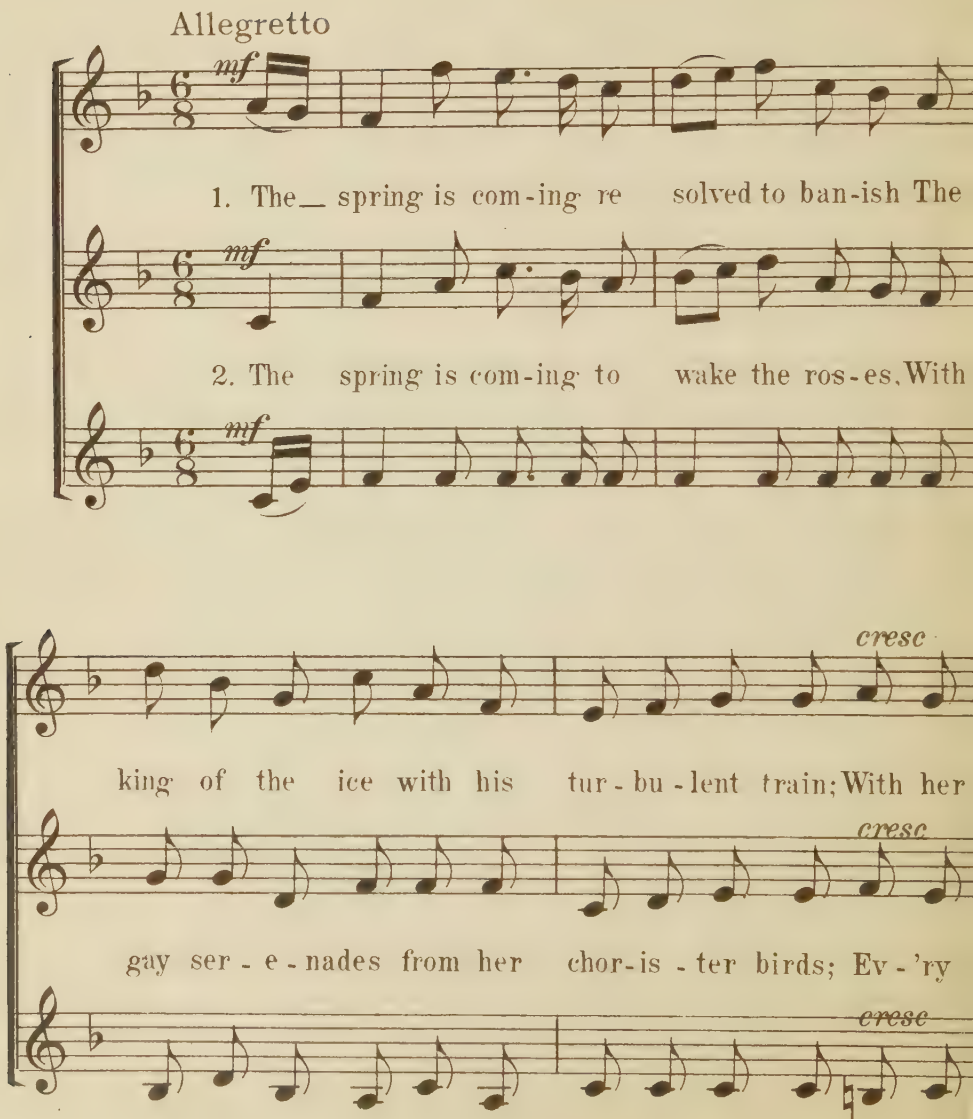
GRUENBERGER

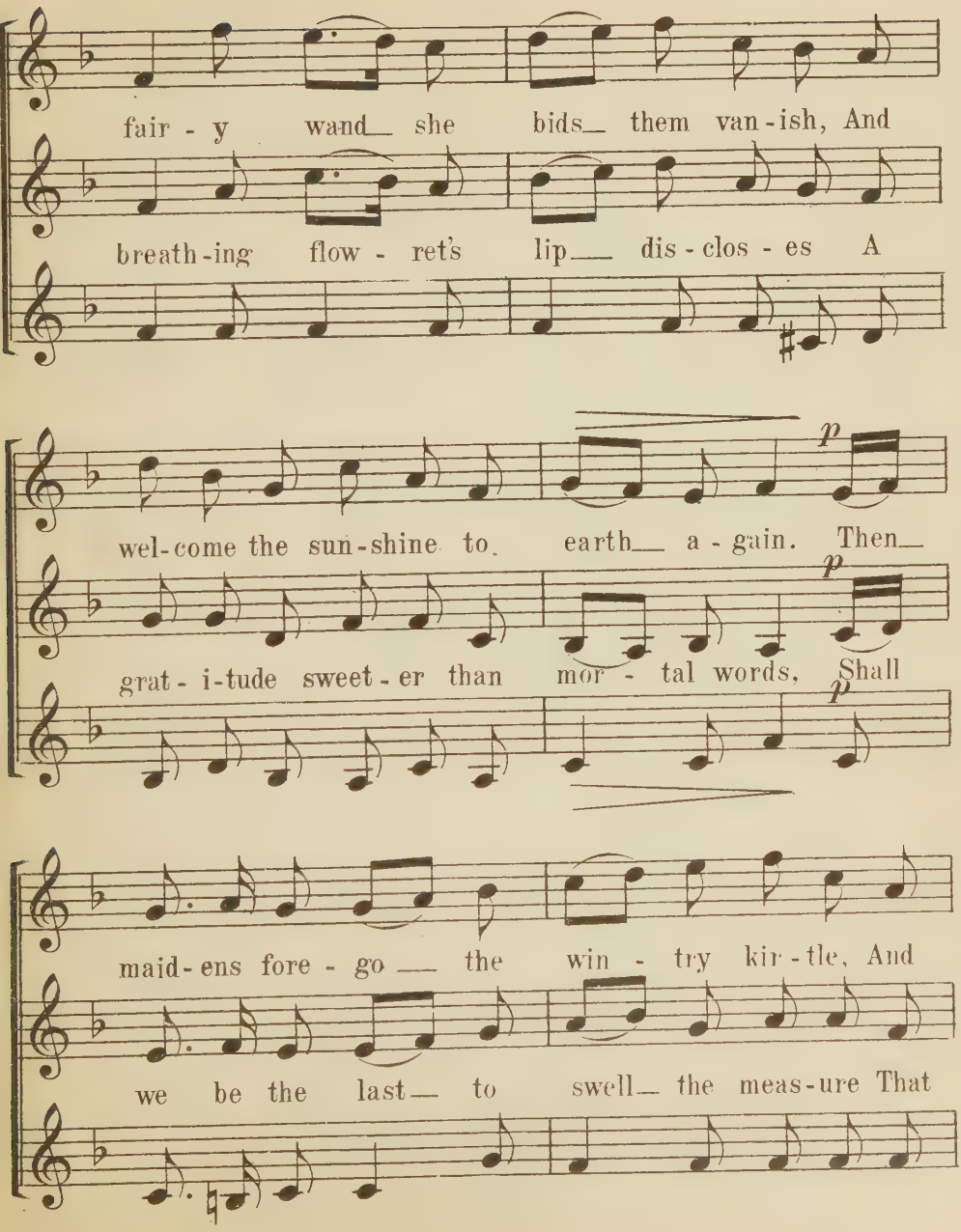

Andante
mf
1. Where the loft - y mount-ain tow - ers,
2. Though I take the wings of morn - ing,
3. Ev - er - pres - ent, ev - er faith - ful,
Where the fear - less ea - gles call, Where the pur - ple
Fly - ing far be - yond the sea, Through the sun-light
Let me hear Thy lov-ing call; Let me fol - low
storm-cloud low-ers, There art Thou, the Lord of all.
and the shad-ow, There art Thou, to com-fort me.
where Thou lead-est, Lord and life and hope of all.

The Spring is Coming

G. McFARREN

English Folk Son

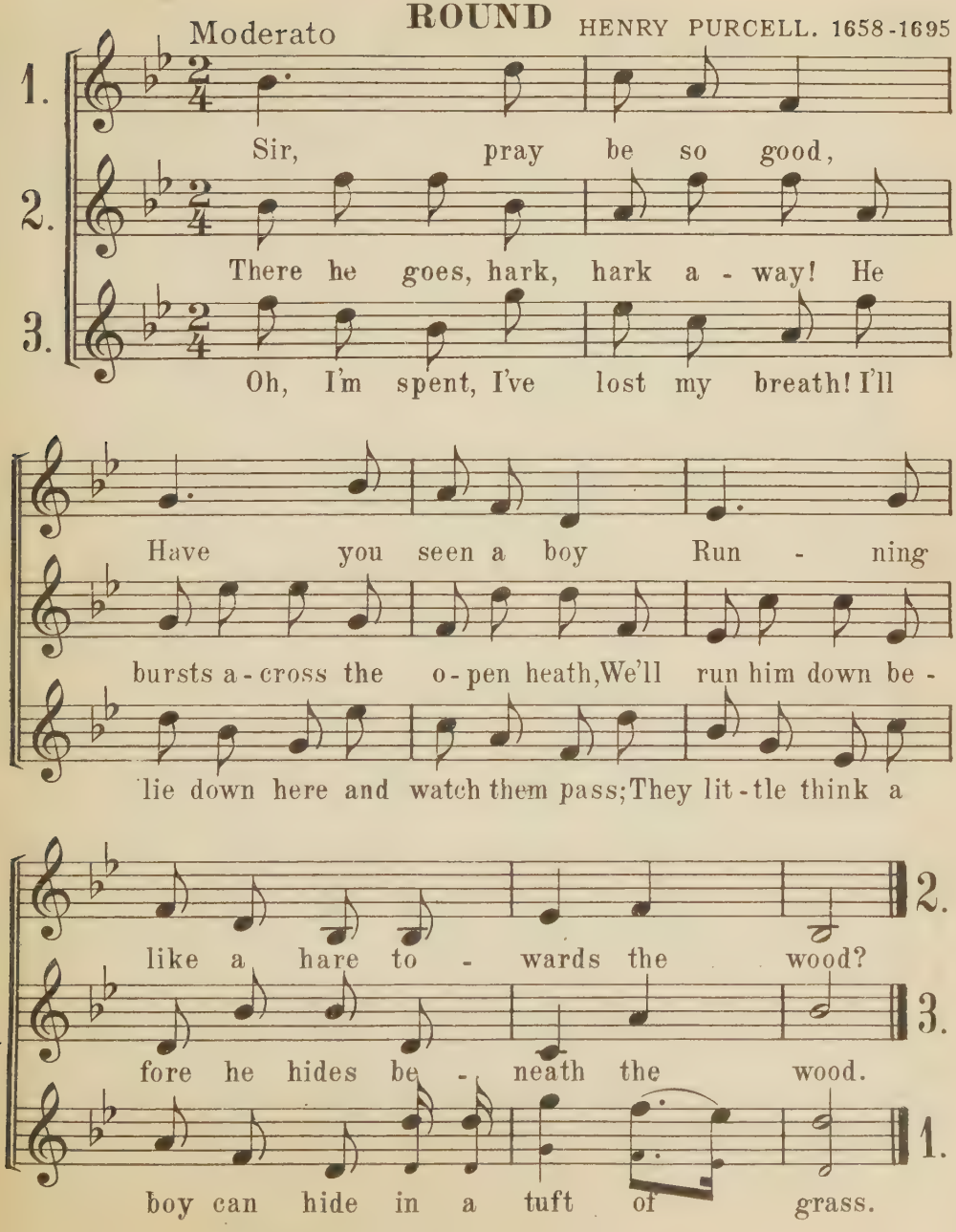

Allegretto
mf
1. The_ spring is com-ing re solved to ban-ish The
mf
2. The spring is com-ing to wake the ros-es, With
mf
cresc
king of the ice with his tur-bu-lent train; With her
cresc
gay ser-e-nades from her chor-is-ter birds; Ev-'ry
cresc


fair - y wand she bids them van - ish, And
breath - ing flow - ret's lip dis - clos - es A
wel - come the sun - shine to earth a - gain. Then
p
grat - i - tude sweet - er than mor - tal words, Shall
p
maid - ens fore - go the win - try kir - tle, And
we be the last to swell the meas - ure That

poco rit
lace ev-'ry bod-ice with bright green string. And
poco rit
all Na-ture's chil-dren in har-mo-ny sing? Ah!
poco rit
mf a tempo
twine each lat-tice with wreaths of myr-tle To
mf a tempo
no, we'll tune with a ho-li-er pleas-ure The
mf a tempo
f
hon-or the ad-vent of joy-ful spring.
f
car-ol of wel-come to joy-ful spring.
f

Hunting the Hare

ROUND HENRY PURCELL. 1658-1695

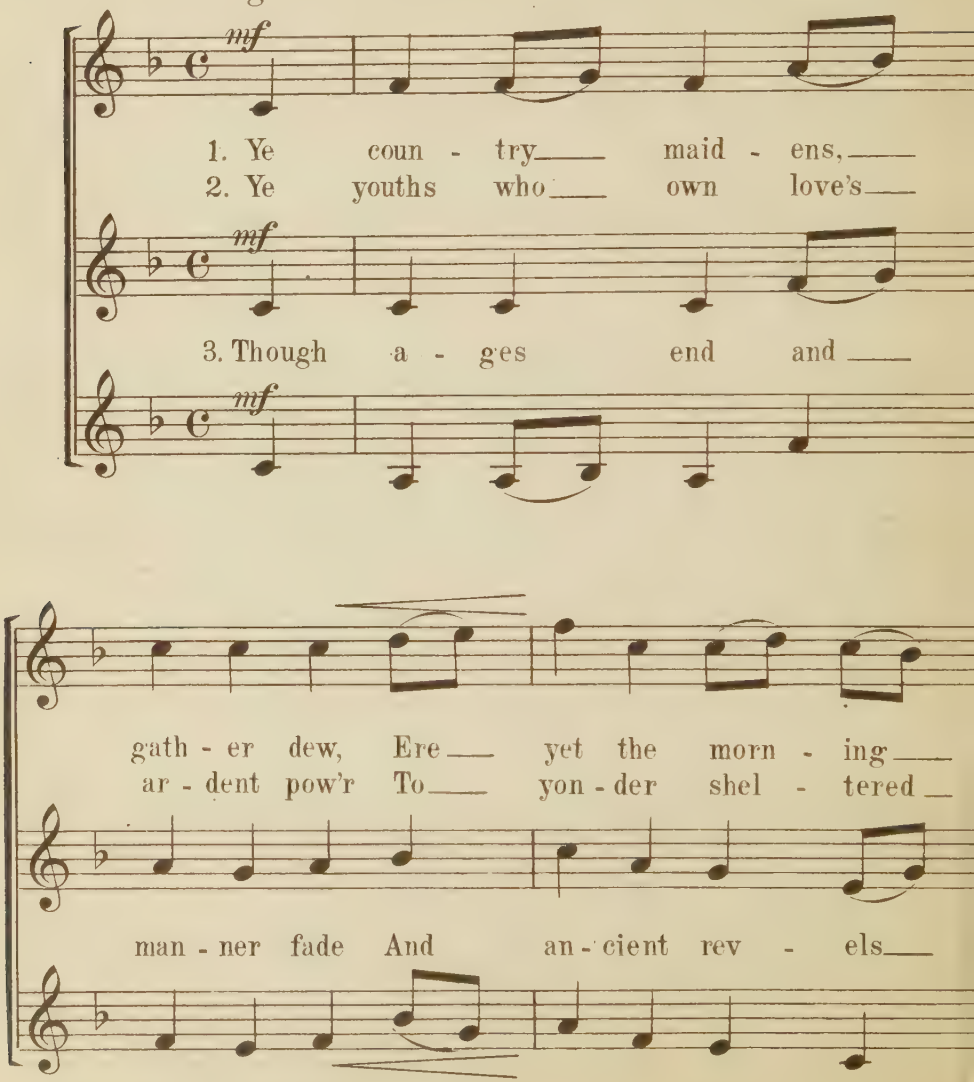

Moderato
1.
2.
3.
Sir, pray be so good,
There he goes, hark, hark a - way! He
Oh, I'm spent, I've lost my breath! I'll
Have you seen a boy Run - ning
bursts a - cross the o - pen heath, We'll run him down be -
lie down here and watch them pass; They lit - tle think a
2.
3.
1.
like a hare to - wards the wood?
fore he hides be - neath the wood.
boy can hide in a tuft of grass.

Cornish May Song

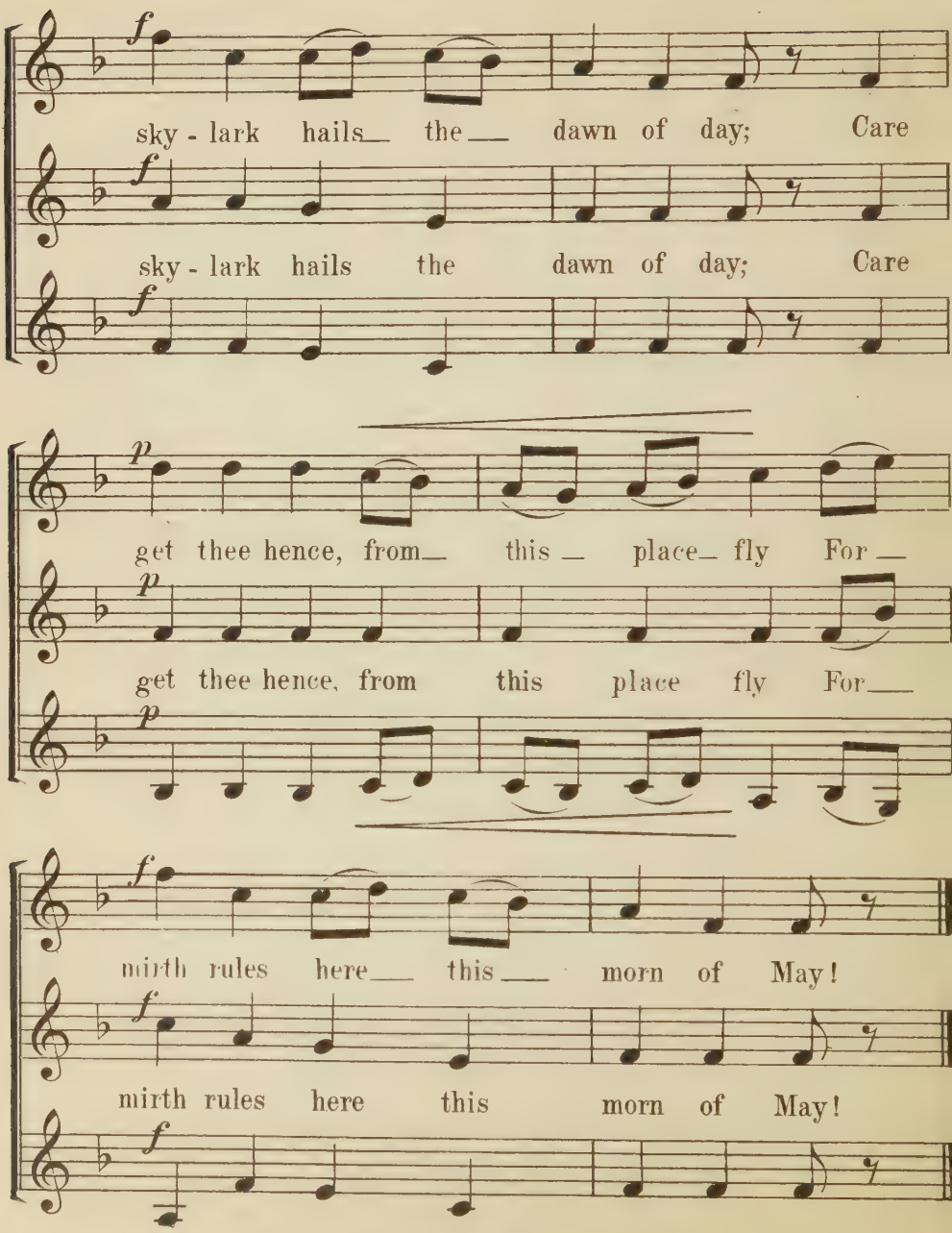
Sir A. BOSWELL

Folkson

Allegro Moderato


mf
1. Ye coun - try maid - ens,
2. Ye youths who own love's
mf
3. Though a - ges end and
mf
gath - er dew, Ere yet the morn - ing
ar - dent pow'r To yon - der shel - tered
man - ner fade And an - cient rev - els

breez-es blow. The fair - y rings are
bank re - pair; There seek the ope - ning
pass a - way, I hope it nev - er
CHO.
fresh and new, Then caut-ious mark them as ye go. A -
ear - ly flow'r To deck the tress - es of the fair.
may be said For - got-ten is sweet Flo-ra Day. A -
f
rise, a - rise, the night is past, The
f
rise, a - rise, the night is past, The
f


f
sky - lark hails the dawn of day; Care
f
sky - lark hails the dawn of day; Care
f
p
get thee hence, from this place fly For
p
get thee hence, from this place fly For
p
f
mirth rules here this morn of May!
f
mirth rules here this morn of May!
f

Under the Pines

KATE FORMAN

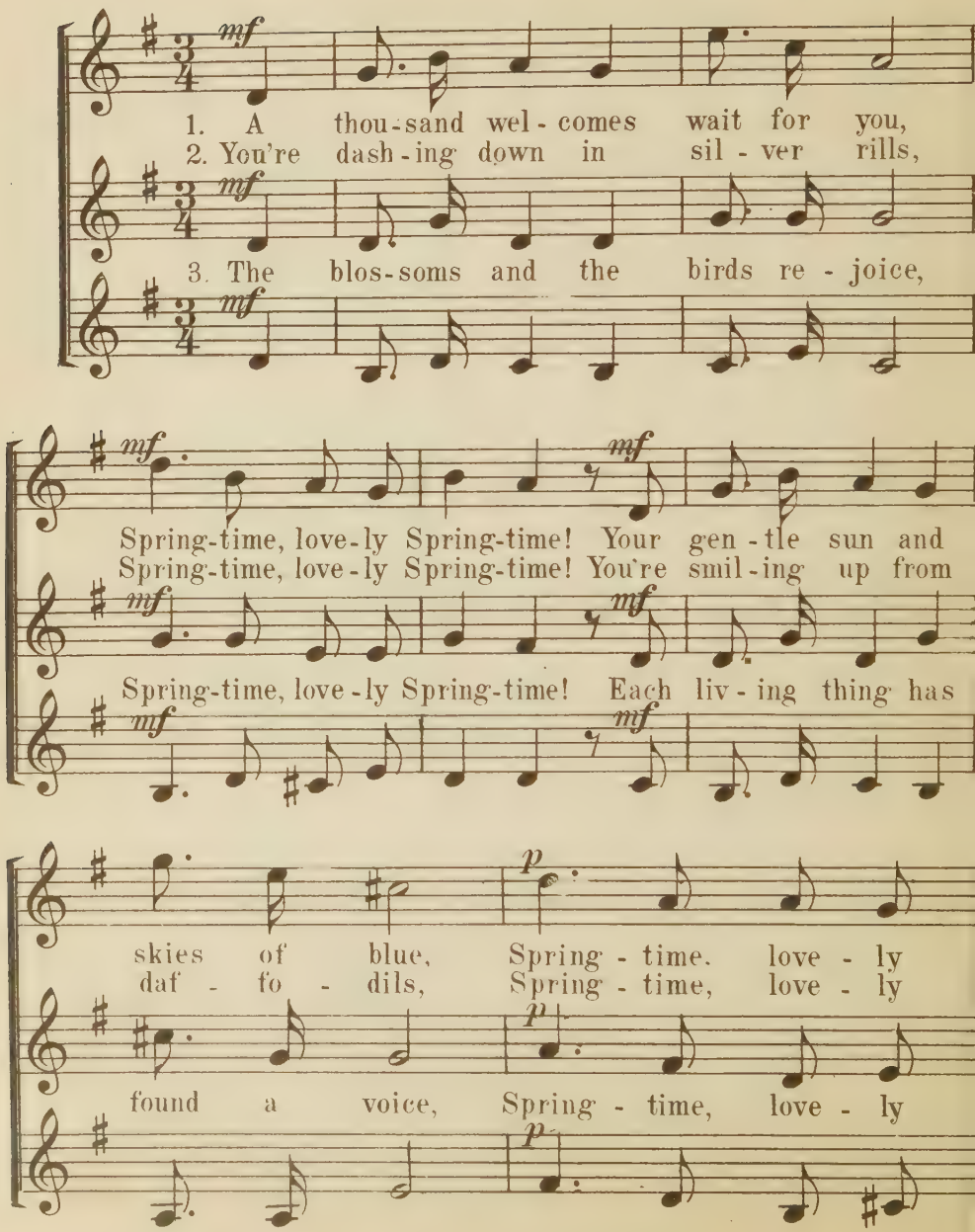
DANIEL PROTHEROE

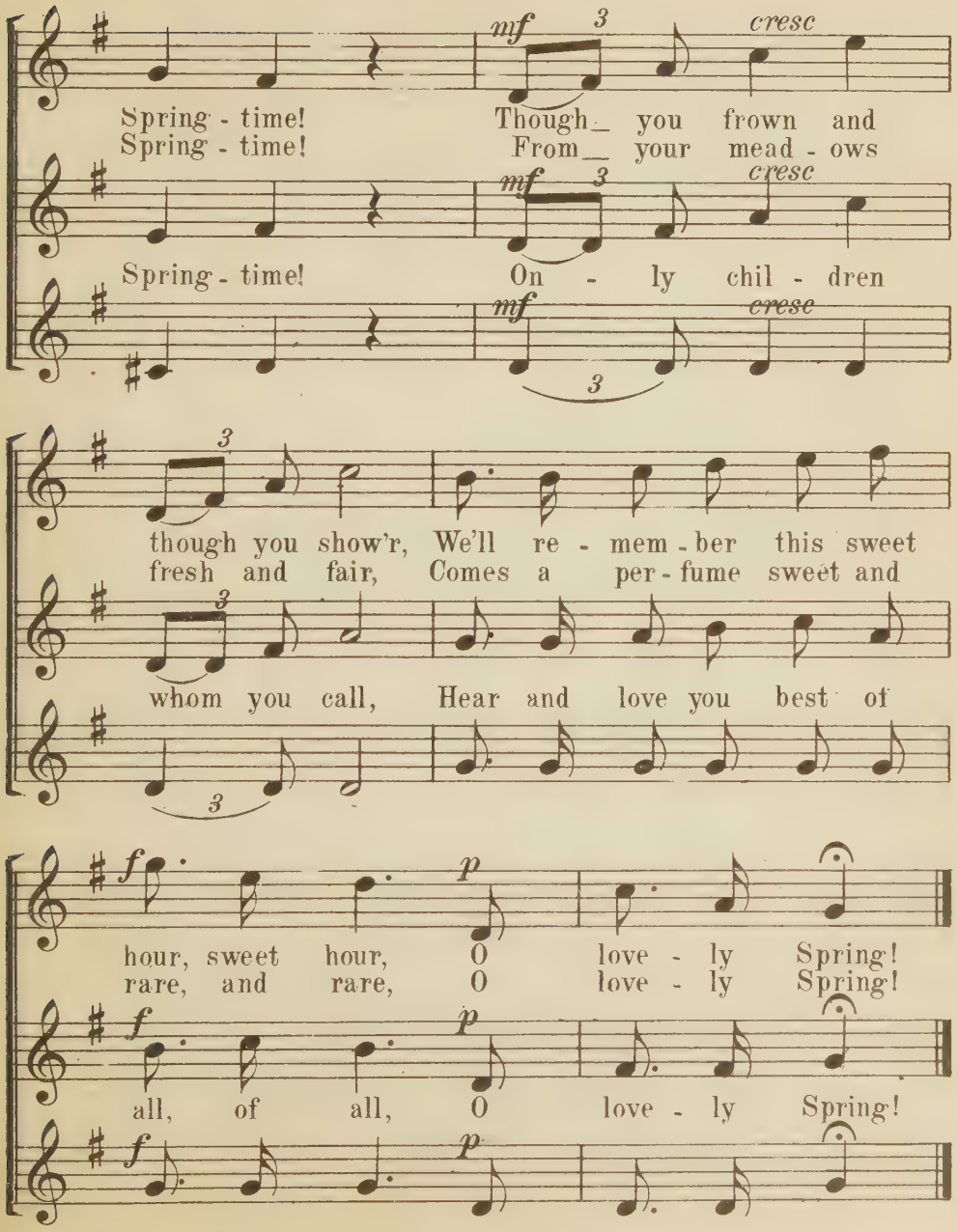
Allegretto

mf
1. Shad-y pine-trees, hide me a-way: Bright and high the
2. Shad - y pine-trees, sing me your song! Thro' your harpstrings
sun is soar-ing; Flam-ing rays like jew-els pour-ing!
light-ly stray-ing, Fair-y winds are ev - er play-ing;
Where you keep your shad-ows deep, O let me stay:
Sweet as words of chirp-ing birds, When night is long.

Greeting to Spring

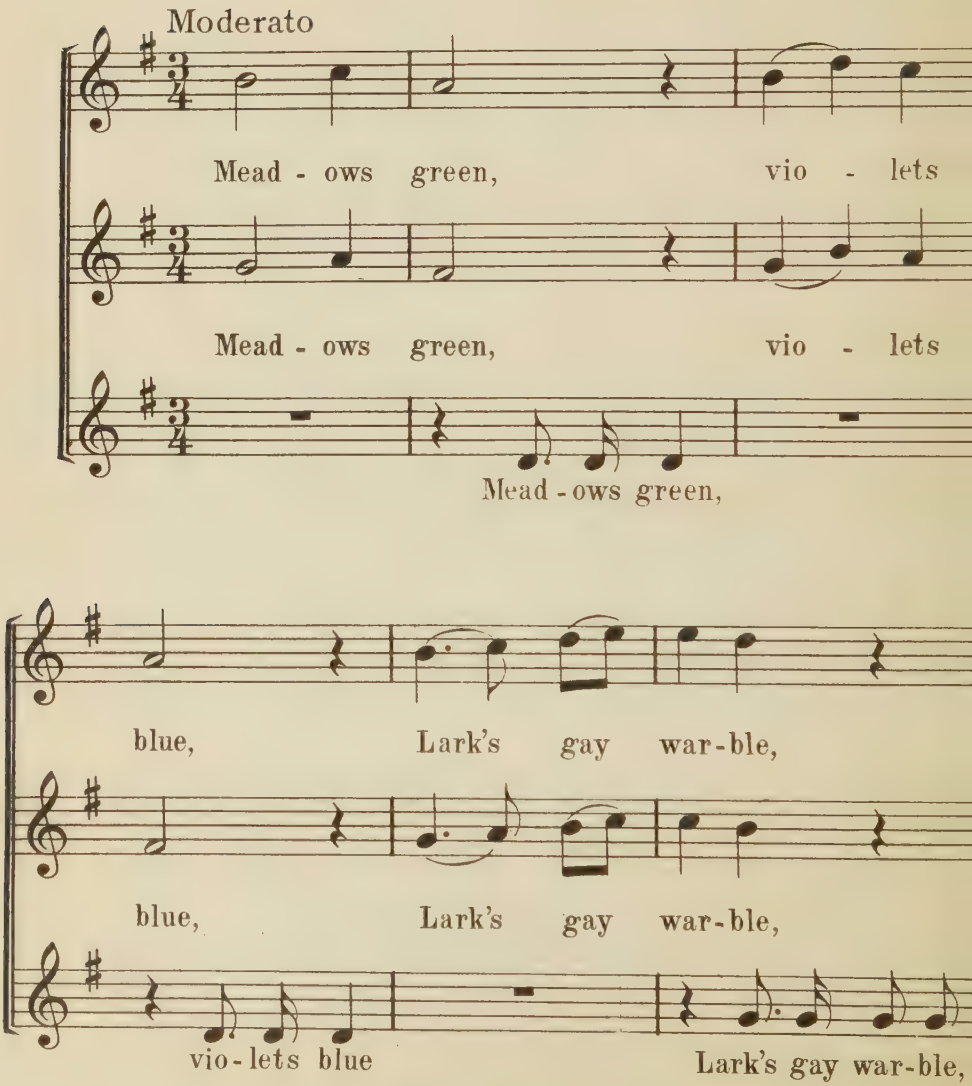
R. SCHUMANN


mf
1. A thou-sand wel-comes wait for you,
2. You're dash-ing down in sil-ver rills,
3. The blos-soms and the birds re-joice,
Spring-time, love-ly Spring-time! Your gen-tle sun and
Spring-time, love-ly Spring-time! You're smil-ing up from
Spring-time, love-ly Spring-time! Each liv-ing thing has
p
skies of blue, Spring-time, love-ly
daf-fo-dils, Spring-time, love-ly
found a voice, Spring-time, love-ly


mf
cresc
Spring - time! Though you frown and
Spring - time! From your mead - ows
Spring - time! On - ly chil - dren
though you show'r, We'll re - mem - ber this sweet
fresh and fair, Comes a per - fume sweet and
whom you call, Hear and love you best of
f
p
hour, sweet hour, O love - ly Spring!
rare, and rare, O love - ly Spring!
all, of all, O love - ly Spring!

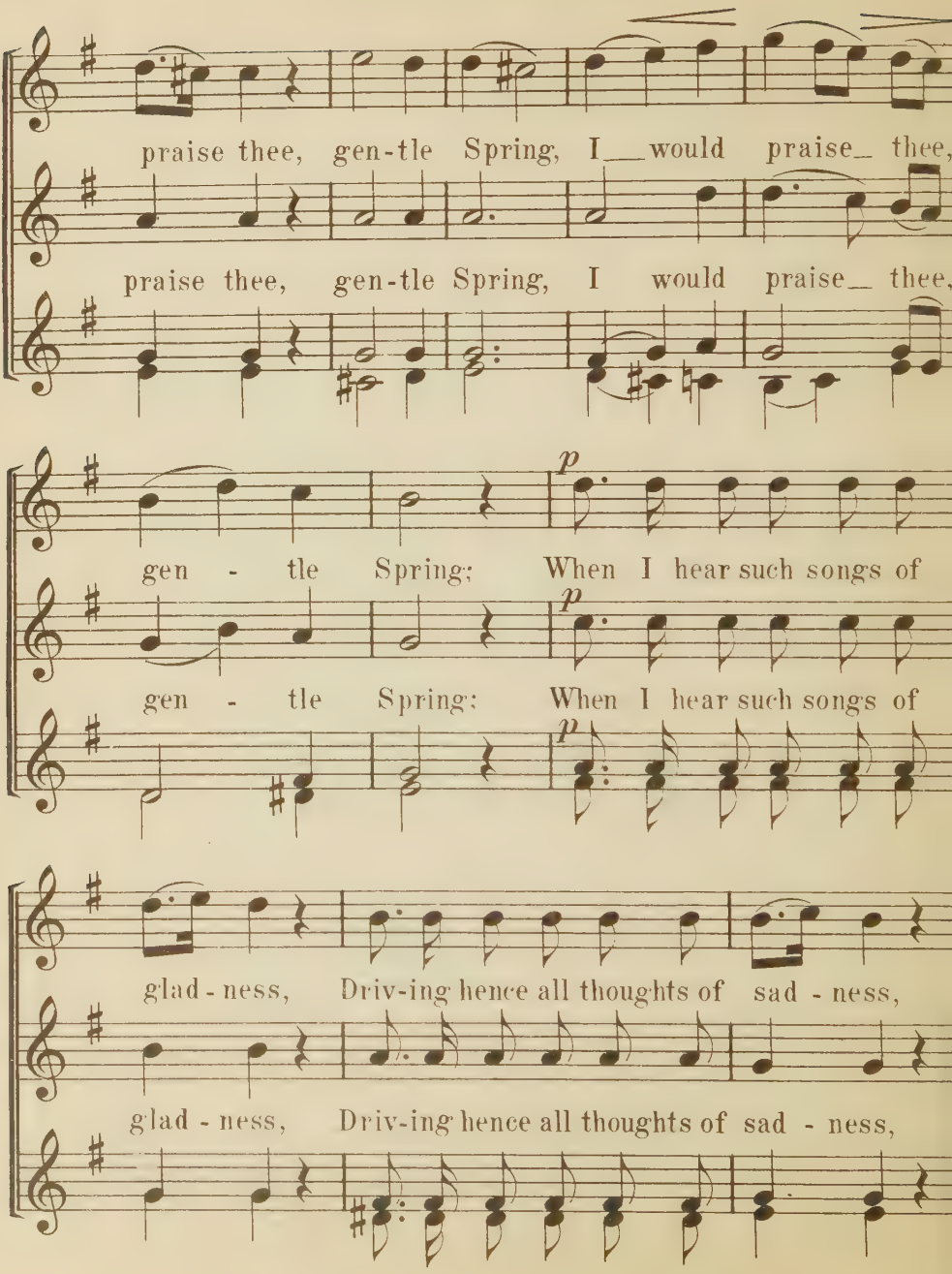
Meadows Green

F. SILCHER


Moderato
Mead - ows green, vio - lets
Mead - ows green, vio - lets
Mead - ows green,
blue, Lark's gay war-ble,
blue, Lark's gay war-ble,
vio - lets blue
Lark's gay war-ble,

black - bird's song, Sun - ny show - ers,
black - bird's song, Sun - ny show - ers,
black-bird's song, Sun-ny show - ers,
m
zeph - yrs soft. When I hear such songs of glad - ness,
m
zeph - yrs soft. When I hear such songs of glad - ness,
m
Driv - ing hence all thoughts of sad - ness, I would
Driv - ing hence all thoughts of sad - ness, I would

Meadows Green *(cont.)*


praise thee, gen-tle Spring, I would praise thee,
praise thee, gen-tle Spring, I would praise thee,
p
gen - tle Spring; When I hear such songs of
p
gen - tle Spring; When I hear such songs of
p
glad - ness, Driv-ing hence all thoughts of sad - ness,
glad - ness, Driv-ing hence all thoughts of sad - ness,

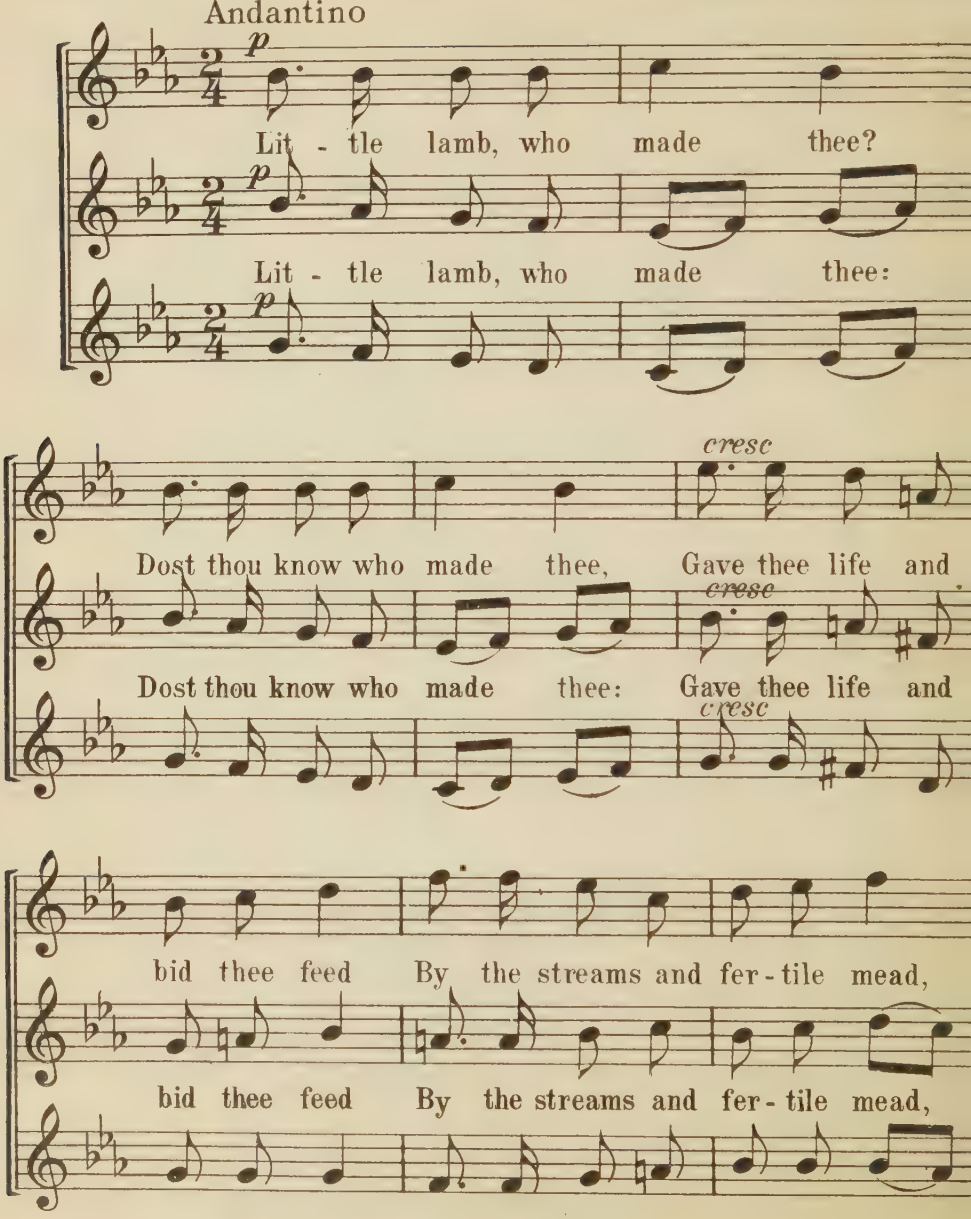
I would praise thee, gen - tle Spring,
I would praise thee, gen - tle Spring,
I___ would praise___ thee, gen - tle Spring,
I would praise___ thee, gen - tle Spring,
p
gen - tle Sring gen - tle Spring.
p
gen - tle Sring gen - tle Spring.
p

WILLIAM BLAKE

From "Songs of Innocence"

The Lamb

DANIEL PROTHERO

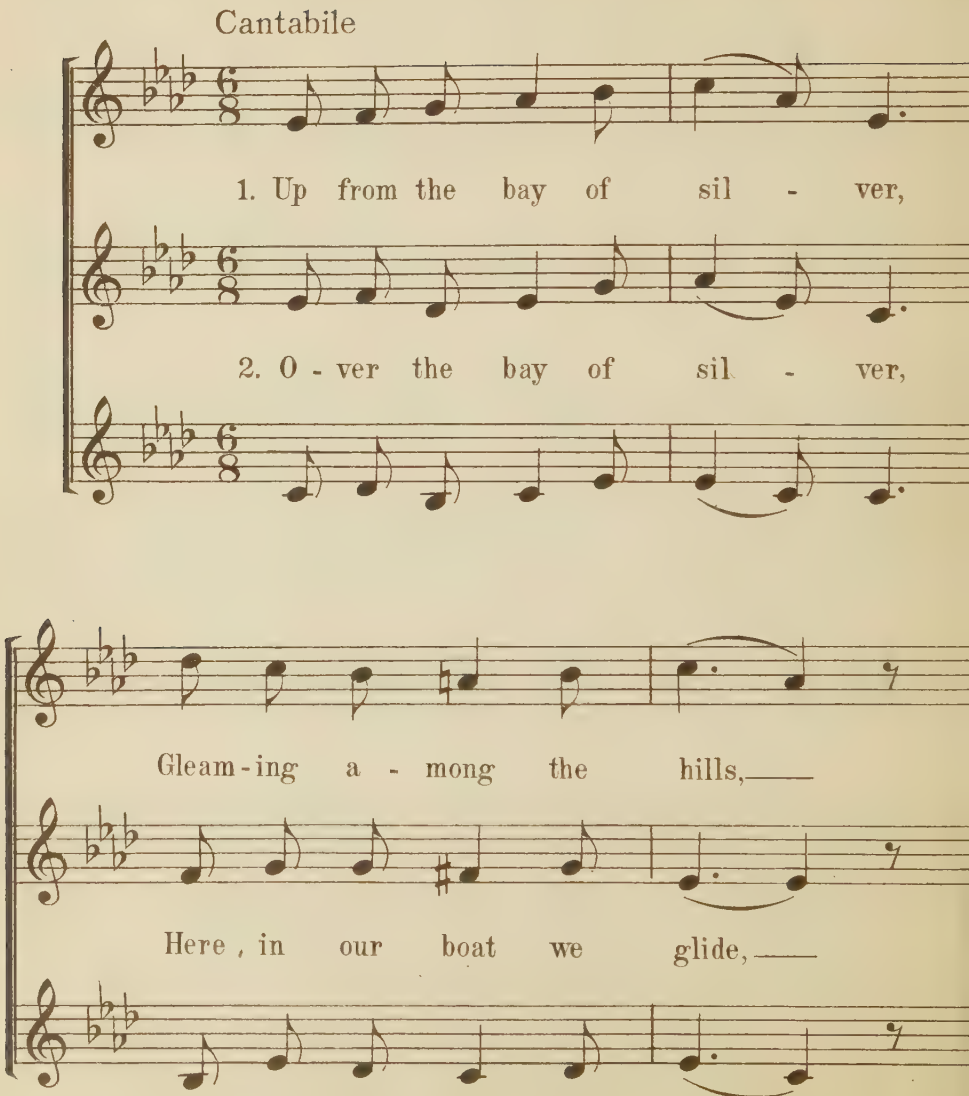

Andantino
p
Lit - tle lamb, who made thee?
Lit - tle lamb, who made thee:
cresc
Dost thou know who made thee, Gave thee life and
Dost thou know who made thee: Gave thee life and
bid thee feed By the streams and fer - tile mead,
bid thee feed By the streams and fer - tile mead,

The Lamb *(cont.)*

p
Gave the cloth-ing of de - light, Soft-est cloth-ing,
p
Gave the cloth-ing of de - light, Soft-est cloth-ing,
p
wool-ly, bright, Gave thee such a ten - der voice,
wool-ly, bright, Gave thee such a ten - der voice,
Mak - ing all the vales re - joice.
Mak - ing all the vales re - joice.

Fair Napoli

KATE FORMAN

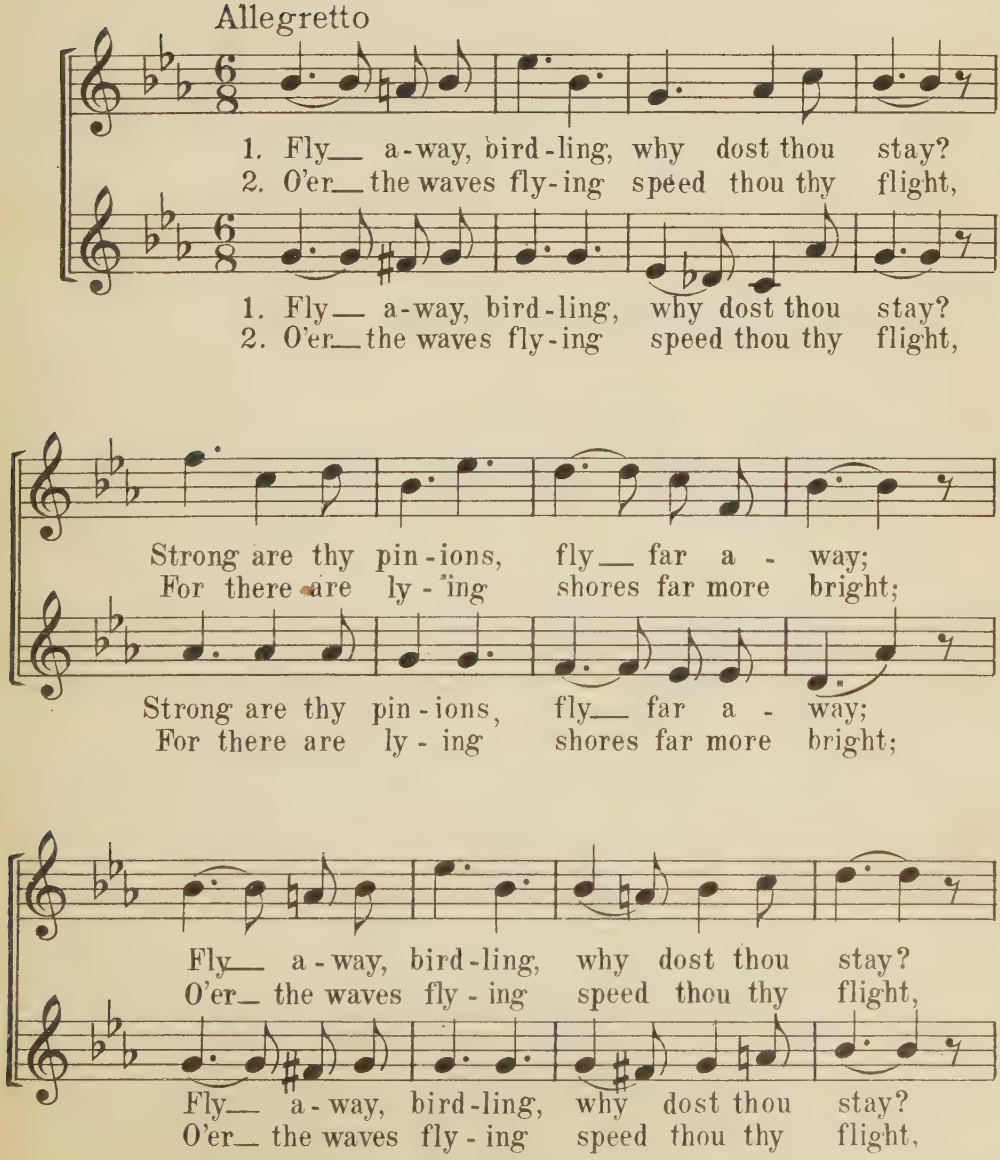


White in the dark - green verd - ure,
Join - ing the sweet young voic - es,
Wa - tered by spark - ling rills. O
Float - ing with wind and tide. The
Na - po - li! the blossom-crowned, Of sun - ny fra - grant
air is full of mel - o - dy, The moon - lit waves are

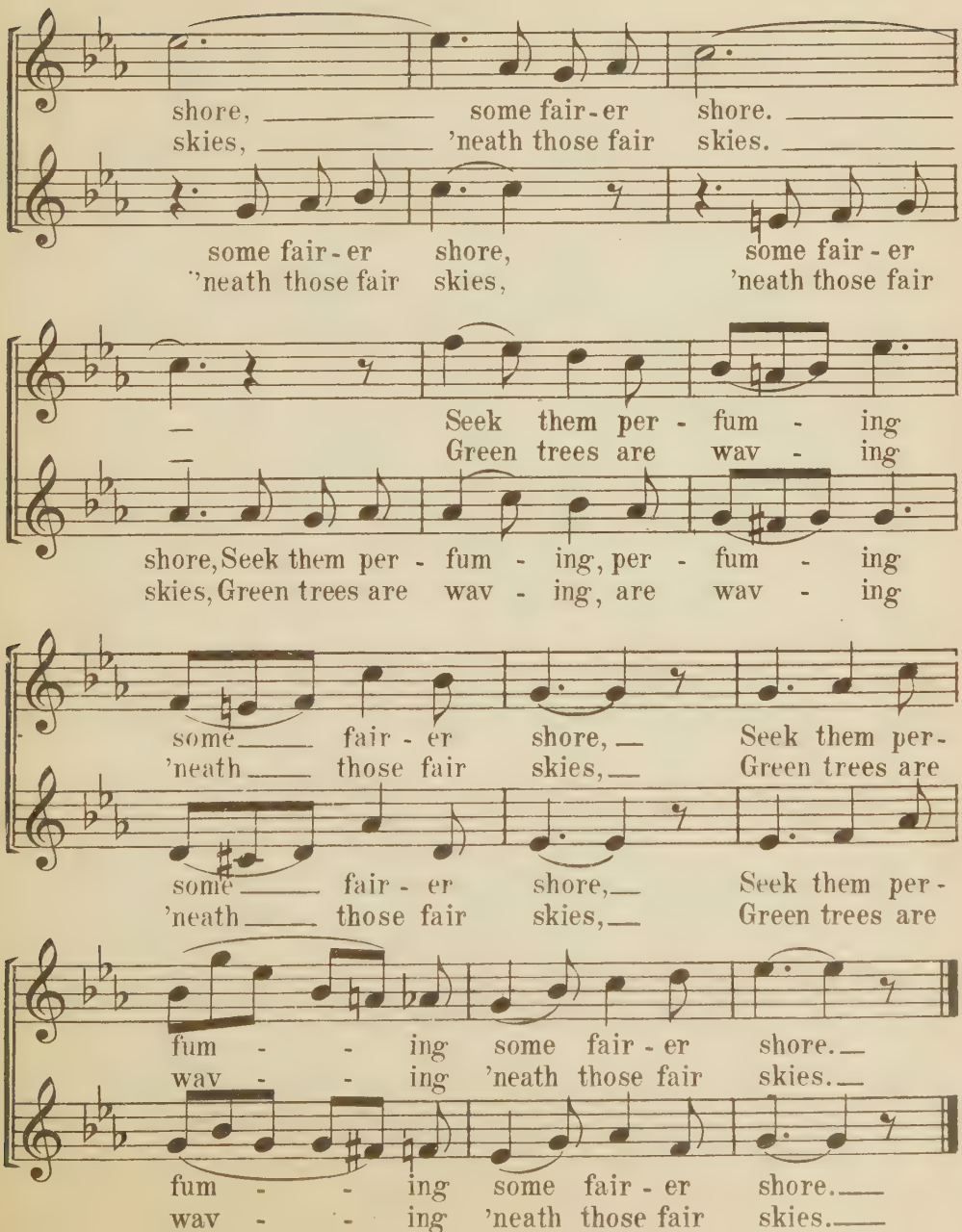
hours! Ah!— Land and sea, fair Na-po - li, Have
bright; Land and sea, fair Na-po - li, Have
made you Queen of flow'rs. Ah!— land and sea, fair
made you Queen of night. Ah! land and sea, fair
Na-po - li, Have made you Queen of flow'rs.
Na-po - li, Have made you Queen of night.

Fly Away, Birdling

FRANZ ABT


Allegretto
1. Fly— a-way, bird-ling, why dost thou stay?
2. O'er— the waves fly-ing speed thou thy flight,
1. Fly— a-way, bird-ling, why dost thou stay?
2. O'er— the waves fly-ing speed thou thy flight,
Strong are thy pin-ions, fly— far a-way;
For there are ly-ing shores far more bright;
Strong are thy pin-ions, fly— far a-way;
For there are ly-ing shores far more bright;
Fly— a-way, bird-ling, why dost thou stay?
O'er— the waves fly-ing speed thou thy flight,
Fly— a-way, bird-ling, why dost thou stay?
O'er— the waves fly-ing speed thou thy flight,

Strong are thy pin - ions, fly far a -
Far off are ly - ing shores far more
Strong are thy pin - ions, fly far a -
Far off are ly - ing shores far more
way.
bright.
way. Ros - es are bloom - ing,
bright. Soft winds are lav - ing
Ros - es are bloom - ing,
Soft winds are lav - ing,
here now no more, Seek them per-
sweet songs a - rise, Or - ange trees
Seek them per - fum - ing some fair - er
Or - ange trees wav-ing 'neath those fair
fum - ing some fair - er shore,
wav - ing 'neath those fair skies,

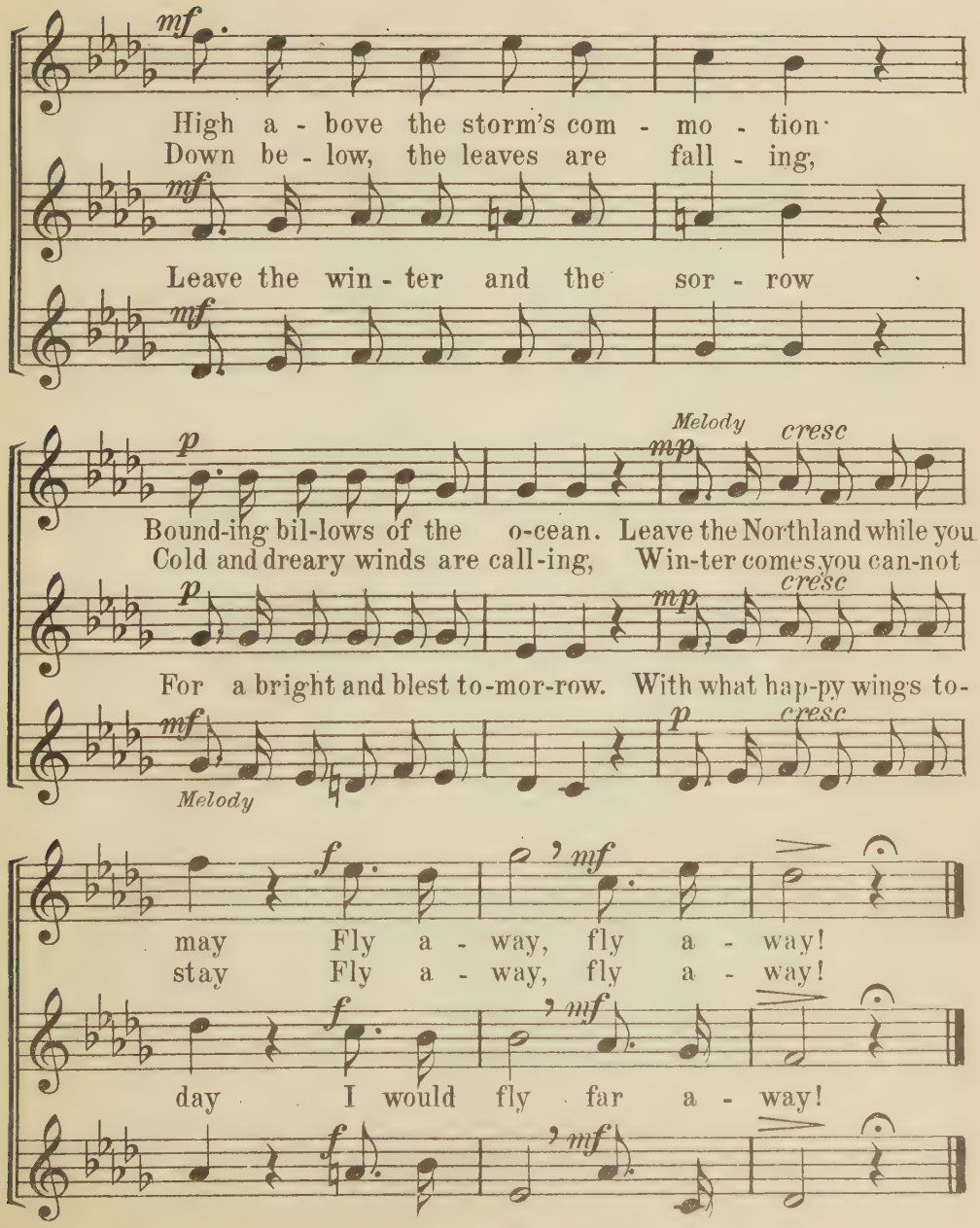

shore, some fair-er shore.
skies, 'neath those fair skies.
some fair-er shore, some fair-er
'neath those fair skies, 'neath those fair
Seek them per-fum-ing
Green trees are wav-ing
shore, Seek them per-fum-ing, per-fum-ing
skies, Green trees are wav-ing, are wav-ing
some fair-er shore, Seek them per-
'neath those fair skies, Green trees are
some fair-er shore, Seek them per-
'neath those fair skies, Green trees are
fum-ing some fair-er shore.
wav-ing 'neath those fair skies.
fum-ing some fair-er shore.
wav-ing 'neath those fair skies.

Fly Away

PHILIP ARNOLD

Moderato
p
cresc
1. Light and gay, light and gay,
2. Home of light, home of light,
3. Light and gay, light and gay,
Hap - py bird - lings, fly a - way!
There you take your south - ward flight;
Could I on - ly fly a - way!

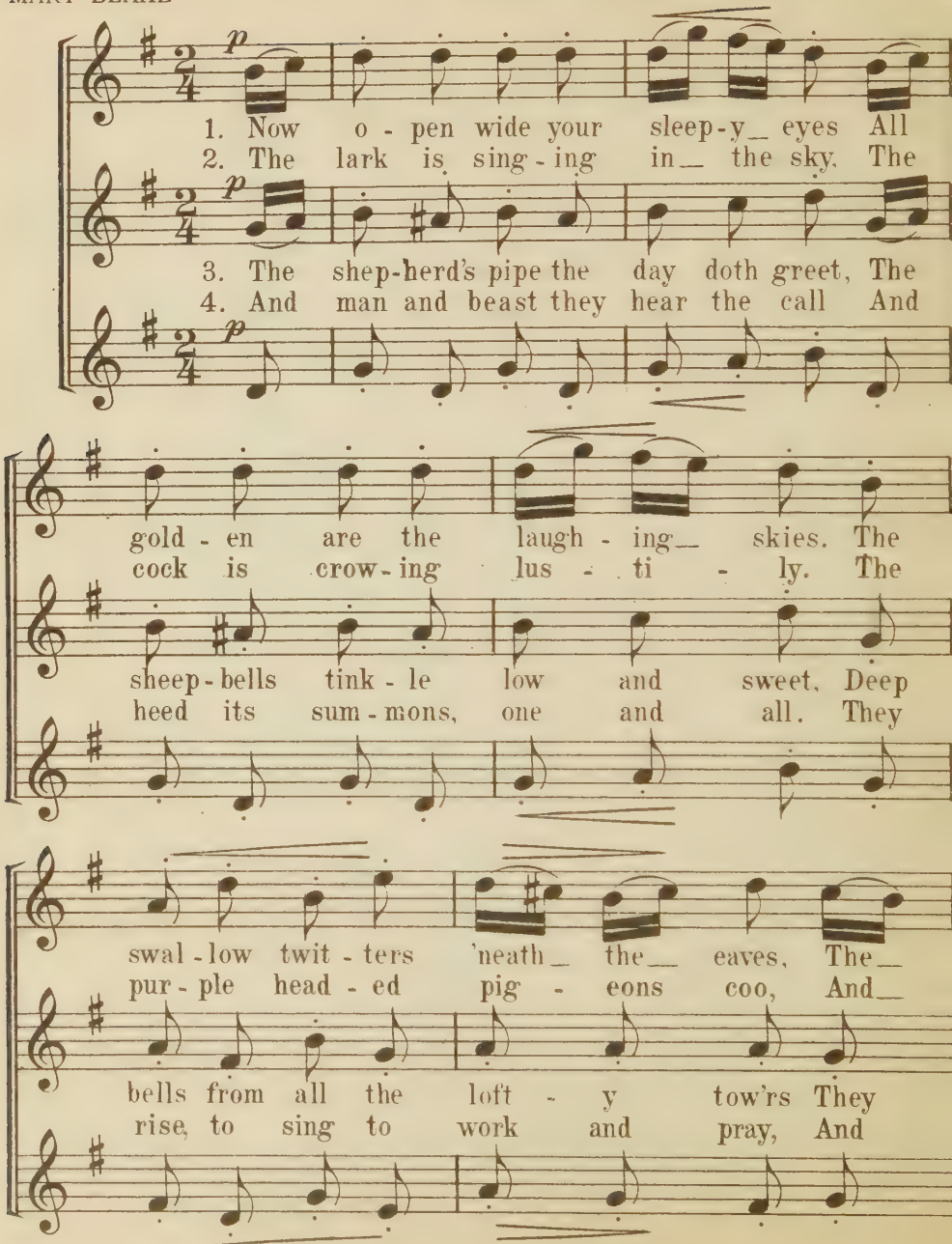
Fly Away *(cont.)*



Good Morning!

MARY BLAKE

MORITZ VOGEL

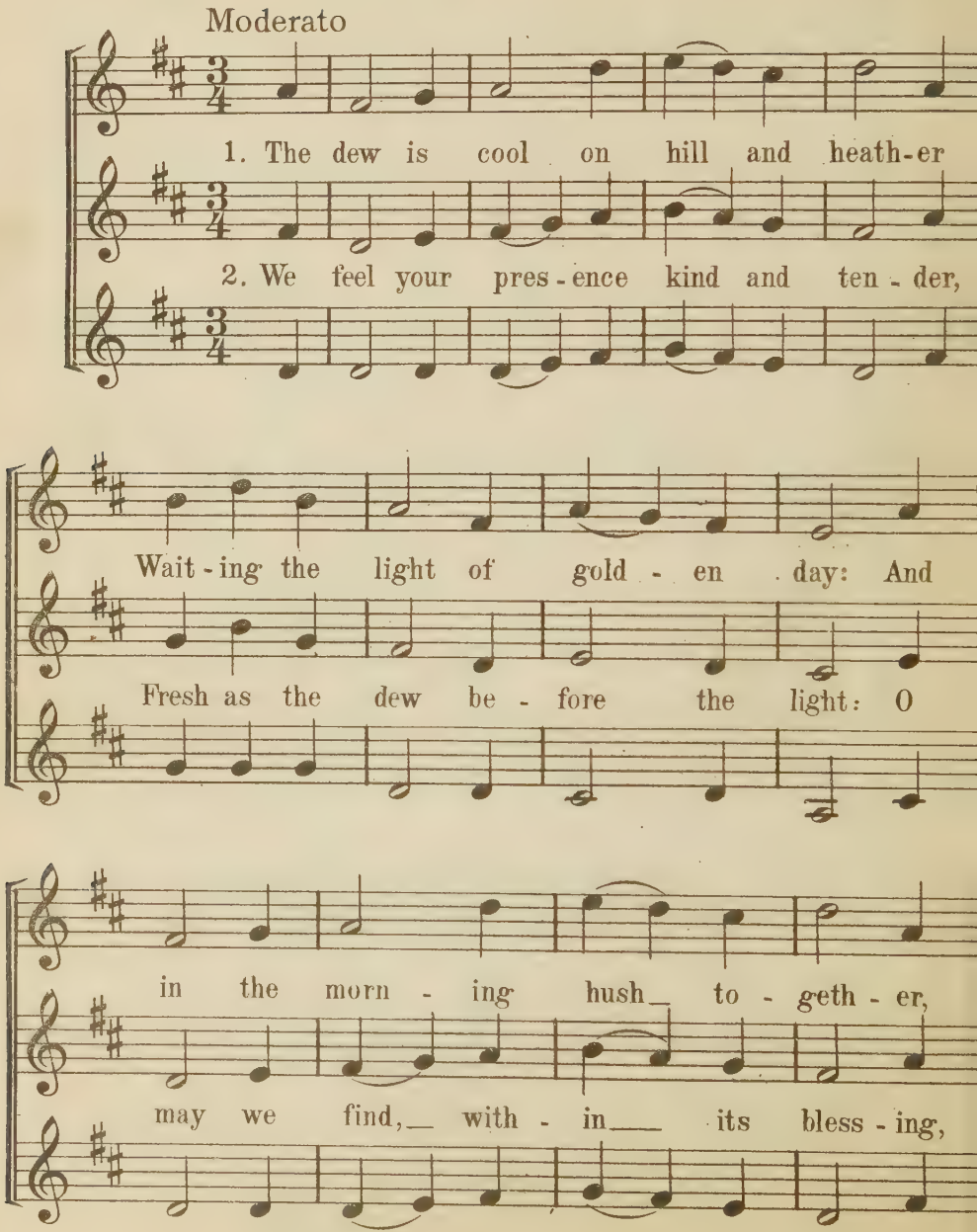

p
1. Now o - pen wide your sleep-y_ eyes All
2. The lark is sing - ing in_ the sky. The
p
3. The shep-herd's pipe the day doth greet, The
4. And man and beast they hear the call And
p
gold - en are the laugh - ing_ skies. The
cock is crow - ing lus - ti - ly. The
sheep - bells tink - le low and sweet, Deep
heed its sum - mons, one and all. They
swal - low twit - ters 'neath_ the_ eaves, The_
pur - ple head - ed pig - eons coo, And_
bells from all the loft - y tow'rs They
rise, to sing to work and pray, And

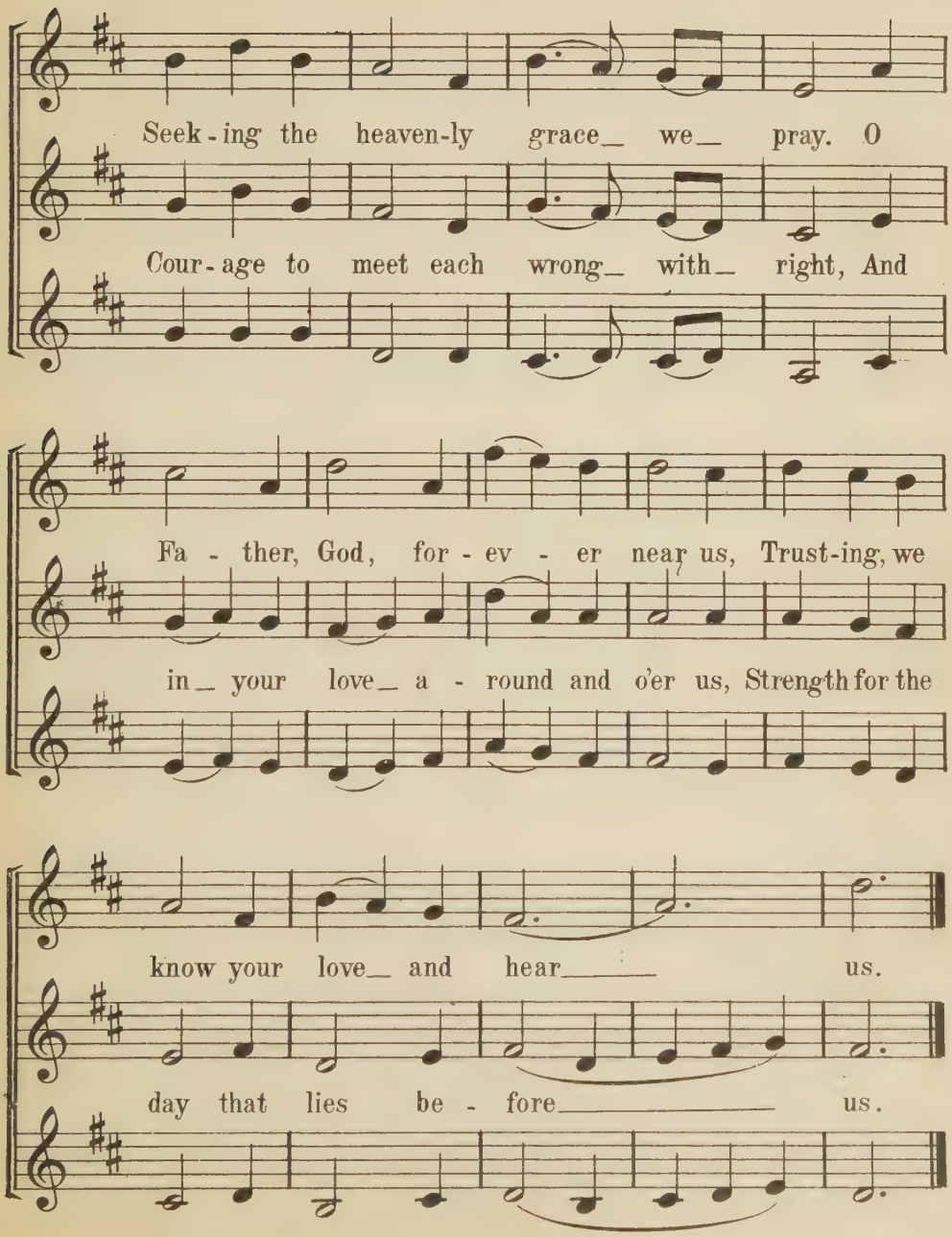
soft breeze shakes the lit - tle leaves.
all their lit - tle play - mates woo.
call to pray'r and tell the hours.
all a glad Good Morn - ing say.
p
Now 'tis morn - ing, Now 'tis
Wake! 'tis morn - ing, It is
p
Wake! 'tis morn - ing, It is
Say Good Morn - ing! Say Good
p
morn-ing, Now'tis morn-ing, yes, 'tis morn - ing.
morn-ing, It is morn-ing, it is morn - ing.
morn-ing, It is morn-ing, it is morn - ing.
Morn-ing! Say Good Morn-ing! say Good Morn - ing!

Morning Prayer

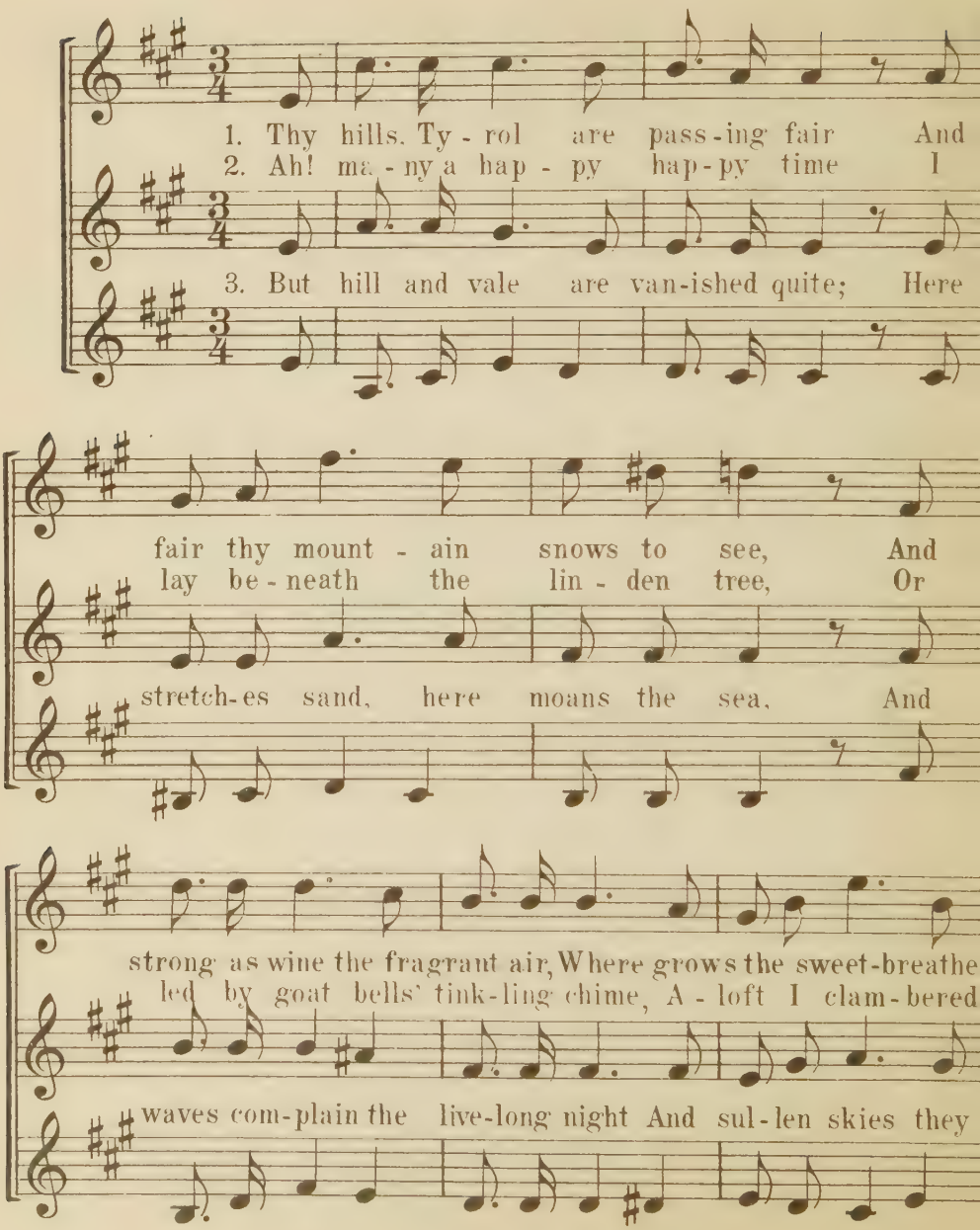
KATE FORMAN

D. BORTNIANSKY


Moderato
1. The dew is cool on hill and heath-er
2. We feel your pres-ence kind and ten-der,
Wait-ing the light of gold-en day: And
Fresh as the dew be-fore the light: O
in the morn-ing hush to-geth-er,
may we find, with-in its bless-ing,


Seek - ing the heaven-ly grace_ we_ pray. O
Cour - age to meet each wrong_ with_ right, And
Fa - ther, God, for - ev - er near us, Trust-ing, we
in_ your love_ a - round and o'er us, Strength for the
know your love_ and hear_____ us.
day that lies be - fore_____ us.

The Hills of Tyrol

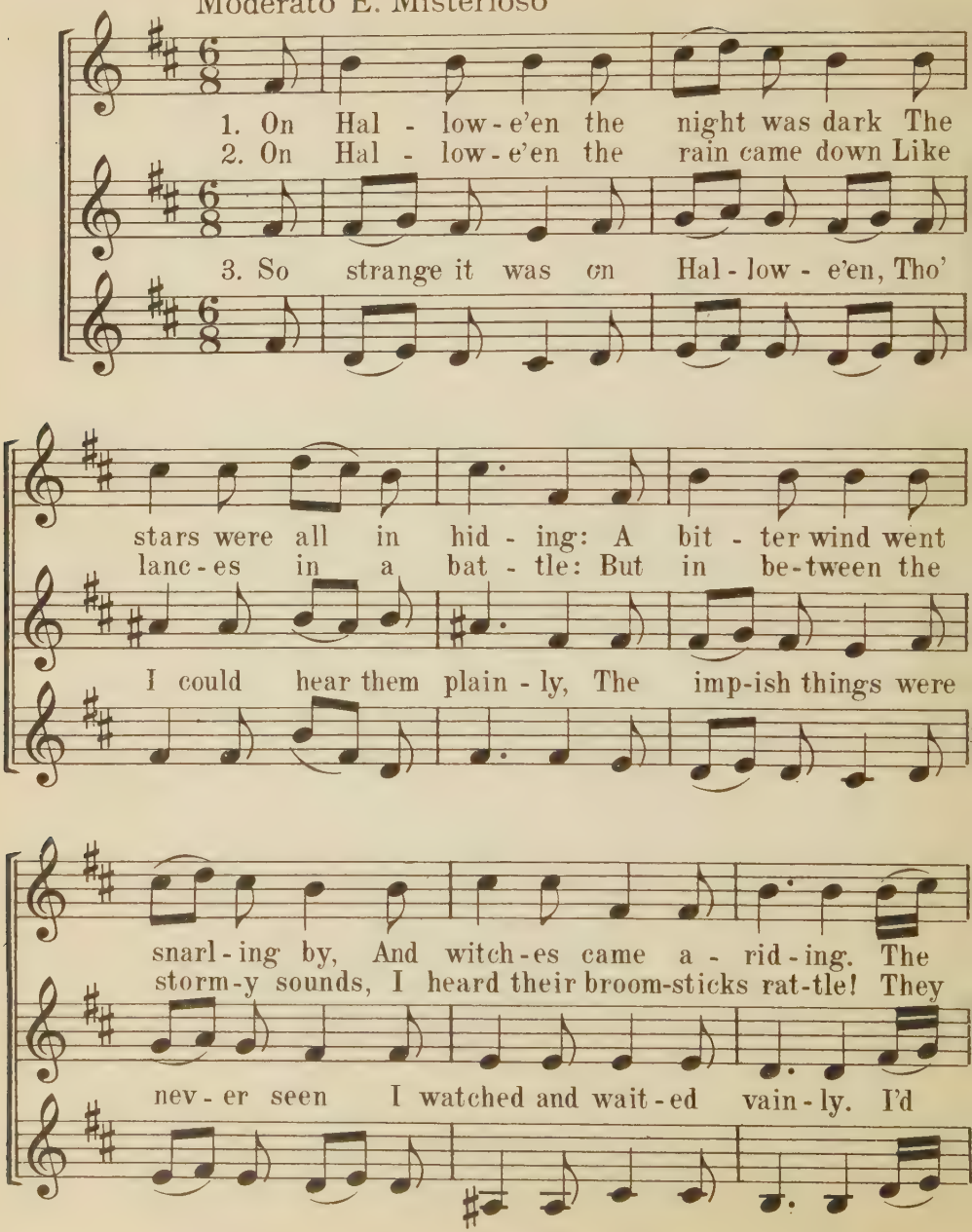

1. Thy hills, Ty - rol are pass-ing fair And
2. Ah! ma - ny a hap - py hap-py time I
3. But hill and vale are van-ished quite; Here
fair thy mount - ain snows to see, And
lay be - neath the lin - den tree, Or
stretch-es sand, here moans the sea, And
strong as wine the fragrant air, Where grows the sweet-breathe
led by goat bells' tink-ling chime, A - loft I clam-bered
waves com-plain the live-long night And sul-len skies they

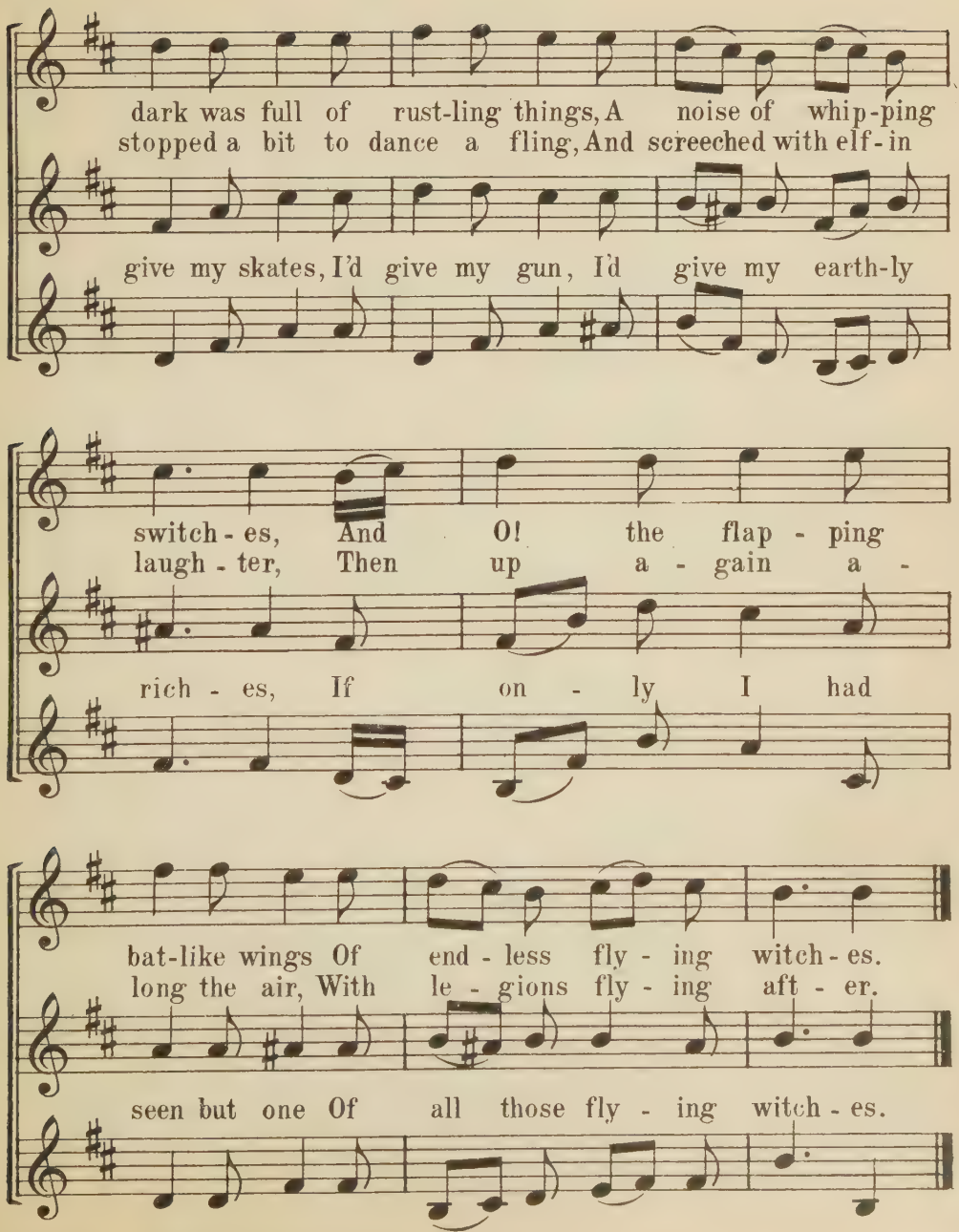
poco rit
hem-lock tree. Gay Ty - rol! ah, dear Ty - rol! Thy
lus - ti - ly. Gay Ty - rol! ah, dear Ty - rol! Thy
poco rit
threat-en me. Gay Ty - rol, ah! dear Ty - rol, Tho'
chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing, Gay Ty - rol! Ah,
chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing, Gay Ty - rol! Ah,
seas are deep, tho' seas are wide Gay Ty - rol, Ah!
Sweet Ty - rol! Thy glad-ness shines in ev - 'ry - thing.
Sweet Ty - rol! Thy glad-ness shines in ev - 'ry - thing.
Sweet Ty - rol, I'll see a - gain thy mount-ain side.

The Witches

KATE FORMAN BEETHOVEN

Moderato E. Misterioso

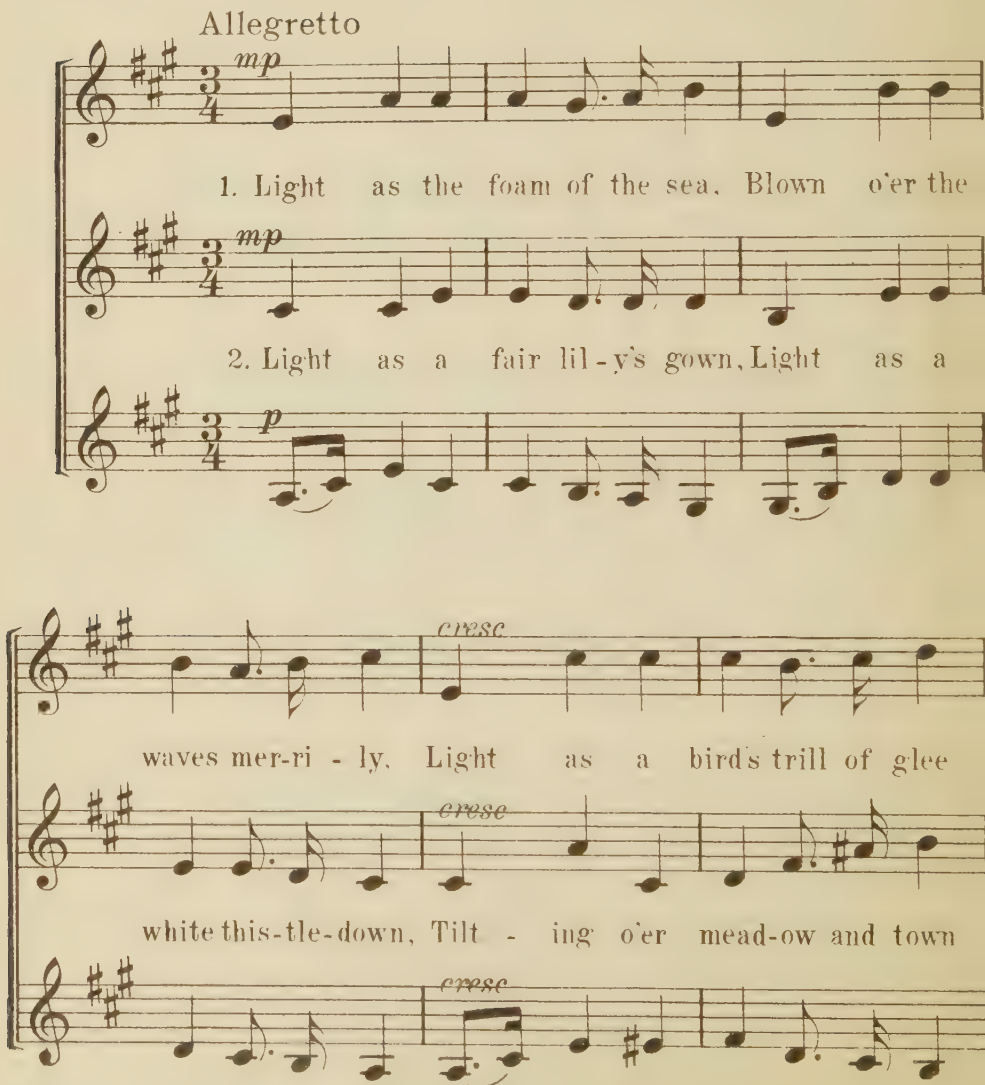

1. On Hal - low-e'en the night was dark The
2. On Hal - low-e'en the rain came down Like
3. So strange it was on Hal - low - e'en, Tho'
stars were all in hid - ing: A bit - ter wind went
lanc-es in a bat - tle: But in be-tween the
I could hear them plain - ly, The imp-ish things were
snarl - ing by, And witch-es came a - rid - ing. The
storm-y sounds, I heard their broom-sticks rat-tle! They
nev - er seen I watched and wait - ed vain - ly. I'd

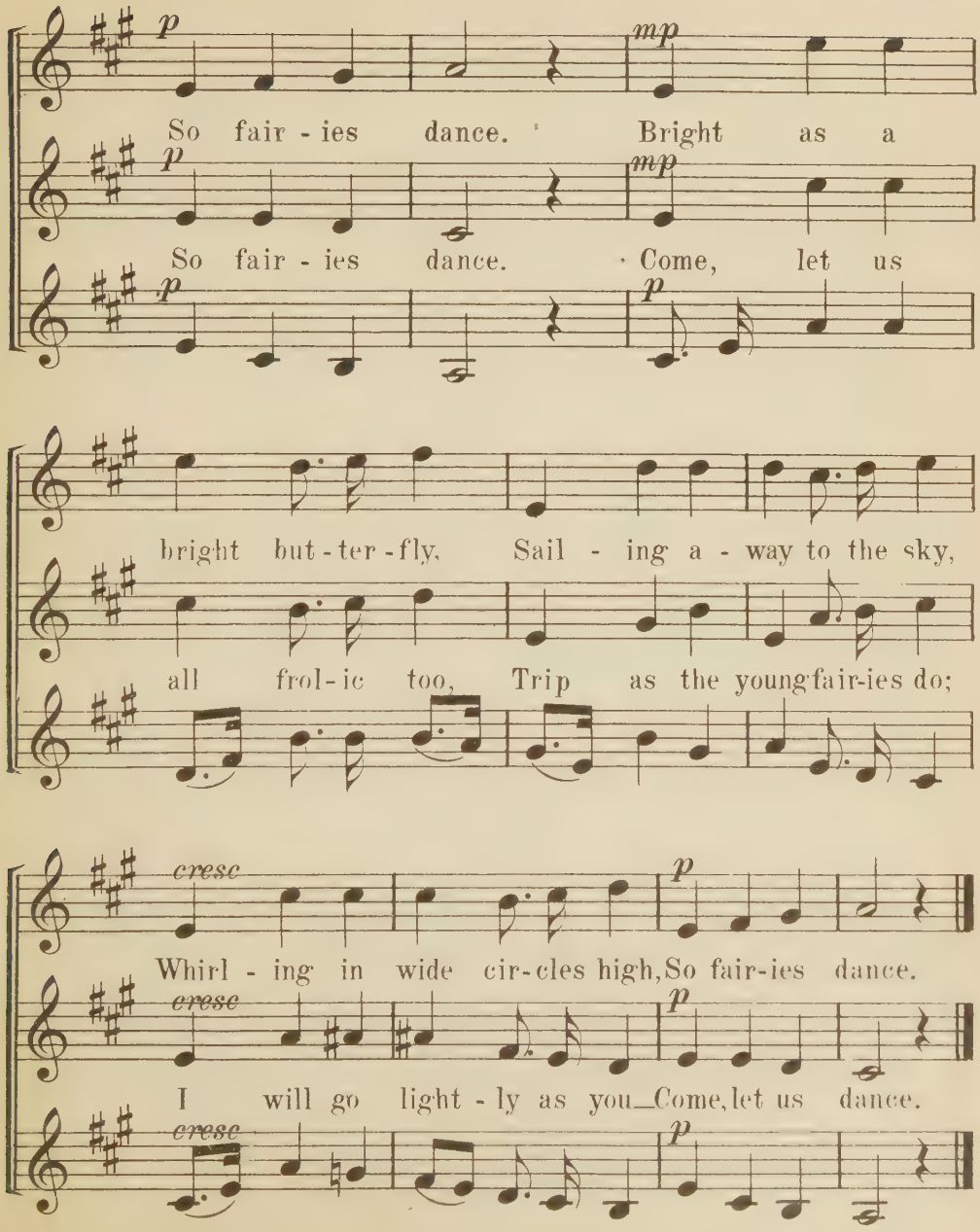

dark was full of rust-ling things, A noise of whip-ping
stopped a bit to dance a fling, And screeched with elf-in
give my skates, I'd give my gun, I'd give my earth-ly
switch-es, And O! the flap-ping
laugh-ter, Then up a-gain a-
rich-es, If on-ly I had
bat-like wings Of end-less fly-ing witch-es.
long the air, With le-gions fly-ing aft-er.
seen but one Of all those fly-ing witch-es.

So Fairies Dance

KATE FORMAN

German Folk-Tune


Allegretto
mp
1. Light as the foam of the sea, Blown o'er the
mp
2. Light as a fair lil-y's gown, Light as a
p
cresc
waves mer-ri - ly, Light as a bird's trill of glee
cresc
white this-tle-down, Tilt - ing o'er mead-ow and town
cresc

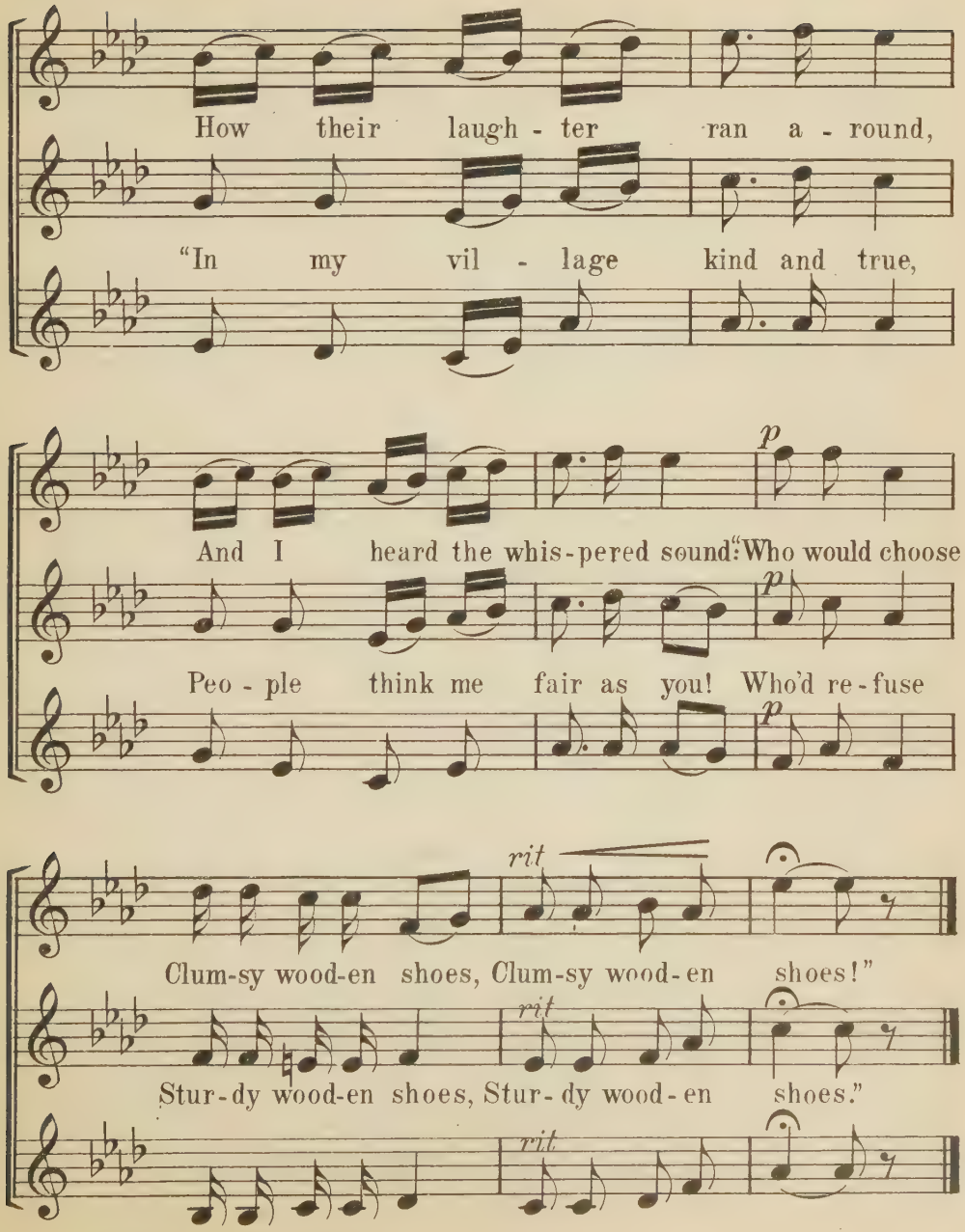

p
So fair - ies dance.
mp
Bright as a
p
So fair - ies dance.
mp
Come, let us
p
p
bright but - ter - fly,
Sail - ing a - way to the sky,
all frol - ic too,
Trip as the young fair-ies do;
cresc
p
Whirl - ing in wide cir - cles high, So fair-ies dance.
cresc
p
I will go light - ly as you_Come, let us dance.
cresc
p

Wooden Shoes

KATE FORMAN

DANIEL PROTHEROE

Allegretto e leggiero
mf
1. When I wore my wood - en shoes
2. When I wore my wood - en shoes
cresc
mf
Through the splen-did town, Dam-sels fair with
Through the splen-did town, Spoke I to a
smil - ing stare, Looked me up and down.
scorn-ful dame In a silk - en gown:


How their laugh - ter ran a - round,
"In my vil - lage kind and true,
And I heard the whis-pered sound: "Who would choose
Peo - ple think me fair as you! Who'd re-fuse
rit
Clum-sy wood-en shoes, Clum-sy wood-en shoes!"
Stur-dy wood-en shoes, Stur-dy wood-en shoes."

The Christmas Tree

KATE FORMAN

ELEANOR SMITH

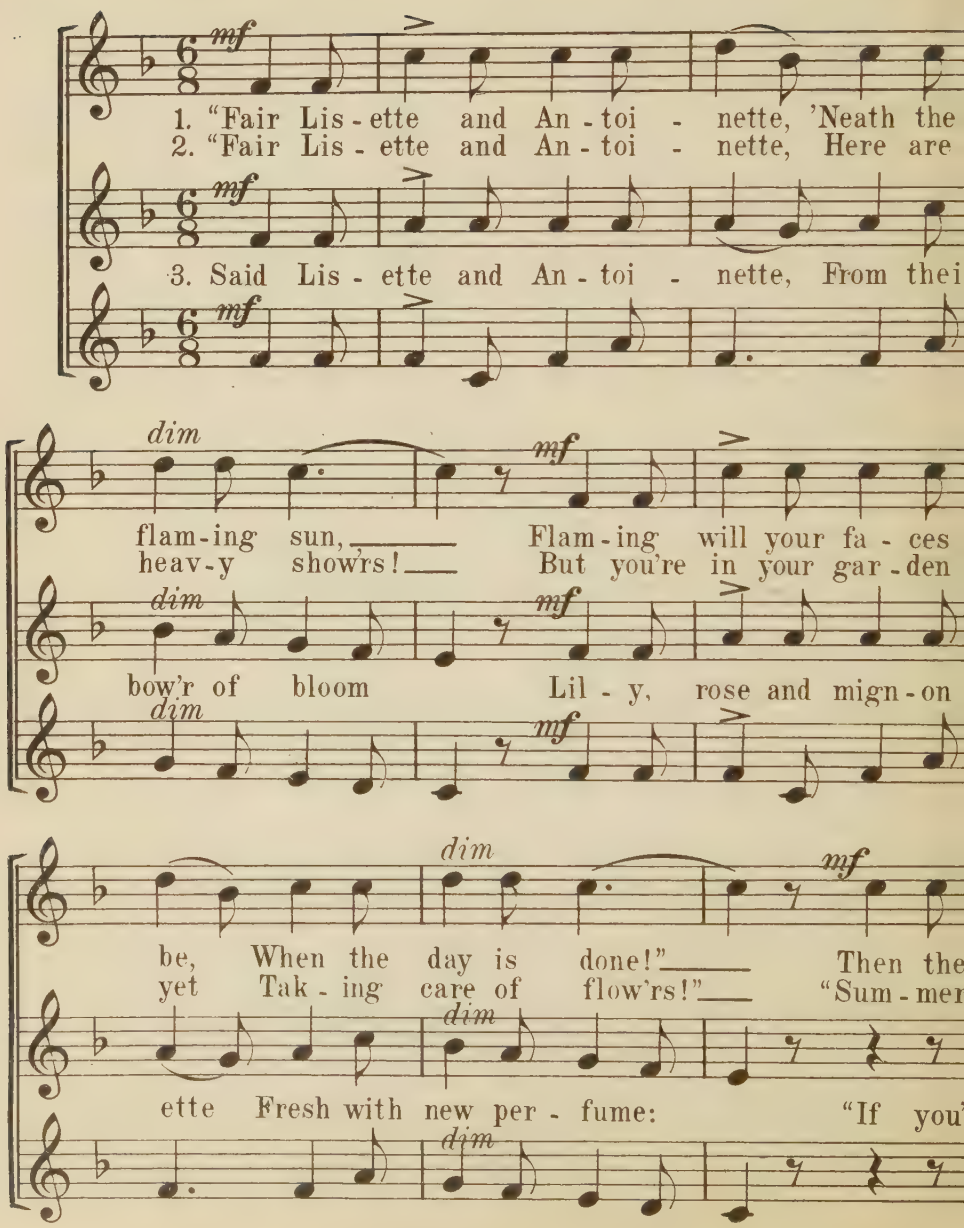
Allegro moderato
1. It stands in all its beau - ty, The
2. And when the songs are end - ed And
won-drous Christ-mas tree. A - round its shin - ing
hol - i - days are gone, O tree, we shall not
splen-dor We trip and sing with glee. De -
leave you To with-er all a - lone. Up -
p
p
p

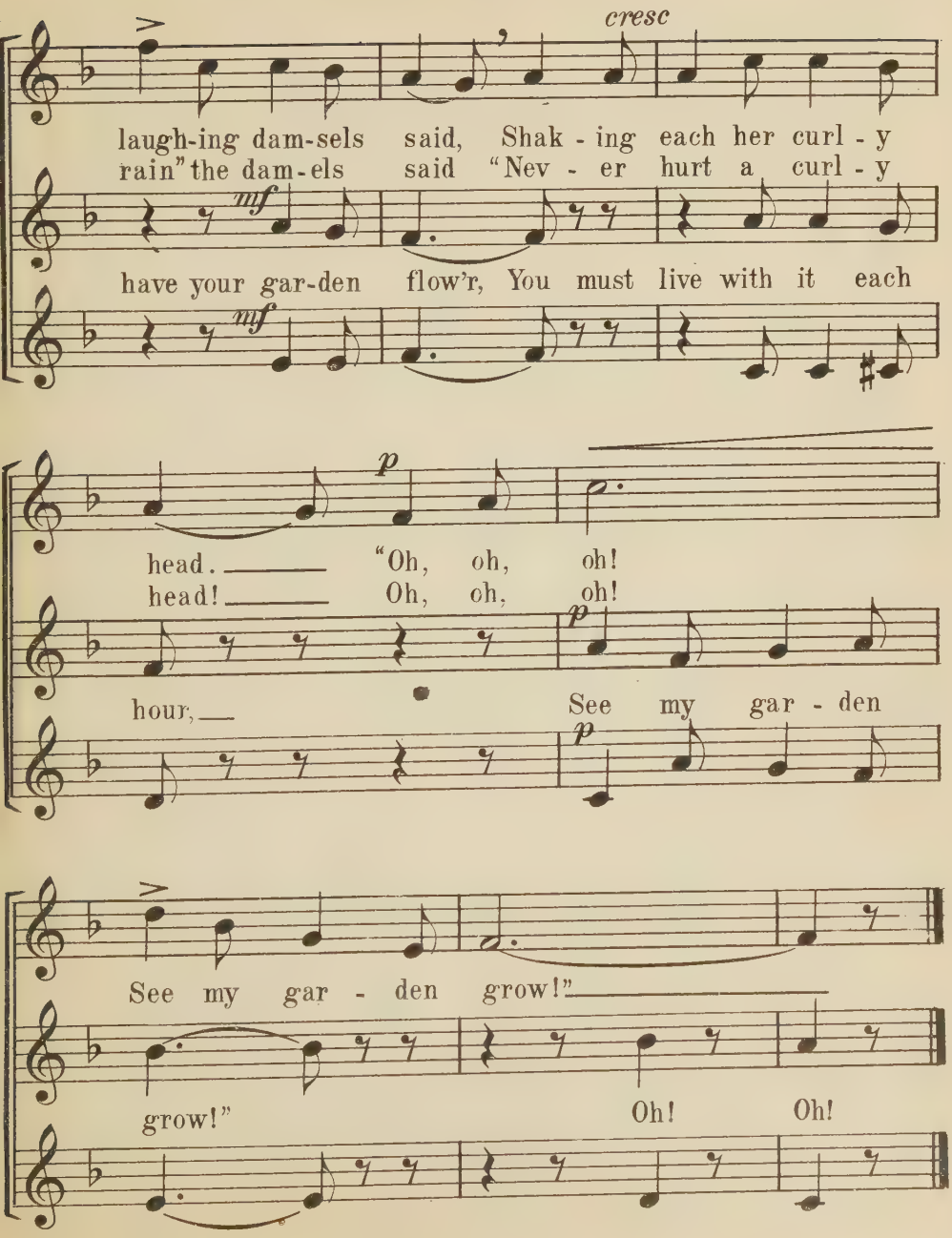
mf
-cem-ber takes the day-light, And leaves us cold and drear, But
mf
-on the snow-y hill-side Your blaz-ing sparks shall fly, With
mf
f
brings the mer-ry Christ-mas, The glo-ry of the year! It
f
shin-ing flames of splen-dor To seek the star-ry sky. With
f
f
brings the mer-ry Christ-mas, The glo-ry of the year.
f
shin-ing flames of splen-dor To seek the star-ry sky.
f

Garden Girls

French Folk Tu

Giocoso


mf
1. "Fair Lis - ette and An - toi - nette, 'Neath the
2. "Fair Lis - ette and An - toi - nette, Here are
3. Said Lis - ette and An - toi - nette, From thei
dim
mf
flam-ing sun, Flam-ing will your fa - ces
heav-y show'rs! But you're in your gar - den
bow'r of bloom Lil - y, rose and mign - on
be, When the day is done!" Then the
yet Tak - ing care of flow'rs!" "Sum - mer
ette Fresh with new per - fume: "If you'

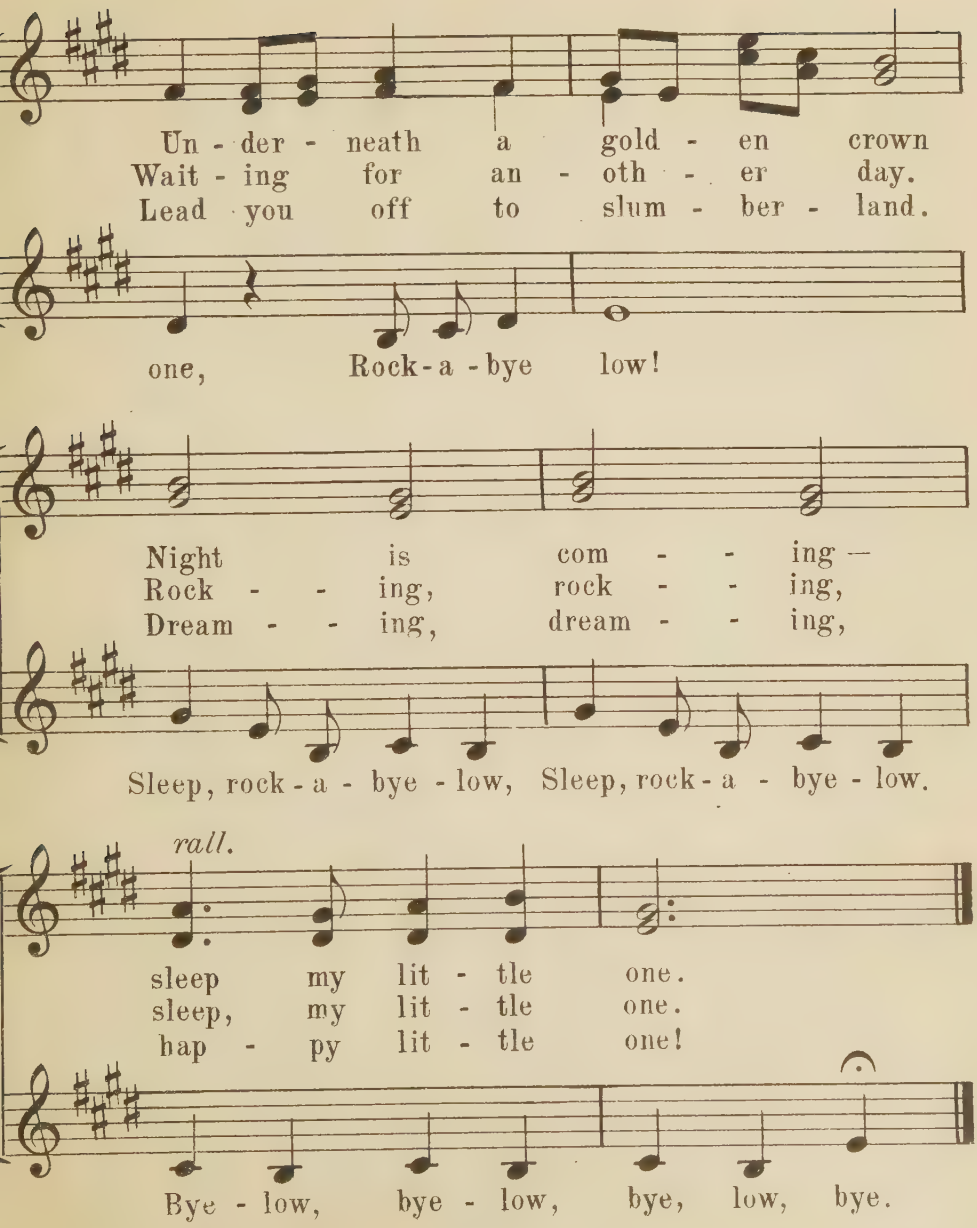

cresc
laugh-ing dam-sels said, Shak - ing each her curl - y
rain" the dam-els said "Nev - er hurt a curl - y
mf
have your gar-den flow'r, You must live with it each
mf
p
head. "Oh, oh, oh!
head! Oh, oh, oh!
p
hour, See my gar - den
p
See my gar - den grow!"
grow!" Oh! Oh!

Little Sleepy One

Mrs FORBES WILLIAMS

Swabian Folk Son

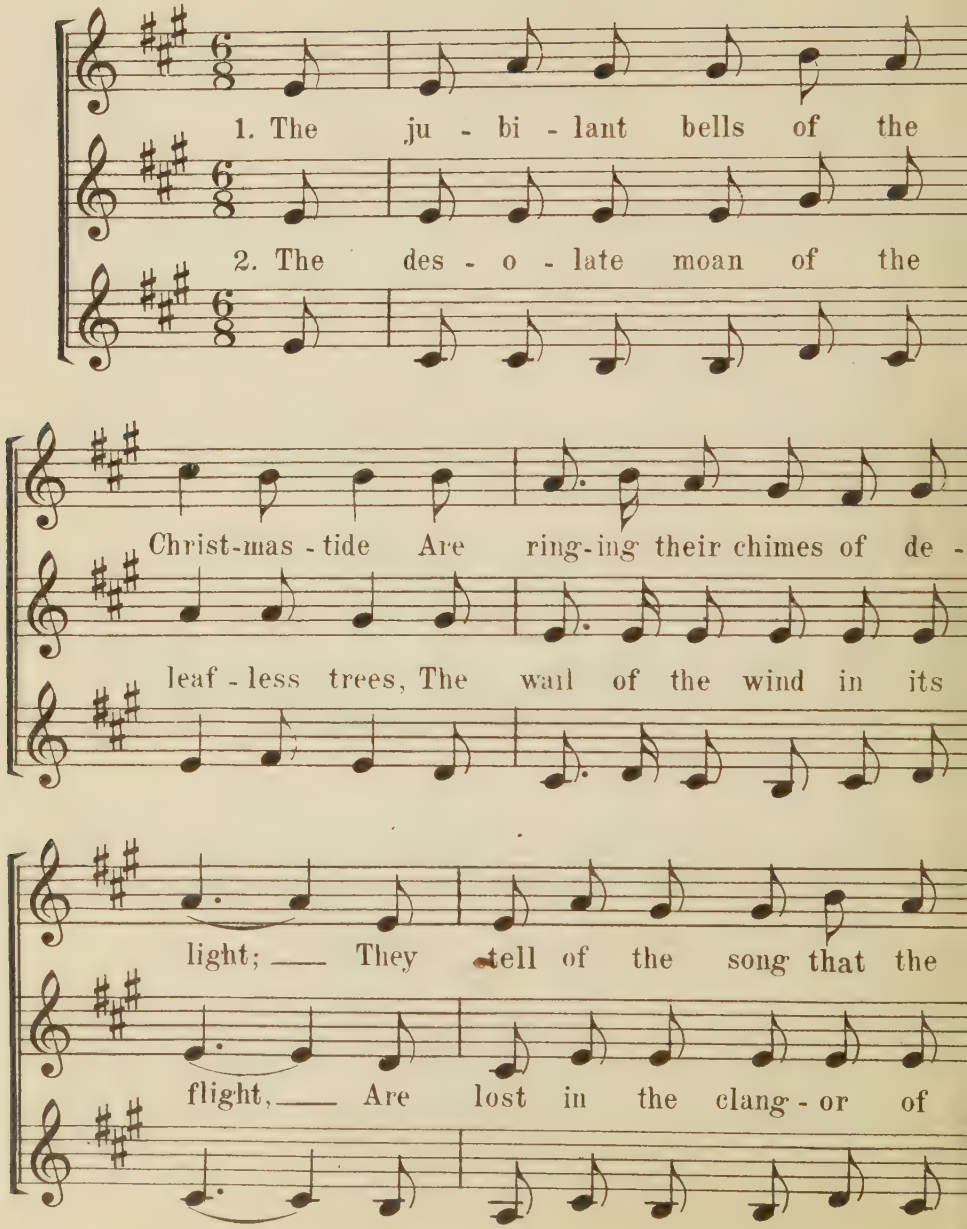
Andante
Lit - tle sleep - y one, lit - tle
Lit - tle sleep - y one, lit - tle
Lit - tle sleep - y one, lit - tle
sleep-y one, The day is near-ly done.
sleep-y one, There's no more play and fun.
sleep-y one, Your slum-ber has be - gun.
Sleep-y
Now the sun is go - ing down,
All your toys are put a - way,
Pret - ty dreams will take your hand,
one, Rock-a - bye - low!
Sleep-y

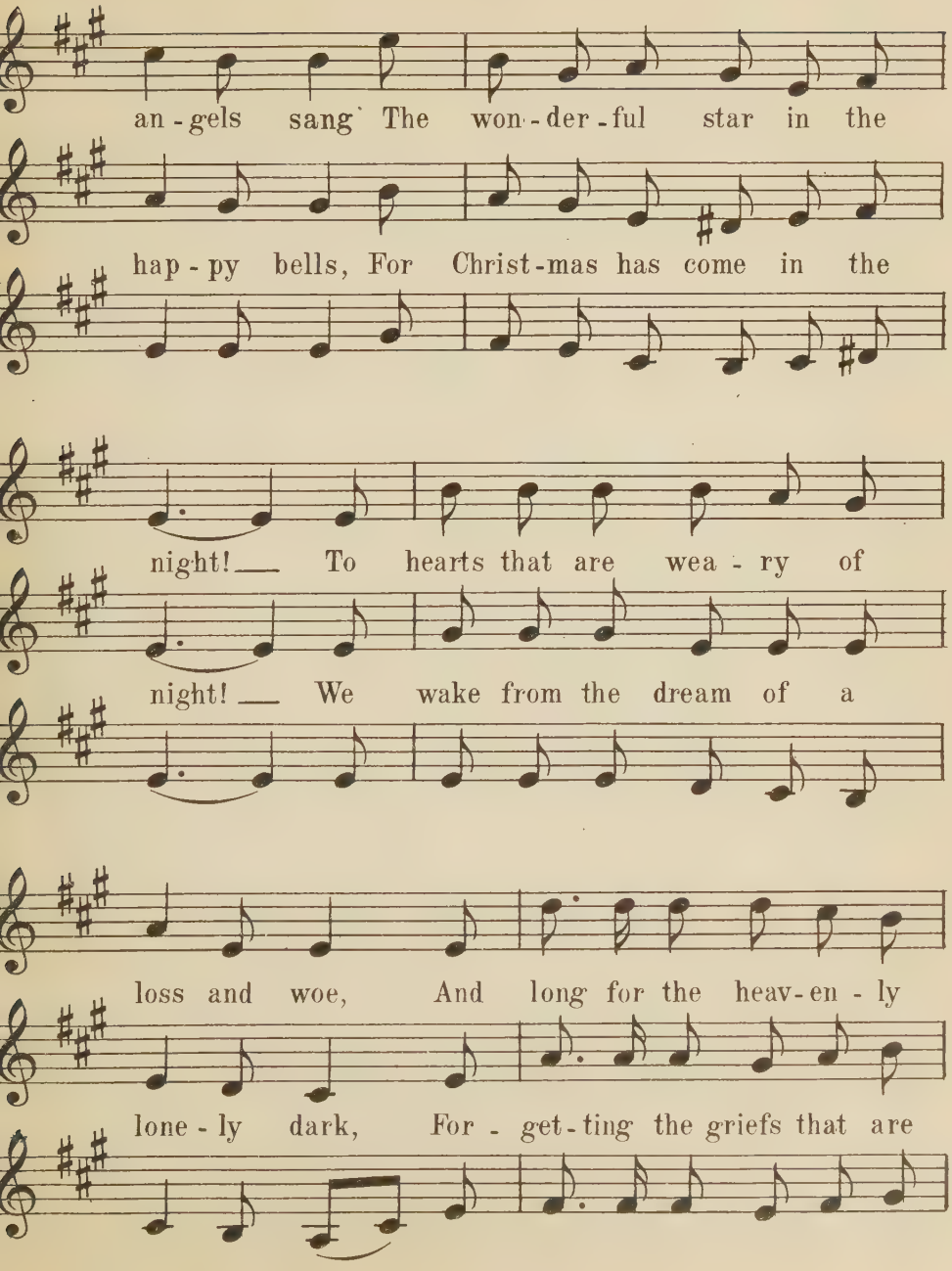

Un - der - neath a gold - en crown
Wait - ing for an - oth - er day.
Lead you off to slum - ber - land.
one, Rock-a-bye low!
Night is com - - ing —
Rock - - ing, rock - - ing,
Dream - - ing, dream - - ing,
Sleep, rock-a - bye - low, Sleep, rock-a - bye - low.
rall.
sleep my lit - tle one.
sleep, my lit - tle one.
hap - py lit - tle one!
Bye - low, bye - low, bye, low, bye.

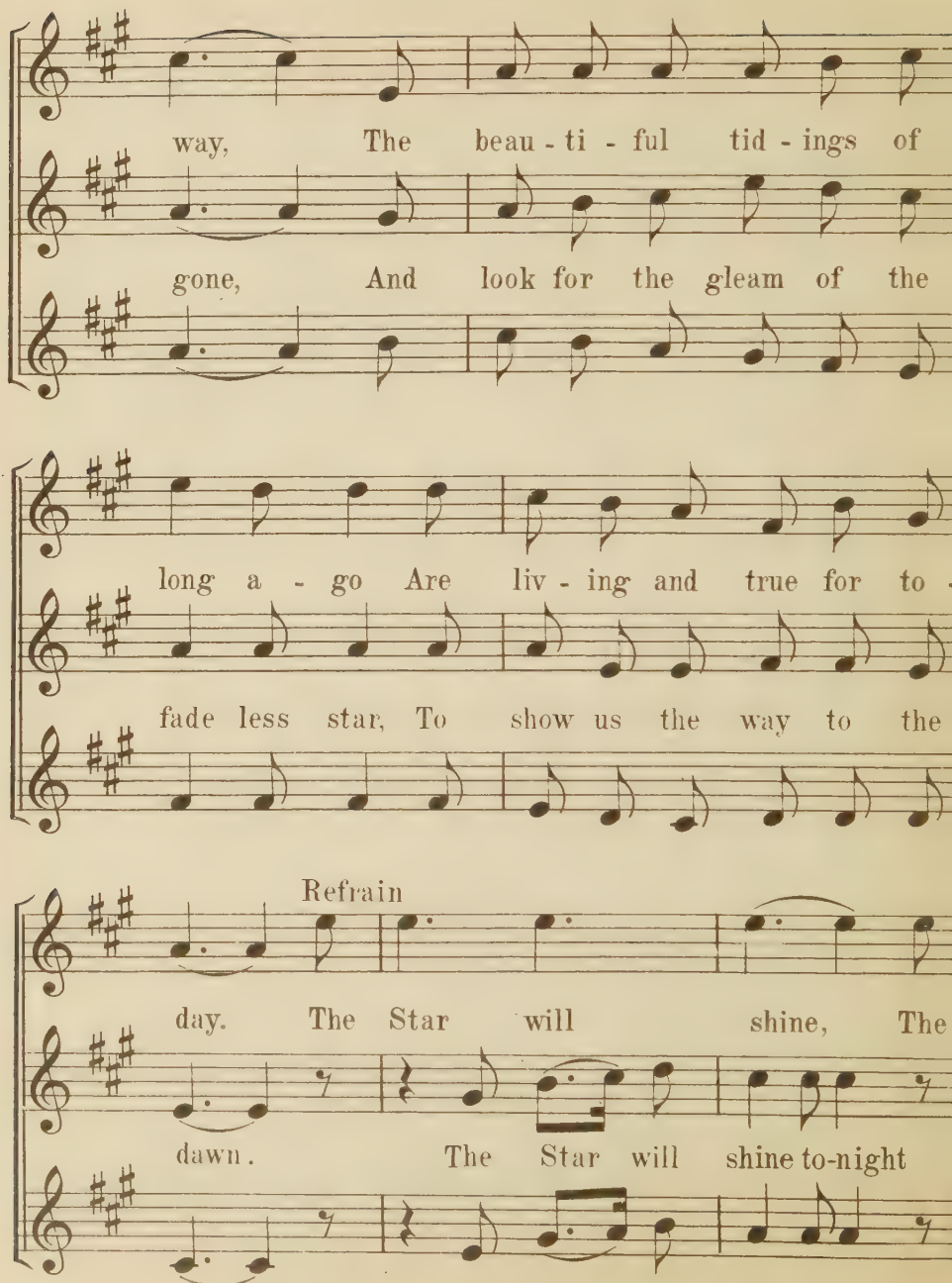
Christmastide

KATE FORMAN

C. H. CONGDO


1. The ju - bi - lant bells of the
2. The des - o - late moan of the
Christ-mas - tide Are ring-ing their chimes of de -
leaf - less trees, The wail of the wind in its
light; They tell of the song that the
flight, Are lost in the clang - or of

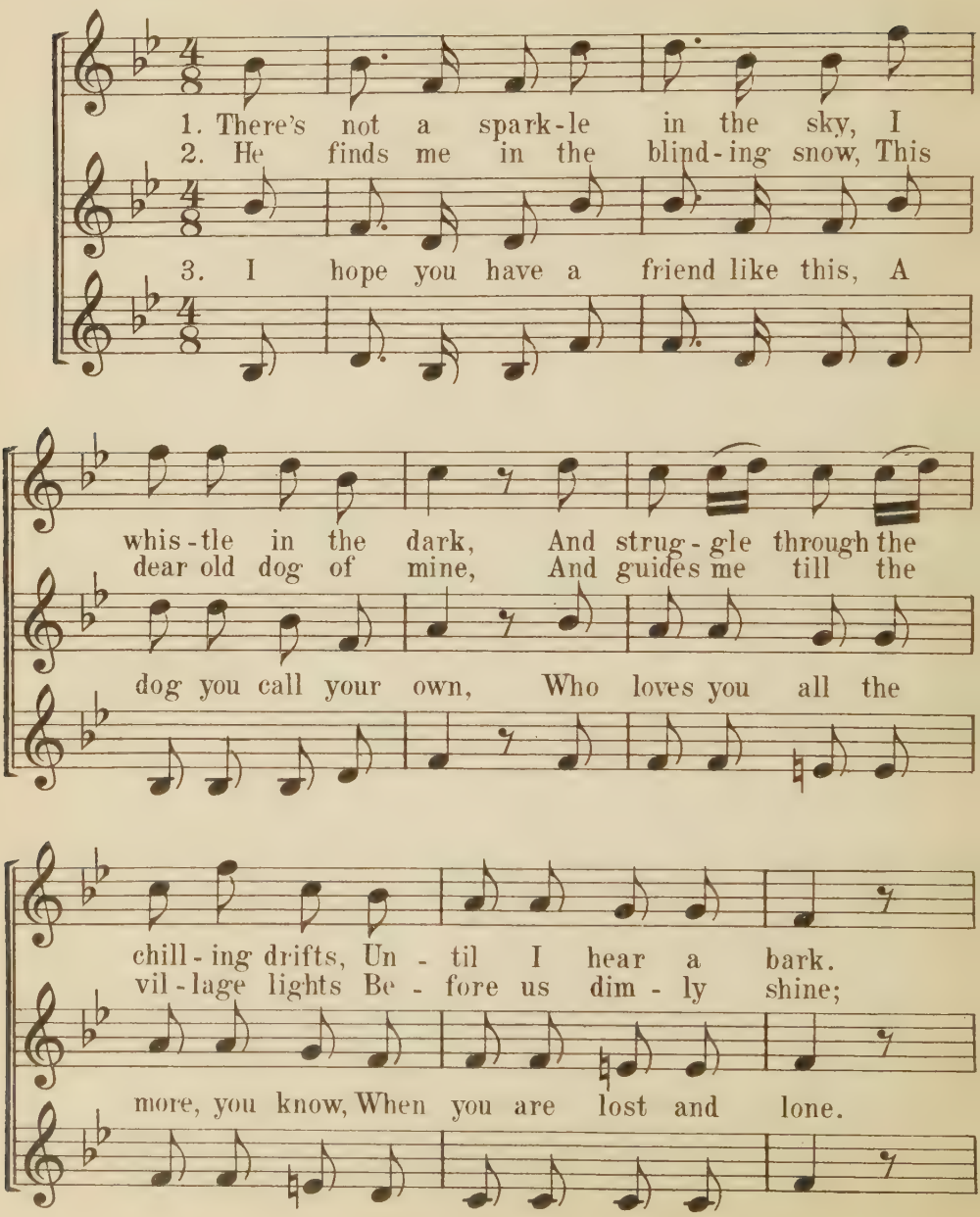

an - gels sang The won - der - ful star in the
hap - py bells, For Christ - mas has come in the
night! To hearts that are wea - ry of
night! We wake from the dream of a
loss and woe, And long for the heav - en - ly
lone - ly dark, For - get - ting the griefs that are


way, The beau - ti - ful tid - ings of
gone, And look for the gleam of the
long a - go Are liv - ing and true for to
fade less star, To show us the way to the
Refrain
day. The Star will shine, The
dawn. The Star will shine to-night

song will stay; The
The song will stay; The
light and the mu - sic of Christ-mas tide Are
light and the mu - sic of Christ-mas tide Are
here in their glo - ry to - day.
here in their glo - ry to - day.

KATE FORMAN

Friend Dog


1. There's not a spark-le in the sky, I
2. He finds me in the blind-ing snow, This
3. I hope you have a friend like this, A
whis-tle in the dark, And strug-gle through the
dear old dog of mine, And guides me till the
dog you call your own, Who loves you all the
chill-ing drifts, Un - til I hear a bark.
vil-lage lights Be - fore us dim - ly shine;
more, you know, When you are lost and lone.

O hark! a bark! My
Then home, we roam, a -
O hark! a bark!
Then home, we roam,
What cheer! what cheer! to hear, to hear, when
O hark!
Then home,
troub-le's at an end; O hark! a
gainst the bit - ter storm; Then home, we
O hark!
Then home,
all the world seems dark— How dear, how dear, to
bark! And here's a faith - ful friend.
roam, to find a wel - come warm.
a bark!
we roam,
hear, to hear, the mus - ic of his bark.

Hidden Treasure

KATE FORMAN

Folksong

Allegretto
1. When spring - time is
2. When new leaves are
ear - ly and breez - es are keen, Be -
thick - est and shut out the light, The
fore the dead for - est is liv - ing in
sweet frag-ile wind flow'rs are bloom - ing in

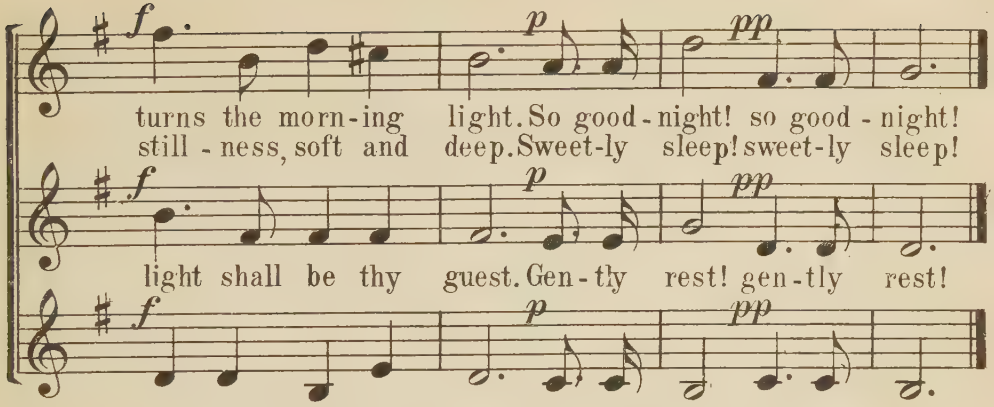
p
cresc
green, We search for ar - bu - tus the
p
cresc
white. We search in the dark for the
mf
dead leaves be - low, And beau - ty comes
mf
treas - ures most rare; Where shad - ows are
mf
blush - ing from un - der the snow.
deep - est the flow'rs are most fair.

Blessed Night

THEODOR KOERNER

WILHELM TAUBERT

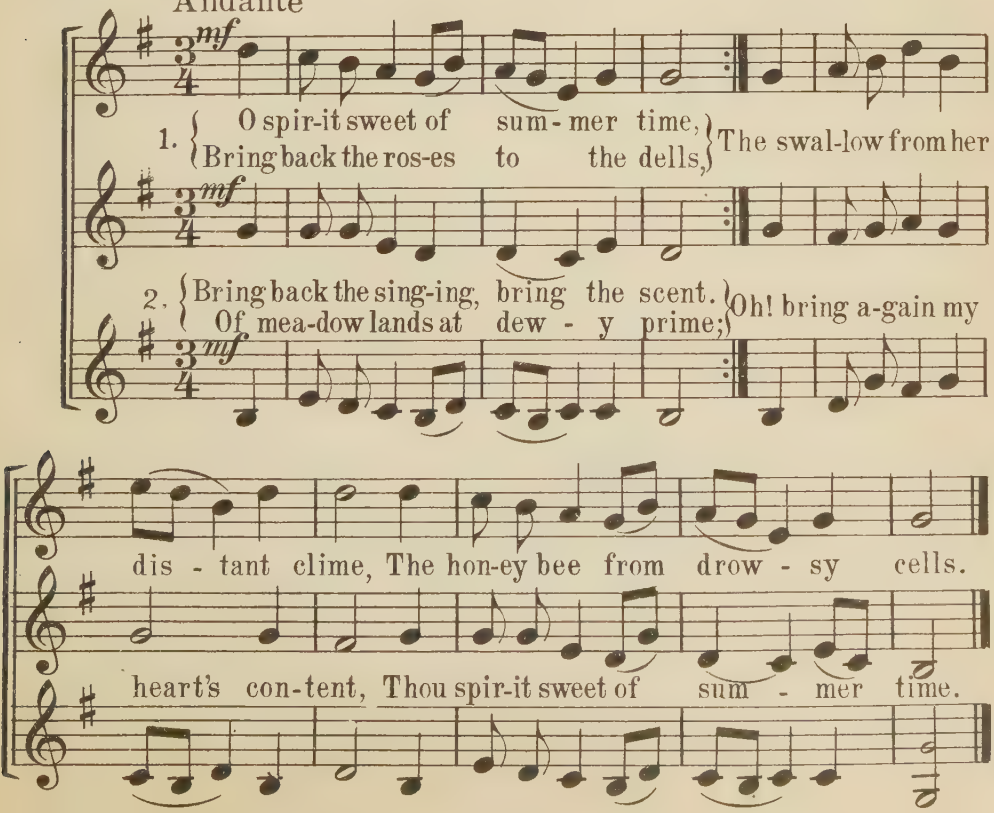
Con expressione
1. Bless-ed night! bless-ed night! Let all
2. Sweet-ly sleep! sweet-ly sleep! Slum-ber
3. Gen-tly rest! gen-tly rest! Dream of
p
troub-le take its flight! Now the day is slow de-
o'er thine eye-lids creep; Si-lence o'er the earth is
Par-a-dise the blest; If the world has wrought thee
clin-ing; Bus-y hands their toil re-sign-ing Till re-
reign-ing, Not a sound of sad com-plain-ing Breaks the
sor-row Dream thou of a bright-er morrow, Where de-


f
p
pp
turns the morn-ing light. So good-night! so good-night!
still-ness, soft and deep. Sweet-ly sleep! sweet-ly sleep!
light shall be thy guest. Gen-tly rest! gen-tly rest!

Spirit of the Summer Time

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

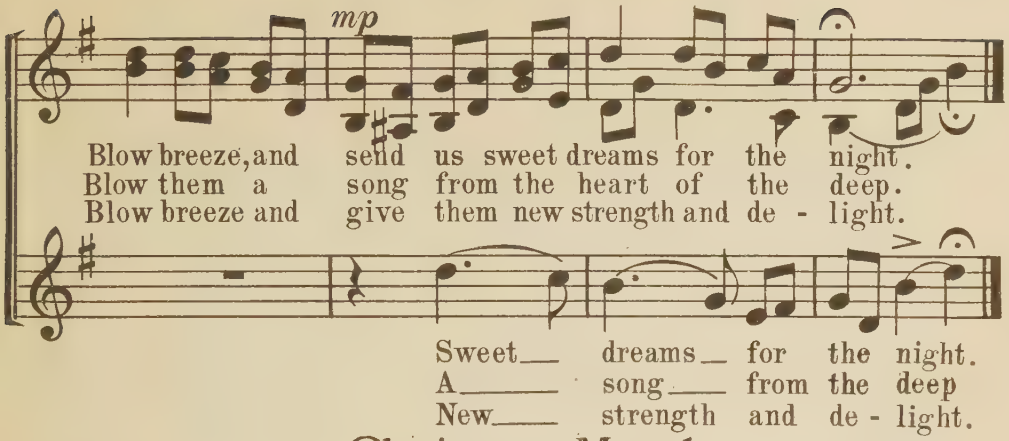
Old Irish Folksong


Andante
mf
1. O spir-it sweet of sum-mer time, Bring back the ros-es to the dells, The swal-low from her
2. Bring back the sing-ing, bring the scent. Of mea-dow lands at dew-y prime; Oh! bring a-gain my
dis-tant clime, The hon-ey bee from drow-sy cells.
heart's con-tent, Thou spir-it sweet of sum-mer time.

Breeze on the Ocean

Bohemian Tune

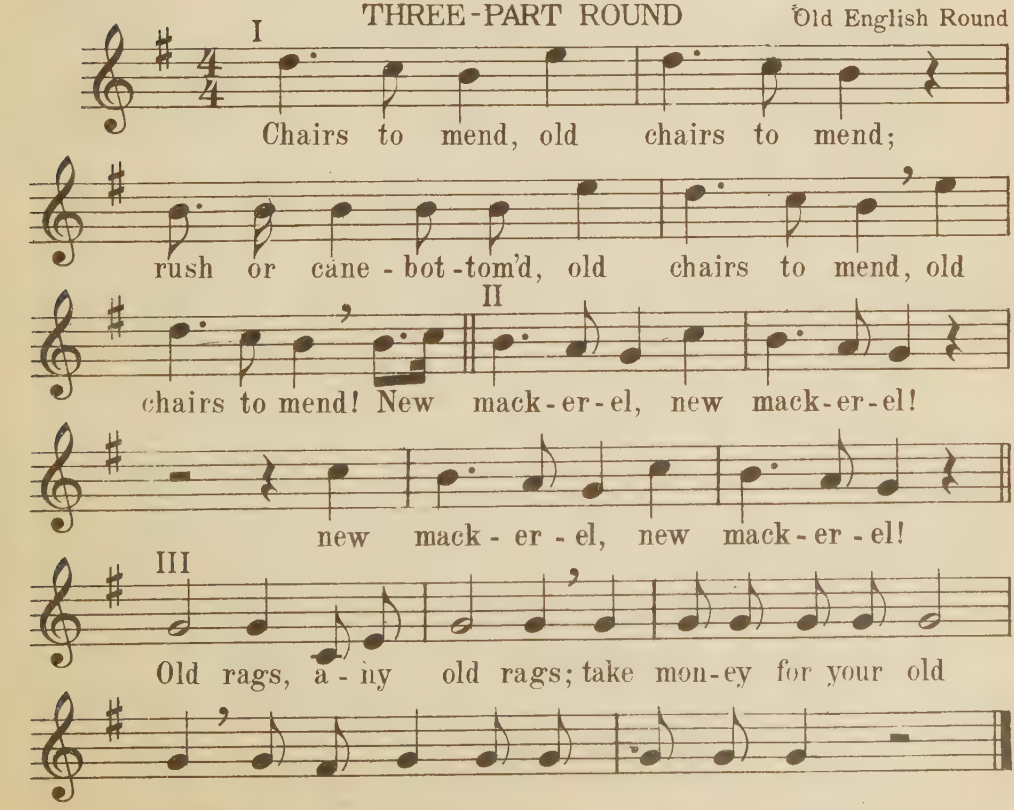
With gentle motion, softly
Out from the o - cean a breeze takes its flight,
High in the tree there are nest-lings that peep—
Day was so glar - ing— the sea was so bright,
mp
Breeze takes its flight,
Nest - - - lings that peep—
Sea was so bright,
p
Bid - ding earth's chil - dren a gen-tle good - night.
Blow in the dark - ness and rock them to sleep.
Flow-ers are droop-ing their heads in the night;
mp
Gen - - - tle good - night.
Rock them to sleep,
Heads in the night;
mp
Lul-la-by, O lul-la-by, Lul-la - by, O lul - la-by,
Lul-la-by, O lul-la-by, Lul-la - by, O lul - la-by,
Lul-la-by, O lul-la-by, Lul-la - by, O lul - la-by,


mp
Blow breeze, and send us sweet dreams for the night.
Blow them a song from the heart of the deep.
Blow breeze and give them new strength and de - light.
Sweet dreams for the night.
A song from the deep
New strength and de - light.

Chairs to Mend

THREE-PART ROUND

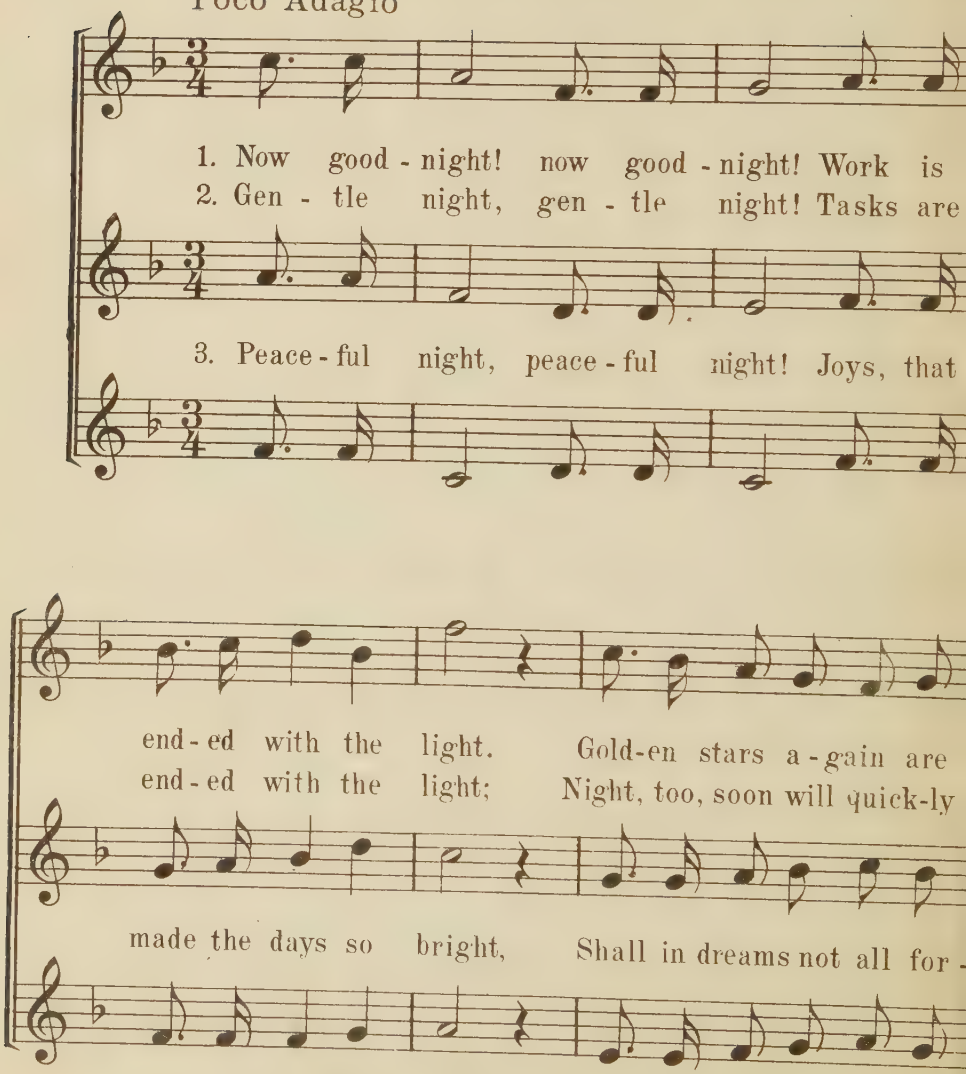
Old English Round


I
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
rush or cane - bot - tom'd, old chairs to mend, old
chairs to mend! New
II
mack - er - el, new mack - er - el!
new mack - er - el, new mack - er - el!
III
Old rags, a - ny old rags; take mon - ey for your old
rags; a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins!

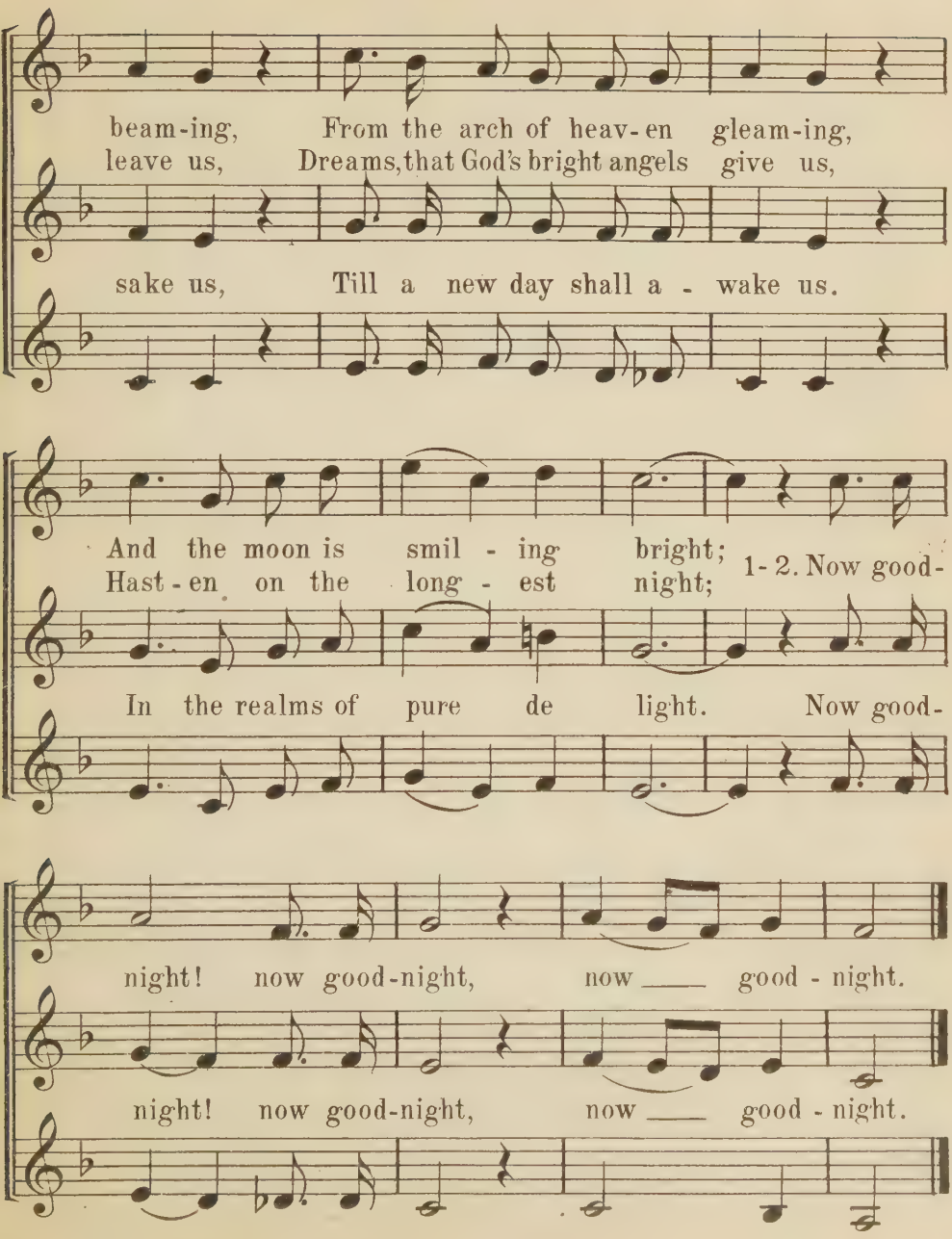
Good Night

H. G. NAGE

Poco Adagio

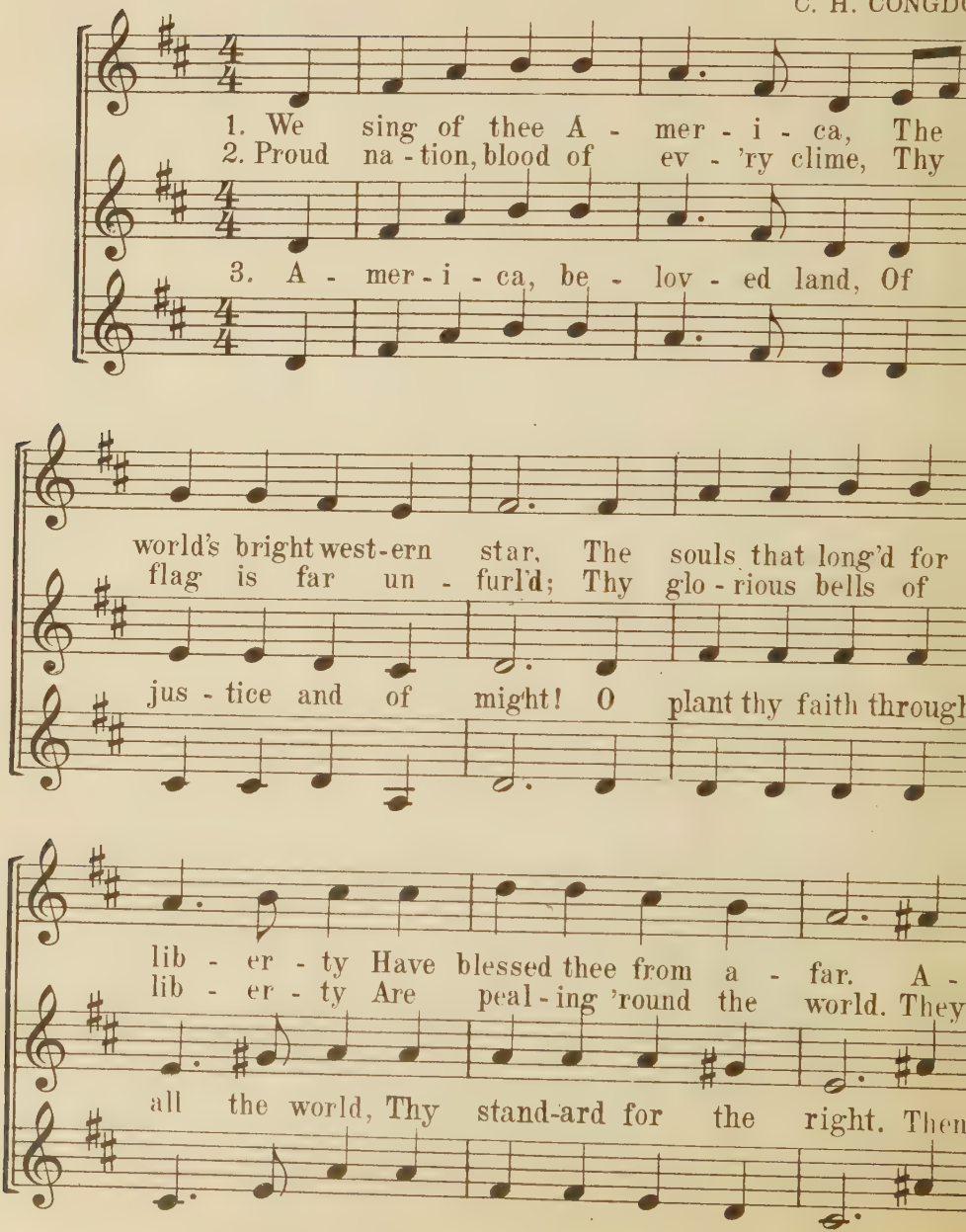

1. Now good - night! now good - night! Work is
2. Gen - tle night, gen - tle night! Tasks are
3. Peace - ful night, peace - ful night! Joys, that
end - ed with the light. Gold-en stars a - gain are
end - ed with the light; Night, too, soon will quick-ly
made the days so bright, Shall in dreams not all for -

Good Night *(cont.)*


beam-ing, From the arch of heav-en gleam-ing,
leave us, Dreams, that God's bright angels give us,
sake us, Till a new day shall a - wake us.
And the moon is smil - ing bright;
Hast - en on the long - est night;
1-2. Now good-
In the realms of pure de light. Now good-
night! now good-night, now ___ good - night.
night! now good-night, now ___ good - night.

America the Free

Words & Music
C. H. CONGDO


1. We sing of thee A - mer - i - ca, The
2. Proud na - tion, blood of ev - 'ry clime, Thy
3. A - mer - i - ca, be - lov - ed land, Of
world's bright west-ern star, The souls that long'd for
flag is far un - furl'd; Thy glo - rious bells of
jus - tice and of might! O plant thy faith through
lib - er - ty Have blessed thee from a - far. A -
lib - er - ty Are peal - ing 'round the world. They
all the world, Thy stand-ard for the right. Then

mid the strife and tu-mult wild, The na-tions look to
sound the knell of war-ring kings, Who blench at heav'ns de-
not in vain our sac-ri-fice, Of sons a-cross the
thee For light and strength and
cree, They ring the hope of
sea, Who bore the gift of
broth-er-hood, A-mer-i-ca the Free.
last-ing peace, A-me-i-ca the Free.
lib-er-ty, A-mer-i-ca the Free.

God Be Our Guide

SCHUBERT

Molto lento
p
1. God be our Guide, His help is sure; In
2. Work that we pur - pose ev - 'ry hour, Can
3. Might - y to bless from day to day, Till
Him our hope shall rest se - cure. His strength a-lone suc-
pros-per on - ly through His power. Our souls His gra-cious
life's brief light shall pass a - way, He gives and takes, and
- cess can bring; This prayer from ev - 'ry heart shall spring.
pres-ence seek; With joy - ful lips this prayer we speak.
works His will. We pray, and bid our hearts be still.

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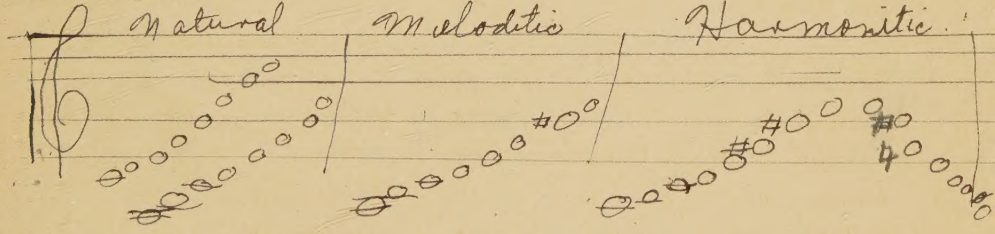
Prelude - introduction as of a portion
postlude - voluntary rep organ at end of service.
epilogue - conclusion of discourse.
prologue - introductory to drama etc.

c. - Tonic I
d. - supertonic
e - Mediant
f - sub dominant IV
g - dominant V.
a - submediant
b. - leading tone

Minor Scales
Harmonic
Melodic
natural



Edvard Grieg.

composer and pianist born
at Bergen, Norway June 15
1843 died Sept 4, 1907. He
studied at the Conservatory of
music in Leipzig, Germany
and later at Copenhagen. The
government granted him
a pension to resume his
studies in Rome 1870,
where he received encouragement
by Liszt and other composers
In 1865 he went to Rome
and the following year
made his residence at
Christiania. Soon after
he toured Scandinavia
England Germany
where his music
was very popular

Saint Saens.

Charles Camille ~~Saint~~ Saens was born
Paris Oct 9, 1835. His father dead and brou
up by his mother and a great aunt. They
organ teaching him music when he w
very young. At age of seven studied under
Stamaty and later Harmony under M a
Eleven years old he played at a concert of his o
1847 entered Benoits class and conservato
1849 he took second prize in organ.

16 when composed first symphony, 18
organist at St. Merri's church and shortly afte
as piano teacher. He found time for compo
symphonies, vocal and instrumental pieces,
and playing for concerts. He was in the
first rank of pianists and organist
and his Catata awarded 1st prize at the
international exhibition in 1867.

~~Can I load~~

Can I sell your music

Stuff.